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STABLE TALK

AND

TABLE TALK,

OR

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

BY

HARRY HIEOVER.

(Charles Bindley according to Cushing's Pseudonyms)

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PREFACE.

I AM told that I should have a Preface or Introduction to my book. My adviser being one of known taste and judgment, I am determined that one part of this work shall show both good taste and good judgment in its author. That part, and possibly the only part that will do so, is the taking such advice. Conscience whispers that an apology for offering it to public notice is still more necessary. This I was not told: politeness alone probably prevented my being so; let me therefore hope the public will consider what I now offer as Preface, Introduction, and Apology.

I have read prefaces in which the Author assures his reader, if the book is found to beguile a vacant hour of his time that its end and aim will have been fully accomplished. That such philanthropic feelings may actuate such authors, it would ill become me to dispute: where they do, I conceive they must emanate either from men of such transcendent abilities that composing a work gives them no trouble, or from those of such fortunes that pecuniary advantage was quite beneath their consideration.

That I am not one of the former class I am perfectly satisfied; that I am not *now* one of the latter I am as perfectly convinced, though by no means satisfied.

Prior to commencing the fugitive papers of which this work is a corrected portion, I was enjoying that much-co-

veted "Dolce far niente." Now so far as the "dolce" is concerned, no matter in what shape it comes, I can enjoy it with as much "gusto" as any man breathing, and am grateful enough to say I have had my full share of it in various ways. The "far niente" with a very good income does extremely well, and is very pleasant; but when we begin to anticipate its continuance might bring the "niente" in contact with the purse, it does not do at all, and is not pleasant, but is I trust an apology for this work.

In soliciting indulgence for the many failings that will be found in the Author as a writer, I may I trust be permitted to observe, that the fugitive thoughts, hints, and opinions he ventures to publish are not those of the theorist, but of one who from a mere child has mixed in and enjoyed every sporting pursuit alluded to in the work, is engaged in some of them now, and trusts ere long to enjoy on a limited scale all again. If so, and the ideas contained in the work should be considered by the Sporting World to be (taken as a whole) tolerably correct, his happiness will be complete.

H. H.

STABLE-TALK AND TABLE-TALK,

&c. &c.

CUJUM PECUS.

RACE-HORSES CONSIDERED AS PUBLIC PROPERTY.

Vix ea nostra voco.—Ovid.

It has been, I believe, a generally received opinion in this country, when a man has purchased any kind of property, paid for it, and it has been delivered to him, that the property becomes his, and, provided he does nothing with it to infringe the laws of his country, he has an undisputed right to do what he pleases with it; as this right would be allowed, whether he bought an estate, a house, or ten hunters that should cost him a thousand pounds, or any given sum.—Any one might naturally suppose, if a man chose to give a thousand pounds for a race-horse, that he would be allowed the same freedom of will in what he might please to do with him. I should have thought the same thing when I was fifteen, but I knew better before I was twenty. Now, so far from being considered at liberty to do what he pleases with such a horse, he will very coolly be told what is tantamount to this, that he is not his property: on the contrary, that he must consider his horse as the property of the public; and that, instead of his being at liberty to consult his own interest or pleasure as to his running, he must consider only that of the public. We will suppose he had entered his horse for some stake on the Monday, and also for another on the following Wednesday, and that for some reason or other he was in a great measure indifferent as to winning the Monday's race, but particularly anxious to win that on the Wednesday, simply,

perhaps, because he had said he would win that particular race, or that some one's horse was in it that he was particularly emulous to beat. Now, one might very naturally infer that a man had a right to give his jockey something like these instructions: "Now, George, I am particularly anxious to win the stakes on Wednesday: if you find you can win to-day at your ease, do so; if, on the contrary, you find you will have to take a great deal out of your horse to win, pull up at once, for we must not be beat on Wednesday if we can help it." There certainly does not appear any thing very unreasonable in supposing that a man has a right to forego winning money if he chooses to do so: but the betting fraternity will tell you that you do not possess this right; and if you do exercise it, let me recommend you a porter to carry the load of abuse awaiting you; your own shoulders will in no way suffice for the purpose. You will be told that you have a right to lose your own money if you please, but that you have no right to lose that of other persons: that your horse had been backed heavily to win; consequently he ought to have been made to win if possible: in short, so long as whip and spur could avail, they ought to have been used on your horse for their benefit, or at least the chance of it, whether you choose it or not.

In the above directions nothing like interested motives in a pecuniary point of view was the influence: but we will suppose a case where a man chooses to consult what he considers his interest, and still where the transaction is perfectly honourable and straight-forward. I have a colt entered for the Derby: he has run and won some good stakes, and this has probably brought him up pretty high in the betting. Some person, for reasons best known to himself, and which I have no inducement to investigate, offers me, say two thousand pounds, for my colt, which I may consider from his previous running to be fairly worth about one. I may think, like others, my chance of winning the Derby to be very good: in short, my horse is first or second favourite, but I may not be a betting man, or disposed in any thing to go the "whole hog;" consequently prefer making a thousand sure, by selling my colt, to standing the chance of winning the stakes, worth we will say three, but attended

with all the risk inseparable from such events. It certainly appears hard I should not be allowed to do this without calling forth the animadversions of the turfmen—I should rather say the betting men; for such men as (we will say) the Duke of Grafton, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and many others, would not care one farthing whether I sold my horse or kept him. They feel a very laudable emulation to have the best horse in the race; therefore are anxious to win; are gratified if they do; and are to a certain degree mortified if their horses run badly. I allow that to triumph when we win, or show temper when we lose, is ungentlemanlike and ungenerous; that is, when the loss or gain of money is the consideration: but I glory in seeing a man delighted when his horse wins; there is a freshness in the thing that really does one good to see. Depend on it, such a man is no *Leg*. The latter wins or loses his money with the most inflexible coolness; he takes it as a matter of business. If he keeps horses, so far from taking any pleasure in them, he cares not if he never sees them from one year's end to the other: whenever he does, it is merely a visit of business. If his horse wins, he pockets the money, but neither cares nor thinks more about him than he does about the spit that hangs in his kitchen, and has roasted the mutton for his table. Unfortunately for racing, it is chiefly this description of turfmen who virtually (certainly not virtuously) hold the helm of racing affairs: yet such men might all be driven off the turf. If such owners of racehorses as keep them from the love of racing, and the proper emulation of having the best horses, would only set about the thing, it would cost them neither trouble nor expense, but would put their own characters beyond suspicion, and would at once draw a distinct line between such men as keep race-horses merely as machines to win money with, and those who keep them from a patriotic wish to encourage the breed of superior horses, to enjoy sport themselves, and contribute to that of others.

Racing, we all know, was first established merely as an amusement. This of course led to an emulation among those fond of such amusement to get the best horses; and this induced people to begin to look for means to improve their breed. Here was an absolute good done to the coun-

try. No matter whether the race was with chariots, whether the horses were turned loose on a straight-roped course, or whether ridden over the Beacon, racing will always tend to improve the breed of horses in whatever country it is established. King's plates were given for this patriotic purpose; and doubtless at the time when a hundred guineas was worth the best horse's starting for, it had a very good effect; but our other stakes have now become so heavy that a queen's plate is considered a very mediocre affair. To win a king's plate formerly stamped a horse's character at once: now, only two years since, the same horse won *seven* queen's plates in the same season—a good horse certainly, but still no flyer. It is flattering to the turf to be patronised by royalty, and queen's plates add to the respectability of a meeting: but as to the original intention of these gifts, that is now totally set aside. I think between England, Ireland, and Scotland, the queen gives about fifty plates to be run for;* that is, five thousand pounds. For many of these we see every year several "walks over;" and where this is not the case, the field generally comprises four or five horses at most, often two or three: so, from the smallness of the amount (in these days;) it has become comparatively five thousand thrown away. It would be too great a tax on royal liberality to increase the value of this host of plates so as to make each worth running for; but if perhaps five royal plates of a thousand pounds each were given in lieu of these, the original intention would be more brought to bear than it is at present. When it took a week to get a race-horse a hundred miles, and that also stopped his work for so long a period, it was quite necessary to have royal plates distributed thus widely over the country, otherwise the horse in training at Ascott could not without great inconvenience be got to Doncaster to run for a royal plate there: but now the railroads have remedied that inconvenience, there would be sure to be good fields for plates worth a thousand, or even five hundred, each. The towns from which they might be taken would lose little by it; for where we see a "walk over," or a field of three horses,

* There are thirty-six queen's plates for England, and fifteen for Ireland.—Ed.

it plainly shows that at the present moment queen's plates create but little attraction.

Returning to those laws that betting men will always uphold (so long as they can)—the first of which is that their interest is to be the fiat under which every owner of a race-horse must act—I really cannot see why such persons or their interest should be consulted *at all*. What good do they do the turf? Certainly very little; while their influence, on the contrary, does it a great deal of harm. Doubtless there are some men who keep several horses in training, and bet heavily at the same time; but these are comparatively very few indeed in number. Where one hundred is betted by those who keep race-horses, forty hundreds are betted by those who do not. Hundreds of those who bet largely know little or nothing about a race-horse, neither know a racing-looking horse—whether he is a good goer, or, if going to run, whether he looks in good form for it or not. The fact is, such men merely as a business make up a book, look to the different horses' public running, and lay or take the odds accordingly. This, and this only, is their business. If they attend a race, it is merely to see whether at the last moment they cannot get some point in their favour as to the odds. If at the same meeting a race is run for on which they have no bet, probably they do not take the trouble of looking at it; and if they do, it is merely to see how it is run, won and lost, so as to enable them to judge how to lay or take the odds on any of the horses in it when engaged in another stake. Such poachers are not worthy the name of racing men, though unfortunately they get among them. These are the harpies who plunder the legitimate supporters of the turf, and bring one of our finest old English sports into disrepute. These are the men who are, by themselves and their agents, at the bottom of all the villanies that are so constantly practised, the frequent occurrence of which has disgusted and driven so many men of family, rank, and wealth from the turf, from finding they must either be pigeoned, or, like the rest, "fight at the leg" themselves. If they would, in the literal sense of the word, "fight at the leg," that is, the *black-leg*, spoil his trade, and so drive him off the turf, they would confer a benefit on society.

Then, and not till then, shall we again see noblemen and gentlemen keeping their stud of race-horses, as they do their pack of fox-hounds, as an appendage to their rank in life, as an amusement to themselves, and as a gratification and advantage to the country at large. This can never be the case while betting, instead of racing, is left to be the *primum mobile* of the machinery of turf affairs. The mere betting men may and will say that betting keeps alive the spirit of racing. No such thing: it may keep up an artificial effervescence; but if that was stopped, while we are Englishmen the true spirit will always remain among us. Supposing, however, it did diminish the number of race-horses kept, or the number of races run, if the race-course is to be only a *hell* in the open air, instead of in St. James's or King street, why, the sooner it is checked or stopped, the better. If a race-course, instead of being a healthful and exhilarating spot, where we expect to see an assemblage of the first sporting men in the world, their families, their friends, and their tenants, come to enjoy a truly English and noble sport, is to be converted into an extended *rouge et noir* table, and *black* and *red* to win, not because either is on the best horse, but because it suits the books of a set of miscreants, it is quite time to stop the thing at once, and begin it *de novo*.

We have, however, still a few men (and a very few indeed) on the turf whose character and position in life place them beyond suspicion; but among the nobility of the United Kingdom—which amounts, I should say, to about seven hundred, independently of lords by courtesy—we find now scarcely more than twenty patronising the turf by keeping race-horses—a pretty sure criterion of its respectability under the present system! Formerly, when racing was carried on as racing should be, if a man won, he walked up to his horse, received the congratulations of his friends, and felt a very justifiable pride in his horse's triumph; he knew he had won fairly, and had no fear of being suspected of having ever done otherwise. But now, nothing appears to be done openly: the owner of a horse retires among the crowd, and appears, and really is, afraid of being pointed out as connected with the turf. A man, indeed, must rank very high in public estimation to keep his character un-

scathed. I have mentioned how few of our nobility now keep race-horses: what a host of those, and men of family and fortune, could I name who have given it up! What does this prove? Not that such men are not as well disposed to patronise the turf as formerly, but that they neither choose to rob or be robbed; and one of the other they must be, so long as betting men, and not the owners of horses, are permitted to sway the racing world.

It is pretty generally allowed, by all persons who know any thing about the matter, that no man under ordinary circumstances can make money by keeping race-horses, if he merely runs to win. If a man of large fortune keeps them, he ought to calculate that they will cost him so much a year according to their number, and put them down to his expenses as he does his other horses, or carriages, or his hounds. If he does not think them worth this expense, he had better not go upon the turf; for if he means to retain the character of a gentleman and man of honour, he ought to calculate to lose so much. He may, however, be fortunate in his horses, possess good judgment himself, or find a trainer who has, and who will be honest enough to place his horses well for him, and do all in his power to win—he may, therefore, under such circumstances, keep them at very little expense, but an expense he must reckon on their being more or less; for make money by them honestly he will not in one case in a hundred.

Let me, however, endeavour to rescue racing and race-horses from the sweeping charge that is brought against them as being the ruin of thousands. The fact really is, that simply racing and the keeping race-horses will bring no man to ruin unless he is a ready-made fool. If a man of 500*l.* a year is idiot enough to set up his four-in-hand, of course he must be ruined; but we are not to say from this that fours-in-hand are the ruin of those who keep them. They will, of course, be the ruin of those who do so without the means: so will race-horses. If a man ruins himself by either keeping the one or the other, it is his own fault: he does it gradually, with his eyes open, and is, therefore, that sort of simple young gentleman, who, if he did not do it by these means, would be sure to do it by some other. We might as well say a bottle of wine a day

is sure ruin, because it would be so to a merchant's clerk at 70*l.* a year salary. We might as well suppose a man was certain to be ruined should we see a pack of cards or a back-gammon box and dice in his house, because many have ruined themselves by an improper use of either, or both. Even here I will allow a man to play with either every day, and play for high stakes if he pleases. Provided he always plays for about the same stakes, plays with gentlemen, not *legs*, and NEVER BETS, he will find at the year's end that (supposing, of course, he has played with common judgment) he has neither won nor lost enough to materially affect his finances. So it is with race-horses. Let a man keep two or half-a-dozen, according to his income: let him buy his horses with judgment, place them in proper hands, and also enter them properly according to their qualifications in proper stakes, and *never bet* on them or on any other person's, and he will never be ruined by race-horses. Let him, however, bear in mind, that I warn him he must lay by 500*l.* or 1000*l.* a year of his income, according to the number he keeps, for their expenses and his amusement. The whole of this may not be called for: it is within the bounds of possibility they may pay their expenses one with another, and one year with another; but he must not calculate on this. If, therefore, he cannot afford to pay so much a year, he has no business to keep race-horses: if he can, they will never ruin him more than keeping his hunters, if he can afford to keep them: if he cannot, they will, of course, eventually equally ruin him. It is not, therefore, that hunters or race-horses are in themselves to be considered as ruinous; but the ruin arises from keeping any thing a man cannot afford to keep.

We will now, however, look at another and very distinct feature in racing affairs (pity it is not more distinct;) namely, the betting part of the business. Though "the tug of war" may come when "Greek meets Greek," when the man of honour meets the Greek there is no tug of war at all: the forlorn hope alone advances, advances at the *pas de charge;* the forlorn hope is the man of honour, and of course is "blown up." Therefore, although give a man, we will say 2000*l.* a-year, and he chooses to keep four horses in training, I should never fear his merely keeping

and running them being his ruin: let me once see him back his horse in any thing like a heavy bet, from that moment (and particularly should he be so unfortunate as to win) I will back him at 50 to 1 to be ruined in a very short time: indeed a few meetings will sew him up. He has then only one thing left if he means to keep on the Turf; and that is, to throw aside all feelings of honour, turn *Leg*, and rob other people. This man certainly has no right to say racing or race-horses have been his ruin. True, if he had never kept race-horses, he might not have been led into betting; nor would he if he had never been born: so if he chooses to carry the thing back to its first cause, he may with tolerably fair logic affirm that betting has been his ruin—that keeping race-horses brought on betting—and that being born brought on keeping race-horses—consequently being born was the cause of his ruin.

To a gentleman so situated, by allowing a little latitude of imagination, it might not be very difficult to prove that being born had been the cause of his ruin. If our present object was a dissertation on primary causes, we would allow that his thesis might be in some measure correct, and I will furnish another instance in favour of his argument. A man goes to Crockford's splendid house, drinks his splendid champagne, and finally loses his own splendid fortune, or a part of it. Doubtless, if he had not entered the house, he had not drunk the champagne, nor lost his fortune there; so, according to our friend's doctrine, a splendid house and splendid champagne were the cause of the ruin, and are consequently to be avoided. Now I beg so far to differ in opinion as to roundly assert that the house and the champagne are both mighty good things; so are race-horses; and, being born, all are perfectly harmless, if we would only use them for the purposes for which they were intended, and not by our own folly turn things that were designed for our amusement or luxury, or both, into the means of our misery and ruin. When this is the case, the fault is not in the things themselves, but in the weakness of the mind of the man. In my intercourse with the world, I have been led hundreds of times into gaming-houses, both at home and abroad, and never once took a dice-box in my hand where hazard was played. I am and

always was enthusiastically fond of racing, and was so as a boy. I considered then, and consider now, the seeing a favourite horse win his race one of the most exhilarating moments of a man's life; and yet (with the exception of once, and that when quite a boy,) I never could be tempted to back either a horse of my own or that of any other person for 5*l.* in my life. I love racing as a sport, and do declare that for a moderate stake, I should leave the course in higher spirits if my horse had won handsomely, though he might have gone the wrong side of a post, by which I should lose the stakes, than I should had he run a bad second, and my opponent's horse, from having made the mistake, caused the stakes to be given to me. With this feeling, no man will ruin himself by keeping race-horses; for this very feeling will keep him from risking heavy betting.

I will instance a man whose name will never be forgotten by the sporting world, or cease to be mentioned in terms of admiration and respect by all who had the advantage of his acquaintance; I mean, Francis Mellish, Esq., better known as Captain Mellish. He was, I should say, a man of thirty-five when I was a boy of fifteen. From him I caught the love of racing; from him I first got what little knowledge I have of racing matters; and from him I got advice that, unfortunately for himself, he had not resolution enough to follow. I will mention an anecdote in proof of this. I met him on the course at Newmarket, when he saluted me with, "What the d—l are you looking so sulky about?"—I replied, "I am not sulky, but I have been losing my money."—"I am glad of it," said he: "what have you been backing?"—"Your horse."—"How much have you lost?"—"50*l.*"—"Well, I have lost 1500*l.* on the same race; but if I was fool enough to bet, it was no reason you should have done so."—I replied, and truly, "it was the first bet I had ever made."—His answer has been engraven in letters of gold on the tablet of memory ever since: "I congratulate you on losing the first bet you ever made: let it be the last: never back your own horses (if you ever keep any,) or those of any other person so long as you live: take this advice from one who knows something about these things, and has paid

dearly for his knowledge."—I did take his advice, and never made a bet to the amount of 5*l.* since.

Here is a case that bears me out in my assertion that betting heavily, not *keeping race-horses*, ruins people (the *Legs* of course excepted.) Had Mellish confined himself to keeping his horses, his judgment was so good—in breeding, buying, and then placing them—that his winnings would have been a fortune. This, however, he would not do. "Peace to his manes!" he had, I believe, every virtue but one—prudence.

I will mention another man nearly equally fortunate as to his winnings by his horses as Mellish, though in other respects "no more like him than I to Hercules,"—the late John Beardsworth. Now, he knew about as much of racing when he first went on the turf, as I do of the navigation of the Poles, and in fact very little at the last; yet, from having come into possession of poor Mytton's horses, he had at one time perhaps a better stable of race-horses than any man in England, got them well placed for him, and consequently his winnings in cups, stakes, &c., amounted to such an enormous sum that I should be fearful of mentioning it lest my accuracy might be doubted. Now many persons I dare say to this day think the Turf was his ruin: no such thing; nor was betting, for he, comparatively speaking, never betted a shilling. Large contracts with Government in post-horse duties did the business: his race-horses would have saved, instead of ruined him.

When I speak of betting men, I can in no way allow them to be mixed up with gentlemen who keep race horses. I allude to the former (and would be happy to see them considered) as a distinct class, as men on whom any man of honour should look with suspicion, and with whom none of the legitimate patrons of the Turf should allow themselves to come in contact. And when I speak of betting, I in no shape allude to men of fortune who back their own horses or those of others to the tune of a few hundreds, which they merely do to give a further zest to the interest of a race. This with them is nothing more than betting their pony on the odd trick at whist, which they win to-night and lose to-morrow. Neither do I include

the Country gentleman, who from his knowledge (or more probably fancied knowledge) of the merits of the different horses engaged at any of the meetings in his neighbourhood, sports his 50*l.* on such occasions. Nor, again, to the Yeoman, with his good-humoured countenance, who, from a love of sport, boisterously bets his sovereign on each race, which he laughingly pockets if he wins, or as cheerfully pays if he loses. No; all this encourages the sport, by giving an additional but harmless interest to the racing. Such men all in their way contribute to keep the thing alive, and probably materially assist in raising the funds for each meeting. This kind of betting will always go on at every race, and would be quite sufficient for all racing purposes.

Such men as these are the true friends of the Turf: they contribute as much to forward its interests as the regular *Leg* conduces to bringing it into disrepute. No man would warn his son or his friends from mixing with the former, while every one guards him from racing altogether, fearing he should meet with, and consequently be pillaged by, the latter. If I speak bitterly of such men, it does not arise from any sourness of feeling from having personally suffered by them: in justice to them, I must say they never robbed me; perhaps one trifling circumstance prevented it —*I never gave them the chance.* I have said that not one in a hundred of these men keep race-horses. There are a few who keep third or fourth rate horses, and go leather-plating about the country. Of course they make this answer their purpose *somehow:* but as every man knows that such horses can never *pay their expenses* if they run to win, we may pretty accurately judge by what means they are made to pay in such hands.

It has been said that racing levels all distinctions of persons. The idea is preposterous that it must *necessarily* do so more than driving four-horses or keeping a pack of hounds. If gentlemen choose to associate with the ordinary class of stage-coachmen, make their dress, habits, and language objects of imitation, distinction of persons would be levelled in this instance. If the owner of hounds was to make his huntsman and whips his companions, or to associate with none but hard-drinking, illiterate, vulgar

bumpkins, he would in his particular case also break down the barrier between the gentleman and the plebeian; the more so if he chose (as I once saw a nobleman do) to assist his whip in very mercilessly flogging a hound,—a piece of discipline which, though sometimes necessary, is one that any man with the common feelings of humanity would rather ride a mile round than witness, instead of becoming an uncalled-for actor in its execution.

If a man on the turf stoops to tamper with the honesty of his trainer, jockey, or stable-boy, he of course brings himself to their level, or below it. If he also chooses, for the sake of making up his book, to associate (we will allow only *pro tempore*,) consult, and bet with *blacklegs* and sharpers, he must necessarily lose that distinction his original position in society entitled him to hold. In short, it is not racing that levels distinction, but, like every thing else, the way in which it is sometimes done.

There are certainly some pursuits so degrading in themselves (bull-baiting, dog-fighting, &c.) that, carry them on as you will, being the pursuits of the ruffian and blackguard, must degrade the gentleman. Here no adventitious circumstance is wanted to level distinction—to encourage, patronise, or even witness such barbarities, is enough to produce such effect. But racing ever has been the pursuit of the higher classes of society; and the only way by which noblemen or gentlemen can lose *caste*, or bring themselves on a level with the *Leg*, is by countenancing him and descending to his habits and practices.

I have said that these sharpers might easily be driven from the turf, or at all events their influence be destroyed. If we could prevent fools playing at thimble-rig, we should require no rural police to keep the table-keepers from the race-course. If people would neither carry watches nor sufficient money into crowds to be worth the attention of pickpockets, they would disappear from such places also. So, if noblemen, gentlemen, and all respectable men would determine neither to countenance, bet with, nor speak to professed *Legs*, their harvest would be destroyed, and they would take themselves off also. "Dog will not eat dog," nor would it suit the books of the *Legs* to bet among themselves only. If those real patrons of racing who still keep

their horses on the course would only come to the determination of striking at the root of the evil that has driven so many from the turf, hundreds would return to their favourite pursuit, and then should we see the palmy days of racing return also, and our race-courses be, as in days gone by, thronged with the aristocracy of the country, instead of being infested by the dregs of society.

It is often said that racing has a tendency to encourage gambling and betting. Doubtless it is one of the hundred means by which betting may be effected, but the one by no means follows as a necessary accompaniment to the other; and I strongly suspect that if the germ of betting is firmly rooted in the mind of any man, bet he will on *something;* so it little matters whether he loses his money on the race-course or at the hazard-table. I can bring forward a case tolerably illustrative of this.

When I first put on a red coat (I mean a military one,) it was in a militia regiment. Among the members of our mess were two young men who were in no way addicted to racing or to any kind of field sports, and who, if they attended a race meeting, went to see the crowd, and cared not a pin for the racing. Now in these so strong was the mania for gambling, that in one way or other they were constantly at it. Billiards was their chief pursuit; but even that most gentleman-like and intellectual game pitch-and-hustle helped to pass the time from parade to mess hour: whist then took its turn; and finally a little chicken hazard in their rooms closed the evening. After a time, a new freak seized them: this was to get the old corks from the mess-waiter: each took one, and after throwing them into the river, they stationed themselves on the bridge, and the cork that first appeared beyond the arch won. This took wonderfully, and they were joined by many more, of which number I was fool enough to make one, and proposed in lieu of matches to make up sweepstakes. This was carried unanimously. I then proposed, instead of racing corks, to substitute racing bottles, and this was also carried *nem. con.* Each tied his colour round the neck of his bottle, and some nine or ten started —2*s.* 6*d.* entrance. As we found, however, that one of the party was decidedly more lucky than the rest, and that,

in short, he generally won the stakes, it struck me there might be something in the bottle, as well as in the luck; so I examined it privately, and found that both the shape and weight of the successful bottle were very different from the others. I took the hint, and after looking over some hundreds at a wine merchant's, selected one that looked to me like a *fast* one—thin as paper, light as a feather, and very conically shaped. I started this the next day, and won in a canter by twenty lengths; won again, and again; in short, the late winning bottle was Meux's horse and dray to the American trotter Confidence and a match cart. After a time, some one smoked the thing, and it was decided that my bottle should not be allowed to start again. Relying however on shape and make, I proposed a Handicap, agreeing that my bottle and the late winning one (which nearly always came in second) should each carry weight to bring them to that of the others. I started, and again shape and make did the thing. They then wanted to add to my weight; but, knowing what weight does, I backed out—as some others would have been wise had they done when they backed Hyllus, forgetting, with the weight put on him, the length he had to go.* Our bottle-racing was soon given up; not so the gambling. Of these two fine young men, one terminated his existence after losing to an enormous amount in the Palais Royal; the other lost the whole of his fortune, went abroad, and died of fever.

These and many more instances that have come under my notice make me shudder when I see a young man betting high, and betting with men who are sure in the long run to strip him of every feather. The same feeling makes me execrate the very name of those who will not let us enjoy a noble sport without by every means in their power rendering it subservient to their own designs and nefarious purposes. As to the expense of racing, it is very easily defined. That of keeping a horse in a public training stable, every man who has race-horses in them knows: they will be pretty much the same one year as another: the expense of the entrances for different stakes are also

* At Wolverhampton races, for the Holyoak Stakes, Hyllus carried 9 st. 6 lb., twice round and a distance, thereby giving Retriever, the winner, 23 lb., both 6 yrs.

known; so no man can at all events be ruined suddenly by keeping race-horses if he does not bet. If he is foolish enough to incur an expense of 1000*l.* a-year, when he cannot afford to pay 200*l.*, he does it with his eyes open. Probably his other expenses are about in the same ratio: still, when he is ruined, the poor race-horses are sure to come in for *all* the odium.

Let us suppose two sensible young men of fortune, on commencing life, each selecting his favourite pursuit—the one takes to fox-hunting, the other to keeping race-horses. We will say the general expense of a pack of fox-hounds is 1400*l.* per annum, which is, I should think (take England throughout) about a fair average, and we will allow the other to lay aside 1400*l.* a-year for his race-horse expenses. Now we are quite sure the fox-hounds will bring no further return than the amusement they afford, nor does the owner expect it. The other spends the same sum in the keep, travelling expenses, entries, and riders for his horses: if he *never wins* a race, he is only in the same situation as the owner of the fox-hounds; but he must be a most unlucky wight indeed if this is the case. In fact, he cannot but win some of his expenses back: with moderate luck and moderate judgment he may cover them all; and if his judgment and good luck are in the ascendant, he may make money. I grant, as I have said before, that few do so; but of those who keep race-horses, there are numbers who have no judgment at all, many who have but little, and not one in fifty whose judgment is really good. This is one reason why so few make their horses pay.

There are two things a man should well consider before he ventures on the turf: the one is, has he capital to stand a season or two of ill luck? for be he on the whole as lucky as he will, this will in its turn happen. Thus, if his first year happens to be an unlucky one, if he cannot stand this, and wait till his turn comes round, he is swamped from want of capital—by no means an uncommon thing. The next and equally important thing to be well looked into is, is he quite sure he possesses steadiness and nerve enough to resist the temptation to bet heavily? If he has not these two requisites, for the sake of himself and the feelings of his friends let him keep from the turf, for it will be all but

certain ruin. If he possesses both these requisites, let him begin keeping race-horses as soon as he likes—they will do him no more harm than any other expensive pursuit.

I have ventured in these few pages to give my impressions on some parts of racing affairs. That they may not be perfectly correct is doubtless the case; but take them as a whole, however feebly expressed, they are founded on fact and truth, and as such may be in some slight degree useful to the very young and the very unwary. If I have only brightened one spark of indignation in the breasts of men of honour against the class of pests I have alluded to, I have done *something:* if among the thousand who could handle the subject so much better than I have done, I can induce one to take up his pen in the same cause, I have done a *great deal:* and if this should eventually tend to the driving these harpies back to the insignificance from which they sprung, it would indeed be a glorious achievement. Then and not till then will racing again become a harmless and exhilarating amusement to the public, a benefit to the country, a manly and national sport, the pride and glory of Englishmen.

OPINIONS ON CRUELTY.

"Cruel or not cruel? that's the question."

That there can be a shadow of doubt as to what is or is not cruel may at first appear as a perfectly absurd idea. It is laconically remarked in the play of *John Bull*, "Justice is justice, Mr. Thornbury." This is self-evident, and that cruelty is cruelty is equally certain. Still, what is cruelty to a particular object is not quite so easily defined as it may be supposed to be. An atrocious act of barbarity can admit of but one construction, and can excite but one feeling in any commonly well-regulated mind, and that feeling must be one of unmitigated abhorrence and disgust. That there are stages of cruelty we learn so long ago as the time of Hogarth, and that those stages are still exhibited and practised, even in these days of refinement, our every day's experience and observation are quite sufficient evidence. Many things are, however, daily done, and others left undone, by which acts of cruelty are inflicted both by commission and omission where none were really intended; and at the same time many things are done that bear the appearance of cruelty that really cannot admit of such a construction when properly investigated.

I regret to say, I consider that in this country the horse is more subject to cruelty and ill-usage than any other indigenous animal we possess. I do not except even that ill-used animal the ass—for Jack is rather a difficult gentleman to understand and appreciate. I am a devoted friend to all animals, and to Jack among the number. In an ordinary way he certainly gets coarser fare and harder blows than the horse; but as to his fare, it is well known he would leave the hay of the race-horse for the first thistle he could get hold of; and as to the blows, I must in candour allow that in very many cases it "sarves him right." That there is a difference in the dispositions of these animals is beyond doubt, but much less so than in perhaps

those of most other animals that come under our immediate observation. With a sluggish one, feed him as you may, work him as little as you may, he will prefer having his sides and quarters visited by an ash plant in the hands of an athletic savage, to accelerating his wonted pace; and should those strokes be applied with the rapidity of a mountebank playing on a salt-box, a twist to the right or left of his nether parts is generally the only result. Perhaps he goes upon the principle of the schoolboy: "If I learn A, which I could soon do, they'll make me learn B and all the cross row;" so Jack concludes that if he evinced his perfect understanding of these hints by quickening his walk, a trot would then be demanded, and this he considers "a consummation devoutly" to be avoided. I am quite willing to agree with Sterne, that "with an ass one might converse for ever:" so one might with a German postillion: but whoever has had the gratification of riding behind these imperturbable animals must have found, that, converse as long as you will, you will persuade neither the one nor the other to quicken his progression. If we wantonly put any two animals to the same degree of pain, the atrocity of the act is as great in the one case as in the other, and of course the suffering is equal to the animals: but as Jack prefers being bastinadoed to mending his pace, and the horse does not, it must be evident that they do not endure the same degree of pain from the same mode of punishment, though to a bystander the brutality of the driver might appear the same whether applied to the horse or the ass. Still in point of fact the quantum of cruelty in the two cases is very disproportionate, and is some proof that we may in many instances be misled in our estimation of cruelty by the appearance of it; whereas, on the other hand, many acts of absolute cruelty are daily practised without the suffering object of them exciting the slightest sympathy or commiseration.

In reference to German postillions, I must in justice mention an anecdote of one of these really queer fellows that did so much honour to his heart and feelings, that, in compliment to his nation, it ought not to be omitted. A young friend of mine, who had been accustomed to four merry English posters and English post-boys (the gene-

rality of whom, to their eternal infamy be it spoken, would at any time risk killing their horses for an extra five shillings,) was travelling in Germany, and had paid the postillions with his accustomed English profusion. He got by this extra thanks and extra bows; but an extra mile within the hour was out of the question; so he determined the next stage to give the men as little as he possibly could; did so, and told them why he did so: they merely shrugged their shoulders a little higher than usual. Now in England, from such bad pay being told to the new postillions, he would have travelled the next stage about the pace of a hearse. But here he went on exactly at the same rate of going he had done before. My friend stopped the drivers, told them why he had paid with such parsimony, and now offered an additional bribe for additional speed. The reply he got from one of the postillions was this, and which he had the good sense and good feeling to appreciate: "He would be happy to oblige, but he might never have the honour to see Mynheer again; but he saw his cattle every day, and would not distress them."

I could have hugged the fine fellow had I been there, though this mode of salutation is not much in my way. Show me an English post-boy who would have acted thus against his interest: show me any English coach-owner who would let feeling for his horses interfere with his interest: to such men I would say, but should say it without the hope of producing any effect, "Go, and do thou likewise:" not they indeed.

I am quite aware I am now about to tread on, if not forbidden, at all events, very dangerous ground. I am going to accuse ladies of being very frequently the perpetrators, I should rather say instigators, of cruelty towards that animal who conduces so much to their comfort and amusement—namely, the horse. I can fancy I now hear myself exclaimed against by all parties as a perfect savage. "What," exclaim the fairer part of the creation, "can the monster mean by accusing us of cruelty?"—"What!" exclaim equally loudly the male part of my readers; "accuse woman, lovely woman, of cruelty!—her, whose softness alone humanizes our rugged nature!—her, whose tenderness and smiles can alone by their fascination control

our coarser feelings and passions!—her, the bright ornament of our homes, the projector of and participator in all those commendable and social virtues she alone has taught us to prize and to enjoy!—her, whose tenderness and love smooth the pillow in our sickness, and rob the gloomy pathway to eternity of so many of its terrors as to cause our chief regret to be the leaving so tender, so perfect a being behind us!" Reader, I love you for your enthusiasm in so bright a cause, and offer my humble tribute with equal devotion at so fair a shrine. I quite acquit ladies of being the *willing* perpetrators of any acts of cruelty towards any animals (except their lovers;) but that horses do suffer in their cause is decidedly the case. Ladies, in a general way, are all delighted by fast travelling, no matter by what sort of vehicle. I dare say the inventor of that Brogdignagian butterfly, the aërial machine, had the gratification of the ladies in view when he projected its construction: if so, I wish him every success, and trust the ladies will then go as fast as they can wish: it will save my poor friends (horses) many an aching limb. Now, whether the woman of rank and fortune travels in her own carriage with posters, or one in an humbler walk of life goes by the Manchester *Telegraph*, the inn that furnishes the boys who drive the fastest, or the coach that goes the fastest, is sure to be the inn and the coach most patronized by ladies. The former rolls along in her soft-lined well-hung carriage at an accelerated pace, stimulated by extra fees to the post-boys. The horses, it is true, by dint of whip and spur, go the last mile as rapidly as the first. What their suffering may be during the stage or after, never strikes the mind of its fair inmate: it never strikes her that to arrive at the end of twelve miles ten minutes the sooner, she is in point of fact inflicting wanton suffering on four naturally noble, generous, and unoffending animals. Once only oblige this lady to leave her carriage and stand by and see these poor victims unharnessed: let her see their raw and bleeding shoulders, their panting sides and distended nostrils, their blood-shot and glassy eyes, their limbs trembling with pain from the extra exertion she has thus wantonly occasioned them: let her see them two hours afterwards, when they have got cool,

standing with their heads resting on the manger, too sick at heart and stomach to touch the food their exhausted frames so much need to render them capable of a repetition of the same suffering; this, nature is too far exhausted to allow them to take: let her see them stand motionless, unless when they endeavour to procure some ease to their stiffened and aching limbs by changing their position: let her see this, of which she has no conception, and, if I know the mind or heart of woman, she would reprobate instead of encourage a repetition of the cause of such a scene. Nor let it be supposed that this scene is exaggerated: it is a state to which post-horses are always reduced when urged beyond their strength. Fortunately this is not a case of every day occurrence, and only takes place when the cupidity of post-boys and post-masters induces them to comply with the unreasonable requests of particular persons; and these particular persons, we will hope for humanity's sake, are but few: in the above case there cannot be two opinions as to its cruelty.

Nor is the lady alluded to as travelling by the fast-coach exempt altogether from a share of that censure that becomes the due of every one, who, to gratify whim or caprice, occasions unnecessary pain to other objects, whether of the human or brute species; still she is not, like the former more favoured votary of fashion, the direct cause of the suffering she occasions. The latter is only one among hundreds who thoughtlessly enjoy a rapid mode of conveyance, which they are not aware is only to be accomplished by a vast deal of animal suffering.

Reader, hast ever been in that abode of crippled horses, a coach-stable? Probably not: but I have in hundreds, and have there seen the direful havoc of fast-coaches. We must recollect that nothing but a high-couraged and high-bred horse is fit for a coach-horse (in these days.) Carrying this in our minds, we must not infer, because we see four horses going along without the constant application of the whip, that they are going at their ease: quite the reverse: they are probably even at that moment suffering much, either from distress by pace or bodily infirmity; for we are not to expect such coaches as a Brighton *Age*, a Windsor *Taglioni*, or a Birmingham *Tantivy* (were) on

every road. Here horses were bought in their prime, were kept in the highest possible condition, and from their number were allowed proper intervals and days of rest. But, taking a long line of road, many brutes of coach-owners purchase only infirm horses, which by dint of punishment are made to do work for which they are really totally unfit. It is enough for their owner that they do it, their free and generous spirits inducing them to prefer the agony of going to that inflicted by the whip. But even here the suffering, great through it be, is slight in comparison to that endured by night-horses. Even coach-owners are ashamed to exhibit to the public the dreadful wrecks of horses turned over to the night-coaches. Here is suffering with a vengeance! Here the short docker can be used without exciting the cry of "shame" along the road. Horses with shoulders where there are deep-seated wounds, in which without any exaggeration half an orange may be buried, are here worked: here also are to be found others with legs in that state that would call at once for the interference of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty if exhibited in open day. If that Society want full occupation for their truly meritorious exertions, let me recommend them to make a tour of the fast-coach night-stables. This would some years since have been, I allow, an Augean task: now, fortunately for horses, night-coaches are scarce. No class of men (speaking of them of course in a general way) have so little even of the commonest feelings of humanity towards horses as coach-masters, although it is by the exertions of this very animal that they gain their livelihood: they regard the horse, the coach, and the harness precisely in the same light, and provided the whole come in safe and keep time, they have no more feeling for the unfortunate horse than they have for the coach or harness: he brings the coach home; that is enough for them; at what expense of suffering he may do so they care not a pin. Should he become so weak or lame that continuing him at work would render him incurable, they kindly take him out of the team, not from the slightest compassion towards a faithful servant, but because, if they did not do this, either death would ensue or he would be rendered useless to them. The resting him therefore is a consideration of pounds, shillings,

and pence. But the probability of death does not in all cases procure for him an intermission of his labours. This depends wholly on his value, and how far, in case this common act of humanity were extended towards him, his subsequent labour would pay for the indulgence. If it is thought it would, he is rested; if not, he is worked on till he drops. Many persons would be much astonished to be told, while they were going along twelve miles an hour, that the entire team before the coach was not worth eighteen pounds, sometimes not so much; but such is the case. What must be the infirmities of four good sort of horses to bring them to this price, and what their sufferings labouring under such infirmities! Common reason tells us what they must be. These are a few observations on their horses common in the mouth of coach-masters:—"It will be cheaper to *work him to death* than to be at any expense about him." This means, that if resting him for three months will cost three pounds, and by working him to death three pounds five shillings is to be got out of him, he is condemned at once, and works till he drops. "It will pay better to work him to death than to sell him at that price." That is, the price offered does not amount by five or ten shillings to the amount of labour still left in him; so he shares the fate of his companion above. "He is cheap to whip to death at the price;" or, "I only bought him to whip to death." This is a frequent remark when a low-priced horse is purchased in. He is wanted for a night-coach, or to work some temporary opposition: and this is said of some wreck of a splendid hunter, who has carried our aristocracy in the first flight over Leicestershire, and is the fate that awaits many who are now doing the same thing! Human Nature, thou art but a combination of selfishness and ingratitude at the very best!

To show I am tolerably correct in my estimation of the general tender mercies of coach-masters, I will mention an anecdote of one, who, in any thing but what regarded his horses, was a kind man. He was also a veterinary surgeon. He once took me to see his horses on a line of road where he had a strong opposition that had been running some months. I went into his stables, and such an exhibition of spectres of horses I never saw, all of a superior sort

and breed—he knew too well to buy any other for such work—but such an accumulation of distress, such an assemblage of the lame, the halt, and the blind, I never beheld, except afterwards in the field behind the stable: this was a complete knacker's yard. I do not pretend to finer feelings than my neighbours, but I positively felt a sickening sensation, and turned away from the revolting scene. On returning to the stables, one of his coaches came up, all the horses distressed enough; but one, a little mare, scarcely well bred enough for her place, was in a state of such dreadful distress I pronounced her a dead one. "So did I," said her master, "the first time I saw her come in: she will blow in that way for these two hours; she has an oppression on her lungs, but is a very good mare. I know she is out of her place, but she will go on." Now here, because this animal could go on, she was to be kept working in this distress without exciting one feeling of compassion. Bad enough this, but not quite so bad as what follows. The up-coach came in, and the coachman was addressed as follows: —"I hear you was beat last night by three minutes; don't let this happen again if you can help it. I don't mind skinning a horse a-day, but keep your coach in front." Did not mind skinning! That is, of course, killing by over-distress a horse a-day. I never forgave him that speech, nor ever shall. Now, had he been determined not to be beaten, and had told his coachman so, adding to the "keep your coach in front," I will have double sets for you all along the line, I should have admired his spirit instead of detesting his barbarity.

Something like this "going in front," but with a very different spirit, was said by a Master of Fox-hounds to his huntsman, who rode nearly seventeen stone. "Never think of your horse or your pace; the moment you find one at all distressed, another shall be ready for you; only show my friends sport, and kill your foxes, and you shall have a fresh horse every three fields if you want him." This was something like: he was really in all things a noble fellow, and, as was said of King Charles, "enjoyed his girl and bottle, and got mellow, and (mind) kept cempany with gentlemen."

I know the answer coach-owners would make, and I

cannot gainsay the truth of it. "The public like to go fast, and at the per mileage we charge as fares we cannot get a coach along at a fast pace without the cruelty we are accused of." I know this as well as they do; but with whom did this speed originate? Not with the public. Had all coaches continued to go eight miles an hour, there would have been no patronising one more than another, and at the eight miles the public must have gone: but some coach-master struck out the idea that by going faster he should get a greater share of patronage than his neighbour, and his neighbour was then forced to do the same. These two men perhaps horsed their coaches in so superior a manner that the work could be done in the time without any cruelty to their stock, and here the public gained a justifiable advantage: but then the man who horsed his coach badly found it necessary to keep the same time, and here the cruelty began. Again, the never-to-be-satisfied greediness of coach-owners went to work, and some one, who had hitherto done his work well, began by lowering his fares to endeavour to again supplant his neighbour. What was the consequence? To make it pay at the lower fares, he must diminish his expenses: fewer and less able horses were used; and others followed his example, till it amounted to this, that either money could not be got, or it must be got by the cruelties I have truly, however imperfectly, represented. Coaching is, however, nearly done up, therefore my remarks on the cruelties practised on horses in this way shall conclude here.

Hide me, my good genius, in impenetrable obscurity; advocate my cause, ye lovers of fair truth, while I avow my pity for those pitiable animals, a pair of horses jobbed by a single lady during the London season.—"Massa here, Massa there, Massa every where," is fully exemplified in the perpetual appearance of the jobs—"they are only jobs:" so the usual work of a twelvemonth is to be got out of them during the time they are engaged for. If they are kept in the jobmaster's stable, they stand some chance of fair play, because, if they have done a full day's work, another pair are substituted for the theatre, concert, or party at night: but if kept in the lady's own stable, under her control, and their work measured by her judgment

and conscience (in this particular.) They catch it in every way. Ladies are not very apt to lend their *own* horses and carriage to each other, but it is really wonderful how kind, good-natured, and considerate a pair of jobs render them, as the following arrangement and dialogue show:—

"Poor Mrs. Formerdays! she was always used to her carriage till lately; it would be but kind to send the carriage to fetch her." "Poor Mrs. So-and-so is really ill; it would be a great treat to her to get an airing. We shall be three hours at the exhibition to-morrow; we can send her the carriage while we are there; it can then fetch us, and we shall have plenty of time to go into the City. We can then drive round by Hampstead, call on Miss Spinster, get into the Park by five, and have an hour's drive there before we go home to dress; and as the horses will *only* then have to take us to Mrs. Feed-us-all's to dinner, and to Lady Lovelight's rout, and fetch us home, we can manage to send them to Mrs. So-and-so nicely, and much better than when we want more of them ourselves."—Perhaps, reader, you will agree with me that for a light day's work this will do.

"My dear Mrs. Flatterwell," said Mrs. Heartall to her visiter, "who do you think I have invited to meet you at dinner to-morrow?"

Mrs. Flatterwell: "Of course I don't know, but some delightful agreeable creature I am sure, if she is a friend of yours; your friends all are so, my poor self excepted."

Mrs. Heartall: "Oh, you flatterer! Well, then, I have asked that dear Mrs. Feel-our-frowns that we used to admire so much *when* she drove those beautiful grays!"

Mrs. Flatterwell: "You see I was quite right, but I thought you had not visited her since that dreadful loss of property she met with."

Mrs. Heartall: "Why, my dear, I will tell you how this arose. You know till lately I always kept my own horses, and when, poor dear thing, she was obliged to give up her carriage, being a very, very old friend, and having received a great deal of kindness from her when I was a girl, whenever I invited her I was forced to send my horses for her, for it is not flattering to see No. 527 drive up to one's door; so in pity to my poor horses I

was obliged to cut her; but now, as *I job horses* while I am in town, it does not matter, I can always send for her, and send her home."

Who would not be a friend or even one of a pair of jobs to a woman whose feelings were of so high a tone? Reader, didst never meet amid a certain clique one possessed of such? Perhaps not. I can only say one of my family, mentioned here as Mrs. Feel-our-frowns, did, and I here have given the true anecdote.

Let the charming Miss Bobbinet condescend to accompany the ever-fascinating Mr. Staytape in a gig to dine at Richmond, what would she think of him if he crawled along eight miles an hour, allowing themselves to be passed on the road—would she not think him a pitiful fellow? The whole pleasure of the thing would be destroyed; while, on the contrary, he rises in her estimation every time he gives others, as they jointly call it, the go-by, the rapidity in their estimation showing the superiority of the equipage. The feathers fly backwards as if in derision of those left behind; the showy and many-coloured shawl flutters in emulation of the plumes, and the ribbons in interposition rustle with pride and delight —for who ever saw an underbred female properly dressed in an open carriage of any sort? The Hon. Mrs. A. wears such a dress in her britzka—why should not Miss Bobbinet wear the same in a hired gig?

But though, from the Countess to the counter-girl, they must go fast, I give them full credit for not believing, or rather thinking, whether they go eight miles an hour or fifteen, that horses suffer from it. Ladies are a bad judge of pace: they know if they are going fast, but do not know how fast they are going. "Women are bad judges of pace, my good fellow," said a friend of mine to me, whose pretty and really amiable little wife had spent in two months in London the annual amount of their income.

In the hope of in some degree diverting the anger of ladies from what I have written, I do cheerfully and confidently assert my belief, that though horses unquestionably suffer much in their service, it in almost all cases proceeds from their want of knowledge of what occasions distress and suffering to them. Women, of all created

beings, are in every sense of the word the most single-minded, and least selfish. Man will rarely sacrifice his interest or comfort for Woman; Woman constantly does hers for Man: it seems one of the attributes of her nature to sacrifice self for others: yet from thoughtlessness will the same fair being keep her servants and horses waiting in the most inclement night, while wasting, or worse than wasting, her time in listening to the *persiflage* of some coxcomb she inwardly despises.

Some years since I was taken to a party by the rather giddy wife of a friend of mine, who always indulged her in furnishing her carriage with as fine a pair of horses as any woman in London drove: her carriage was ordered at one, intending to escape supper: it came: I informed her of it: "she was engaged the next quadrille:" it was danced, and her partner handed her down to supper: dancing was resumed; three, four o'clock came: then my fair friend, enveloped in cashmeres without number, came forth: the vestibule, staircase, and hall were warm as art could make them; but in passing from the door to the carriage, she remarked that this exposure to the cold was dreadful. It never occurred to her that her horses and servants had been shivering at that door for three hours. Now I am quite ready to admit that a delicate female and horses and servants are quite different things; that use accustoms the one to what would be death to the other; still, they all have feelings; and apportion the degree of hardship to the powers of endurance of each, and each will have the same share of suffering. Leave the horses and servants exposed to a freezing snow-storm, and the lady to a cold room without fire, they would probably suffer equally; and in retributive justice such punishment ought to be inflicted on her to teach her what she thus unthinkingly inflicts on others. But she has probably never been exposed to real suffering of any sort, consequently cannot feel for what she never felt: she is in the position of the Princess, who, hearing that many of her father's subjects were starving, declared that rather than absolutely starve she would eat bread and cheese.

The Lady to whom I allude has unremittingly accused me of cruelty, because I have as unremittingly followed

my sporting propensities. That there is more or less of cruelty in all sports, or at least in most of them, no man of sense will dispute; that is, when sporting is carried on merely as a source of amusement. The Huntsman, the Jockey, the Steeple-chase Rider, the Bull-baiter, and Dog-fighter—even the Gentleman, if he is merely a "bookless sauntering youth, proud of the scut that dignifies his cap" —will all deny that there is a particle of cruelty in any of their several occupations; while the man of sense will candidly admit the charge, but may very justifiably add, that if we do not let a selfish thirst for amusement benumb or obliterate our feelings of humanity, the great source of amusement arising from sporting, and also the great advantages a large portion of the community derive from it, overbalance the trifling cruelty we inflict in its pursuit: and this is the only true state of the case. No man can attempt to deny that to turn out a stag merely for the pleasure of hunting him is gratifying ourselves at the expense of a harmless animal; it would be folly to deny it: still I hunted seven seasons with stag-hounds, and must allow I never thought of any thing but keeping as near to the hounds as a sportsman ought to be. Foxes are vermin, some will say, therefore we ought to kill them: "so where's the cruelty?" This is all nonsense. If there is any cruelty in hunting, whether it be the fox or the hare, the thing is the same; and for this reason a gun would be a quicker mode of ridding ourselves of the one and of possessing the other. It is always bad policy to pertinaciously defend a bad cause, or to attempt to controvert that which in itself is incontrovertible. Let us allow, therefore, like honest fellows, that there is some cruelty even in fox-hunting, but that it is so born with those of the right sort, and is so fascinating in its pursuit, that death would almost be preferable to resigning it. Then fill a bumper to fox-hunting, and I will be as vociferous in the three times three, and again, again, again, as the loudest of you all.

That fox or stag hunting is the frequent cause of a great deal of cruelty and suffering to horses is quite clear; that is, when they get into certain hands. I have some years since seen the Hon. Mr. P. with his horse spurred from

shoulder to flank, and that because, from want of common sense and judgment in the early part of the day, he had beaten a good horse before it was half over. If this is not cruelty I do not know what is. Depend upon it the man who would be guilty of it towards his horse would be equally the brute to his wife or child. God forbid he should ever have the one or the other! Let no man tell me that enthusiasm in the chase is an excuse for premeditated and wanton cruelty. I maintain it to be wanton cruelty to butcher a good horse, when the only plea we can produce for so doing is a wish to see more of the end of the run, as if a man could never see another during his life. I can assert from experience and observation—and have had no small share of the former, or want of opportunity for the latter in these matters—that I never knew one of these real butchering riders in the field who was not a brute in all his relative connexions with society. Let it not be supposed that I mean in any way to infer that riding straight to hounds necessarily involves cruelty to a hunter: quite the contrary. I am perfectly satisfied, and I am sure the best judges in these matters will agree with me, that the man who rides straightest to hounds, generally speaking, distresses his horse the least: he keeps near enough to watch the leading hound, or couple or two of hounds, by which he is enabled often to avail himself of sound ground instead of heavy, and perhaps cuts off the whole angle of a fifty or sixty-acre field. If hounds throw up their noses for only half a minute, he can give his horse the full benefit of that half minute; and half a minute, ay ten seconds, is an age to a horse all but blown. When they hit it off, he is off with them; they don't gain an inch on him: he has no ground to make up, for he is ready to take his place. Long may he keep it both here and in his chase through life!

In riding to hounds, I always adopted one plan, which I generally found succeed tolerably well, and for the perusal of *very* young sportsmen, and still greater snobs than myself, I here offer it as hints to such, but of course to such only.—If you wish to see the end of a run, always make your horse your first consideration. I mean by this, that, whatever fences you may have to take, whatever descrip-

tion of ground you may have to ride over, or whatever may be the pace you find it necessary to go, always to the best of your judgment and ability make him do all this with the least possible expenditure of his animal powers and spirits; and ever keep in mind, that in the beginning of a run you never know where it may end, or how great a proportion of these powers and spirits may be called for. A horse is not like a steam-engine, for which, if you let all the steam off, you can take in fresh coke and water. Young hands are apt to forget this. The moment hounds are put into covert, throw away your cigar, if fancy or fashion has induced you to take one; and at once *pro tem.* give all your acquaintance the cut direct, and attend to your business—in other words, the hounds. If you are in a country you are acquainted with, and consequently know the point a fox generally makes for from this covert, place yourself so as not to prevent his breaking, but so as to command a view when he does break. If you are in a strange country, cock up your nose, like a deer when uncarted; ascertain the way the wind comes, and place yourself, as a sailor would say, to leeward of the covert: for, unless a fox has some favourite point to make—and he will then often face a hurricane—you will generally find you have done right. So soon as you see a couple or two of hounds come out of covert in chase, if you have either viewed the fox or heard a "view-halloo" in that direction, or hear the "Hark-hollow," or "Hark-forward, hark!" of the huntsman, you may be sure they are right. Lose not a moment: but get up to your hounds. If there is any wind, and that a side one, sink it; in other words, keep your hounds to windward of you. By this, if in a very enclosed country they should get out of your sight, you will hear them and every halloo of the huntsman: and more than this, the chances are they will come down to you, instead of your having to get to them. And now, supposing hounds to be well settled to their fox, and you, from having attended to your business at the covert side, have a good place, remember every yard you lose your horse will have to recover; more horses are beat from being obliged to catch hounds than from laying with them. The moment you are over a fence into a field, cast an eye

to the one that is to take you out of it: if you see a more practicable part than another, and that not much out of your line, make for it; make for it *at once*, as no man who hesitates can ride well to hounds. Keep fast hold of your horse by the head, drive your feet well down in your stirrups, fix yourself, as much as to say "clear it or fall we go together," and put him at it as straight as a shot. Keep your eye always on the leading hound. If you find him only hesitate, take a pull at your horse: at the slightest check, pull up at once. The moment the scent is again hit, be off as quick as the hounds: in short, lay with them, and sail away *as long as you can*. If you find your horse getting blown, pull him off his pace; it is the only chance you have: he will probably shortly recover: but if you persevere, you will beat him in two fields: when it is "bellows to mend," you must stop to mend them. If he does not recover, you will be sure you did right: he could not have gone on. Go home: you will save perhaps a really good hunter for another day, and will at all events have the satisfaction of feeling—if you have any feeling, which I hope you have—that you have not wantonly butchered a willing servant after he had done all that nature allowed him to do for you. A touch of the spurs may be frequently necessary to the best of horses at large fences; but when a willing good horse comes to that period of distress that he requires the application of them to get him along, it is quite time to leave off for that day. If we only look on our horses as machines, we all know it is quite wonderful what they can be made to do by the whip and spur when in the greatest distress: but the man who could find gratification in riding one in this state never ought to be enabled to ride another. If a horse is a good one, he will do all that can be fairly asked of him willingly: if he fails, we have either demanded too much of him, or he was perhaps not quite right on the particular day. If a horse frequently tires, sell him at once; he will do for many other purposes, though no hunter. It would be cruel and useless to punish the poor brute because nature had denied him stamina. If he is a bad unwilling one, sell him also; his proper place is the wheel of a coach, where the double-thong will teach him he must work as

well as his neighbours: he deserves it. This would not be cruelty.

Let me most earnestly beg it may be clearly understood that the few hints I have here given on riding to hounds are merely intended for young sportsmen, or men who, as I did, consider themselves mounted with five horses. Men who keep fifteen for their own riding can of course take what liberties they like with them, and, having a fresh horse or two out, can, if they think there is any merit in the thing, take the steel out of them in half an hour—no difficult matter, let me say. I am, however, not quite sure they could at the finish give a clearer account of the run than their less opulent, and therefore, from necessity, more considerate brother sportsmen. "Money," the old saying says, "makes the mare to go:" so it does the horse; but it will not make him go beyond his powers, or longer or better than other men's horses: if it could, poor devils like myself would have no business fox-hunting: but as it will not, "a hunting we will go, a hunting we will go," as long as we can; at least I will.

Having said this much of glorious fox-hunting, as I am writing my crude ideas of what is and what is not cruelty to animals, I now come to hare hunting. Is it not cruel to hunt a poor hare to death? Certainly it is cruel—very cruel, if the term pleases better—and in point of fact cruel it is. I always like to see things properly defined. The only answer, I should perhaps say palliation, to be offered is the one I have before given; namely, the pleasure it affords to many is an excuse for the pain we inflict on one animal; for in hare-hunting, the hare only suffers: a horse, if in any condition, cannot, unless he gets his death from cold. If I dare flatter myself that what I write will be read by many, I should feel my ears tingle; for I should have every hare-hunter on my devoted head. I am no thistle-whipper myself, never was, never had patience for it; but I am quite free to admit that if a man wishes to really see hunting, he will see more of it in one month with harriers than in ten with fox-hounds, particularly in the present style of fox-hunting. We have become a set of Steeple-chase riders with a fox and hounds before us; but real hunting is over, unless with some "fine old En-

glish Gentleman," if he is to be found, who keeps his hounds for hunting sake, his own amusement, and that of his immediate friends and neighbours. After all, hunting is but an amusement; and whether followed in one way or the other, if we are amused the end is answered: but if we want to see hunting, or are old-fashioned enough to like the music of hounds, we can get it now only by going with harriers, or getting up in the morning and going cub-hunting. "Hark on the drag I hear," is no more. Display at the "meet" is the first desideratum; riding in the first flight in the chase, the second. At such a meet, he who, as I have just done, would be bold enough to talk about hounds hunting or the music of hounds, would be considered as great a Goth as the man detected in attending to the music of an Opera. Some people—of course they must be "people that nobody knows"—may say, if you care not about hunting or music, why go hunting or to the Opera? Unenlightened savages! you might as well ask why the hopeful youth who d—s the parade or field-day goes into the Army. Strip the jacket, shako, sabretache, and other accoutrements of their lace—make the dress to look like service and service only—*infandum puer*, the Cornet's "occupation's gone" at once: he would quit the Army in disgust. So, let "meets" be at seven instead of eleven, and consequently let a few fashionable men make some other amusement fashionable, Billesdon and Kirby Gate would only boast of perhaps fifty sportsmen: let the boxes at the Opera be so constructed as to render its visitants invisible, and the stage only to be seen from them, the house would in one month be like "some banquet hall deserted." To suppose men hunt from the love of hunting, frequent the Opera from the love of music, or enter the Army from love of a soldier's life, are all ideas too monstrous to be entertained by any man who is not a subject for the Hanwell Asylum.

Racing I have heard anathematized by men who discourage it as the height of cruelty. This is quite wrong. That there is a certain degree of cruelty practised in this as well as in all the pursuits of sporting men, we must not deny: but I should say, that, generally speaking, less takes place in this than in most sports. Doubtless the labours of

the race-horse in full work, are great and severe, and a horse under the hands of the chifneys is pretty sure of getting his full dose of it. But we must recollect he is brought to this by degrees, and when he comes to the post, though he may generally expect severe exertion and sometimes severe punishment, both the one and the other are of very short duration, and the latter, if a good and willing horse, is only of very rare occurrence. I am quite aware that some horses require "getting along all the way." But this is not punishment, and such horses are but a few among the many; and I am satisfied many racing men will agree with me that if we could contrive to give most jockeys their whip and spurs when a hundred yards from home, and not till then, it would be all the better; for I venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that an early application of either loses by far a greater number of races than ever were won by it, and, in more cases than are supposed, produce a shortened instead of a lengthened stride. Experienced jockeys know this, and seldom use their whip but as a *last* resource: young ones, and particularly gentlemen jocks, too often make it their first. Whether wanted or not, this does make racing cruelty. I can only say, if I was a race-horse, I would rather be ridden ten races by such men as the Chifneys, Robinsons, Scots, Days, and many others, severe as they can be, than be ridden once by the generality of gentlemen or ordinary jocks. With the first, I should be certain of not being punished unless I deserved it, or necessity compelled them to it: with the latter, I should be almost sure of it, perhaps a quarter of a mile from home, unless absolutely in front, and indeed sometimes then. If we were always to flog a boy when he is first put up to ride, if he dared strike his horse when more than half distance from the winning-post, nine times out of ten he would have deserved it, and it would make a jockey of him. As to the gentlemen jocks, if there were ten of them, I should like to flog at least nine before they start merely as a reminder to use more head, more hands, more patience, and less whip during the race. They would improve much under the discipline: but as *they* would not probably submit to be severely whipped, I suppose their poor horses must. Such men as Lord Howth, General Gilbert, Cap-

tain Pettat, Mr. Kent, Mr. White, and some others, are exceptions: they are of course excluded from my flogging speculation; but by all means give it to scores of others I could name *con amore*—that is, if you can! This would be justice—not cruelty.

Steeple-racing is a description of sport for which we are chiefly indebted to Ireland for its introduction here; and certainly if a medium had been wanting through which robbery could be effected with more impunity and less chance of detection than by any other mode of racing, our debt of obligation to the sister isle is very heavy indeed. Racing in the old and legitimate way was, is, and probably ever will be, bad enough in this particular; but here a good deal of nice tact and contrivance is wanting to bring the thing off without being too glaring; and, even then, detection very often, and suspicion always, follows the perpetrators. But steeple-racing opens a field to the veriest bungler in the art of gentleman-like robbery and rascality. How any man in his senses can sport his money on such an event (unless he is one of a gang) strikes me with perfect astonishment, for here all judgment, all knowledge of the relative powers of horses, all calculation on former running is thrown away. The casualties incident to steeple-racing set all this at defiance, even supposing that all was intended (which it seldom or ever is) to be fair. In racing over the course, good judgment will in the long run stand our friend: here the casualties are, in comparison with steeple-racing, as one to a hundred. Many people imagine that jockeys are constantly paid to lose races; but this is by no means the case: that it sometimes occurs is doubtless the fact; but when it does, it is in some leather-plating concern, and among fourth or fifth rate riders, who have no character to lose; for in all great races no men are put on any of the horses that are considered as having a chance, but who are, generally speaking, men of principle and character, and who would not lose a race purposely if directed or even bribed to do so. But supposing there may be those among such men as would do this, the fact is, it is not left to *them* to lose. If it is intended their horse shall not win, the race is lost before they mount him. A much surer game is played than trusting to their word that they

would lose, or their management to do so: their horse is made so safe that all the jockeyship in the world could not make him win. Thus even here the best judgment is beat by rascality. What chance then has a man betting on a steeple-race, when the same thing is constantly done, where all sorts of excuses may be made for the best horse being nowhere, and where, if you do find a jock willing to enter into your plans, he may lose in fifty ways without the slightest suspicion being attached to his conduct, or fault found with his riding? In Ireland, the steeple-races were generally about two miles, and there a great portion of the race was seen; but as we mercifully always make it four, and sometimes more, at least three miles of it are run out of sight, or at all events at such a distance off that we can just say, "There they go," or "That's them by the wood yonder." Some people tell me, as an excuse for this senseless kind of racing, that it encourages the breed of superior horses. Nonsense. Is it to be supposed that any man will ever breed under the idea of winning a steeple-race? Are not men of large fortune, who give their hundred, hundred-and-fifties, and two hundred for hunters, sufficient to encourage the breed of superior horses? I will tell these persons what steeple-racing does encourage. It induces certain men to be always on the look-out among breeders, farmers, gentlemen's studs, &c., for something they consider to possess first-rate steeple-racing properties, to buy him at any price, to bring him out, lose a race or two, get heavy odds against him for some good thing, then, much to the surprise of most people, win it, win three or four of the best of these good stakes, and then, when their horse is in the full confidence of their friends and the public, rob both by again losing—of course only by some pretended accidental circumstance. This in no shape alters public opinion as to the horse's capabilities, or his owner's wish to have won. He is again entered for another stake, goes on well up to the time, never was better or more fit to go. The pot is now put on in good earnest, for this hocussing cannot last for ever with the same horse; every bet that can be got on is taken: of course he loses, so does every one but his own party. It will be now said he has *a leg*, is laid on the shelf till some opportunity is ripe to bring him

out again, when, if intended to lose, he is "quite recovered," is "if any thing better than ever;" he goes, and loses: or, taking the other tack, he is stated to be regularly stumped up, but his owner is determined to give him one more fly. He now goes, and wins as it suits his party's book. Success and a halter to them! for, to fill the pockets of such a set, are some of the best horses the world produces sacrificed, and butchered to make them win if wanted to win, and dosed, to save appearances, when *intended* to lose.

If steeple-racing was merely a race of two or three miles over a fair hunting line of country, it would perhaps be as good an amusement as any other race, with no more suffering to the horses engaged in it, and would in fact be a pretty sight. Why is it always made four, and often more miles? For this reason: those who make it a profession, and get horses for this express purpose, have by this a better chance of winning. Why are five, six, and seven hundred guineas given for particular horses for this purpose? Not because they are superior as hunters for a gentleman's riding, but because they possess extraordinary qualifications for this purpose: and this purpose is . . . . what? sport, or the pleasure of seeing the horse win? Not a bit: win or lose, the purpose is to cheat the public. This the public will say is cruel to them: I say it "serves them right:" they should not bet about these things. I am quite sure of one thing, it is an unnecessary and wanton cruelty to horses, and this does not serve *them* right.

Matches against time is another precious mode of filling the pockets of a set of miscreants—robbing the public, and subjecting a noble animal often to suffering and punishment at which humanity shudders. Matches against time might take place without any undue practice of cruelty, if the suffering of the animal was (which it *never* is) in such cases made any consideration. What he may be able to do with any ordinary suffering is not the calculation at all; but what *extra*-ordinary suffering and *extra*-ordinary punishment may force him to perform is calculated upon; and here it becomes absolute and unqualified brutality—for brutality I always maintain it to be, where, for the sake of winning money, we subject any animal to such treatment. We are frequently told "the mare was pulled up showing

very little symptom of distress;" or "the horse came in quite fresh." Yes, I know what is meant by not "showing symptoms of distress:" it means only that no symptoms were shown which indicated that death would ensue; and "quite fresh" means that the horse walked to his stable without support, which in such exhibitions is not always the case. To propose or undertake any match against time that it could be supposed any horse, or at all events a particular horse, could perform with common exertion would in no way answer the purpose of those who make a business of such things: money could not be got on sufficient to make it worth their while: but propose some feat that appears almost impossible, and then the pot can be made to boil. It is true it sometimes boils over: may it ever do so, and may its owners be put in it with a stout lid hermetically sealed! However, succeed or not, in performing such matches it rarely occurs that these unnatural exertions are made, and the animal does come in showing (or at all events feeling) no symptoms of distress. The perpetrators of them justly fear the execration of the public, consequently always maintain they were done with ease. I saw the conclusion of a match about three years ago. A horse known to be in no condition, a cripple, but thorough-bred, was backed to do a gallop-match of seventeen miles within the hour over one of the most hilly and distressing roads (for a turnpike road) England could produce, two miles of which were at that time newly gravelled in the old way. He won, it is true; but *what a win!* His shoulders, where he had been chiefly spurred, were in a perfect jelly of blood; his sinews had given way; the back of his pastern nearly touched the ground on being pulled up; and it was only by the support of several men that he was kept from falling, and thus got into a stable. To the disgrace of my country, be it said, his rider, who was also his owner, was allowed to remain with a whole skin. There is certainly a society for preventing cruelty to animals; but their laudable exertions are rendered all but useless by the restrictions our *feeling legislature* puts on their power. The owner of this horse might have been fined 40*s.*! What would he care when he made as many hundred by the match in bets and the match money? If

he could have been fined double his winnings, he would be careful in future how he publicly exercised his brutality. I should like to have had him naked as his horse, tied to the pole of a carriage, made a kind of near-side wheeler of for ten miles. I would have taught him the full effects of a drawing-stroke with a double thong, and before I had done with him he should have been a perfect judge of what distress and punishment are to bear.

I had locked up the preceding pages in my desk, intending to add a few lines to them at my leisure, nor for months had I given them a thought, till the recent Bedford match of execrable notoriety recalled them to my recollection; and, singular enough! I had left off writing after mentioning a match against time won by the very hero of the Bedford tragedy. I had given my opinion of the match I had alluded to, and in no very measured terms stated my tender wishes towards its perpetrator. I had mentioned no name, hoping he would take a lesson from its result, and by following his trade would in future gain a livelihood by more respectable means than acts of premeditated inhumanity. But, as if "he meant to show the reed on which I leant" in forming such hopes of him, the Bedford match has not been the only one by many in which this same *Burker* of horses has been since engaged, nor is the pony the only one he has killed in his brutal vocation.

It has been brought forward, in extenuation of the cruelty of the late match, that no whip was allowed to be used during its performance. This only makes the thing worse. So, because (as it turned out) the owner knew that such was the game and generous nature of the little animal, that he would go till exhausted nature could do no more rather than feel the whip, his merciless master could sit behind him, witness his sinking efforts, and only stop him .... when? why, when he found it impossible to win the match. We are told he had said, "if he found the pony was distressed, he would pull up." He certainly did pull up when he was distressed—distressed enough, for he was virtually *dying*. But, supposing it could have been thought that, distressed as he was, he could have staggered on so as to have won the match, will any man believe he would have been pulled up? No, not even those who own the

enviable distinction of being classed among Mr. Burke's friends would believe it. There is truly great humanity in stopping, or rather permitting, a wretched animal to stop, when he can go no longer! There is a wide difference between pulling up a horse *when* he is distressed, and doing it *so soon* as we find he is so. Was this done here? No; the pony had been pulled along for miles in the severest distress. It is stated that Mr. Burke valued the pony highly, and was much annoyed at his death. I am quite willing to believe he was so: so he would have been had he lost a 50*l.* note. That he valued the pony highly was doubtless the case: he valued him, because from his extraordinary powers he had been and still was a source of profit to him: how far beyond this he valued him has been clearly shown—*he drove him to death!* Then Mr. Somebody-a-Vet talked about congestion of the lungs, of overloaded atmosphere, et cetera: the greatest truism he set forth was the very scientific supposition, that had the pony remained in the stable he would not have died. Let me ask, whether, among the horses that worked the Bedford coach up and down on the same day, any particular mortality took place. I have not heard of any, and rather believe all these horses did their fair day's work, notwithstanding the state of the atmosphere on that day; nor do I believe one case of congestion of the lungs occurred among the (say) forty horses working the coach up and down. It is worse than nonsense bringing forward such attempted excuses for what will admit of no excuse. Mr. Spring's opinion was then given as to how far he considered the pony as being in a state of distress. Now, by his own showing, it appears he has been present at *many* matches against time. People are seldom found voluntarily present at exhibitions from which they derive no pleasure: we may therefore fairly conclude that Mr. Spring does derive pleasure from such matches, consequently becomes one of the *clique*. If so, his testimony relative to the humanity of the driver, or the distress of the animal, comes before us in a very questionable shape; for it is just in these matters possible he may allow as great a latitude to his conscience as Mr. Burke himself. I mean no illiberal insinuation against Spring in a general way by this remark: he keeps

a very respectable house, conducts it in a very respectable manner, and, "this present enterprise set off his head," and a participation in similar pursuits, is himself a very respectable man. Thinking thus of him, I would in all good feeling just hint, that attending to his friends and customers, who are always glad to see him, will be to the advantage of them and himself, and attending a little less to Mr. Burke and his pursuits will increase the estimation in which our worthy landlord is held by those who wish him well, or whose estimation is worth having.

Reverting to the boast of the pony having been driven without a whip reminds me of an anecdote told of a noted coachman. He was for some reason or other taken off one coach to be put on another: he was told by the late coachman of the latter that no man could get the first team he would have to start with along, or, at all events, "thrashing in a barn was light work to driving them." He made no reply, but contrived to get into the stable during the morning, and unobserved locked himself in with the aforesaid team: he then took a broomstick, and belaboured each and all of them, shouting at them at the same time till they would have jumped through the wall, if they could, the moment he spoke to them. This done, he walked quietly out. On the team being put to the coach, they from habit took the thing as coolly as ever; sundry jokes passed on the new coachman; offers of extra whips, a shoulder to each wheel, and the late coachman presented his successor with a stout ash-wattle by way of an *apprentice*. Coachee took it all in good part, got on his box, and waited the signal. "Right," cries the guard; then at one word from the well-remembered voice, to the perfect astonishment of every one, off each horse bolted like a snipe just flushed. The secret afterwards came out. I do not mean to assert that this kind of thing was practised on the pony; but I do say, that a voice that had often been followed by a severe stroke of the whip would have been quite sufficient (as the event proved) for so high-spirited an animal.

Let me remind my readers, that there is also a way of punishing a horse by his mouth, to get him along—a vile and uncoachmanlike practice, I allow, but sometimes resorted to. If a snatch at (or rather on) a horse's mouth

by means of the reins is always followed by a few strokes of the whip, the horse very soon learns that the one is as much a signal to go on as the other; and both being a punishment, he accelerates his speed in both cases to avoid it. Thus we see that driving without a whip is no proof that a horse is not forced to cruel and unnatural exertion if a good one, and bad ones are never selected for such performances.

We are told that Burke on ordinary occasions treats his horses kindly. I am not prepared to gainsay this, not being conversant with his general habits; nor ever having had the opportunity of seeing his stable management, should I be justified in giving any opinion of how his horses are treated: in that respect probably very well, as it is his interest to have them at all times prepared in a certain degree for any match occasion may put in his way. I am not representing Mr. Burke as a demon who delights in cruelty for cruelty's sake; but where his interest is concerned, we have plenty of proof from various results that mercy would plead in vain. I am willing to allow it to be possible that in riding or driving a horse to death he may even experience some feelings of compunction; but it is a very poor excuse for the murderer that he is very sorry to cut our throats while he perseveres in doing so to gain our money; nor is it any excuse for this man that he feels sorry to torture a generous animal, while he does so merely from his accursed cupidity. That any man can be found to publicly or privately encourage him is a disgrace to human nature. When I say *him*, I mean his pursuits: I war not with the *man*, but with his disgusting and various cruelties. Above all other men, every true sportsman should set his face against them, and raise his voice to cry them down. We have quite enough to do to defend ourselves and our cause against the clamour that a set of twaddlers often raise against both. In the name of Sporting, then, let us not give them so fair a handle to lay hold of as detecting us in tolerating, much less in countenancing, useless and revolting barbarities.

I remember seeing when a boy, on Hindhead Hill on the road to Portsmouth, a stone placed by the road-side, and engraved on it were nearly these words: "In detesta-

tion of a barbarous murder committed on the body of an unknown sailor." I should like to see a similar stone put up somewhere on the Derby road, by subscription, stating it to be "In execration of a cruel match against time that took place on this road, 1844, when one of the best little animals of his day was driven to death by his inhuman master." It would be a lasting testimony of the good feelings of the inhabitants of the different towns, and prevent at least their road from ever being disgraced in future by such exhibitions; for twist it as you will, palliate it as you will, a most disgraceful and brutish exhibition it was, so, as Falstaff says, "there's an end of it."

That the degree of distress horses undergo in matches against time is not always commensurate with the greatness of the undertaking is quite clear. What would be merely a good long breathing gallop to one horse, would be great distress to another. Speed, stamina, and condition, or, *vice versa*, the want of them, must always cause this. That such horses as Vivian, Lottery, The Nun, and many others of this class, could, when in proper form, do a gallop match of twenty miles within the hour with really very little distress, I am quite willing to admit; but such horses are not put to such things. First, they are too valuable to be risked at it for only perhaps a hundred; and secondly, no money could be got on in such a match, for who would bet against them? If the owner of The Nun sold so game and good an animal, and she changed and changed hands till infirmity brought her value to fifty pounds, then she would be caught up in a moment by some of these match-making gangs: then a bet would be made to do some feat that only extraordinary lasting qualities and game could accomplish; and then even on three legs no one knows what an animal like her, who will go under the whip, as she has often done, might not be made to accomplish: but would not any one worthy the name of man shudder at such an exhibition, and at such monsters as the instigators and encouragers of it? Yet such scenes do constantly take place, and, what is more, the owner of the winner is often cheered and lauded as if *he* had really performed some meritorious and heroic action!

I have personally been accused by ladies of showing a

disposition to cruelty, and even barbarity, because I have occasionally gone to see a prize-fight. This they naturally consider as a most horrid exhibition: long may my fair countrywomen continue to think so! It is the natural results of the tenderness of woman's nature. The dark-eyed daughters of Andalusia tell you, *Quen no ha visto Sevilla no ha visto maravilla:* so they say also of a bull fight. Now, though few men who have seen such eyes have escaped their influence, however fascinating their truly lovely owners may be, their bare endurance, without their praises of a bull fight, would be a damper to the feelings of an Englishman in selecting them as wives. I therefore glory in the indignant glances called forth from Englishwomen at the bare mention of a fight. That two gluttons after an hour's fighting are by no means pleasing objects to look upon, is quite clear; but I fully maintain that cruelty has nothing on earth to do here, nor can I consider it follows that men who witness it have any cruelty in their disposition. If an unfortunate wretch was condemned to be beaten to death, or nearly so, as a punishment by an executioner, I grant the man must be worse than brutish who could derive any gratification in witnessing so revolting a spectacle: but if two men prefer fighting as a mode of making money to any other, who has a right to interfere in their selection of occupation? *Chacun a son gout;* they have theirs; they have a right to have it: in fact, the cruelty would be in preventing their enjoying it. If two men, earning (which many of them can and some do) a comfortable living by other occupations, choose to quit them for two months while in training to fight, it is natural to conclude they prefer making money by this to their regular business. Why balk their inclinations? I do not see that they hurt any one but each other. I only wish, as Paddy would say, "they may both win," and as they so often "wisit the witling office in the ring," I hope when they do so at home they will find it well stored for themselves and their friends. I really hope my feelings are not more callous than those of my neighbours; but I confess in witnessing a prize fight, I admire the attitudes and tactics of the men, though, so far as they are concerned, I feel no more for them than I should for two crocodiles fighting on the banks of the Nile. If some un-

fortunate fellow, who had no other means of getting food for himself and family, was induced to enter the prize ring to obtain those means, he would be an object of admiration and interest. I should feel every blow he got, and warmly wish him success: but if such men as Hammer Lane or Johnny Broome (two very respectable men in their way) choose to quit, the one his trade, the other his home, to fight, I can only say, if they both got a sound drubbing, they would get no pity from me; and, to do them both justice, they would neither care about the drubbing one farthing, provided they won the fight for themselves and friends; and this they certainly would do, if they could under any circumstances. In short, speaking of prize fights in a general way, if two fools by choice stand up to be knocked to pieces, it really would be an infringement on the boasted liberty of the subject to prevent them. I leave it to abler controversialists than I to decide how far in a national point of view the ring may have a prejudicial or beneficial effect on the conduct of the lower classes. I believe, as we are told in—I forget the play—"much may be said on both sides." I am no casuist; but really when men from inclination place themselves in a situation where they are certain to get more or less of a sound thrashing even if they win, we have a right to infer that all in all they like the thing, and I think I deserve the approval rather than the censure of ladies for my philanthropic feeling in going to see such men enjoy themselves.

Bull-baiting, dog-fighting, bear and badger baiting, are all in themselves such atrocious acts of useless and wanton barbarity, that they have been at last put a stop to; that is, if attempted in public. I should, however, be extremely sorry to be guilty of so glaring an act of injustice as to accuse our Legislature of having interfered with these gentleman-like amusements from any feelings of kindness or mercy towards the animals engaged in them; for let any person from motives of humanity propose any act or any new law that has for its purpose the mere protection of animals from oppression and cruelty, his proposition will be certain to be met with not only neglect but ridicule and contempt: the collecting a crowd of idle persons together in the public highways, or on another's lands, is

what is objected to; and this would be objected to if the same crowd collected to see half a dozen dogs, bears, or badgers eating calf's foot jelly. The proposal to extend the prevention of dogs being used to carts in the country was at once cried down. If it was absolutely necessary to put a stop to the system in London, it certainly must have been considered a nuisance there, and a dangerous one. Now there might be perhaps more danger and nuisance occasioned by their use in London than elsewhere; but certainly not to that extended degree as to make it advisable to prevent it there, and leave such densely populated towns as Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and many others, subject to nearly the same dangers and annoyances. If compassion to the animal, and to save him from ill-usage, bore any part in the consideration of those who stopped the system—which I do not believe it did—there is no more reason an animal should be ill used in one place than in another. If it was thought it brought on canine madness, the inhabitants of such towns as I have mentioned can never be grateful enough for being left to its effects! A dog tied under a cart can be very little if any more nuisance in London than in any other town. If drawing carts or wagons they are likely to cause horses to start in London or in any town, they are much more likely to do so in the country; for whoever knows any thing about horses knows that the same object that he passes without in any way noticing them in crowded streets will make him fly out of the road in the country. Let ten horses on a country road meet two dogs running along in a rattling cart or wagon with some great hulking monster riding in it, I will venture to say nine out of the ten start and are really frightened by its unusual appearance. It was stated by a sapient and merciful Member, that dogs drawing enable many men to get a living by carrying small goods about for sale: it may enable a few to do this, but I know what it also does—it enables a set of idle, dissolute fellows to get about the country by this ostensible way of living, but whose real living is by thieving, house-breaking, and perhaps worse. I should mention another very desirable benefit the public gains by dogs drawing in the country; it enables all the thimble-ring gentry and pick-

pockets to get about much more readily than they could before their use, and to escape punishment for their robberies by their dogs affording them the means of immediate flight. You may see one of these scoundrels at a race this morning, and by travelling all night he will force his unfortunate dogs to take him fifty miles to another, where he commences operations the next morning. A case was instanced of deformed or crippled objects who get about the country by means of their dogs: this is brought forward as a strong plea in favour of their use being allowed, when in fact it is a strong plea for their being put down. Such objects have no business going about the country at all: they should be taken care of and kept out of sight. It is perfectly well known the truly awful effects frequently produced under certain circumstances by women meeting such objects. If such deformities are not allowed to exhibit themselves to alarm or disgust the Aristocracy in Belgrave Square, why is the humble but equally estimable female inhabitant of other towns and places to be alarmed and shocked by their appearance? That nearly all the dog-cart travelling fellows are thieves is an indisputable fact. There is a fellow goes from a town I often visit; he is known by the police to be a reputed thief and housebreaker, but has hitherto escaped detection. He leaves this town on a Monday; by the Saturday he generally returns with about a sack of bones, by the collecting of which he pretends to live. It would, certainly be a great cruelty to prevent so industrious and self-denying a man from earning an honest livelihood, for the profit on a sack of bones is not much to support a very hale man, his wife, children, and two dogs! The fact is, if he is concerned in a burglary or robbery, we will say at Hungerford in Berkshire, at one o'clock on Tuesday morning, by seven or eight o'clock the same morning he is seen with his jaded dogs and a bushel of bones in the streets at Northampton, forty miles off, and directly across the country. This is one of the *industrious* lot who would be deprived of their bread by putting down the dog-cart trade! We are told that men are assisted greatly by dogs in their labours by mutually drawing, or rather by one shoving, the other drawing a cart or barrow; that they divide the la-

bour. Yes, they do divide it, as you may a walnut—eat the kernel yourself, and give your partner the shells. The way the labour is generally divided is this: the dog not only draws the cart, but assists the two-legged beast along, who holds on by the handles; and when exhausted by this, he (not the man, I wish he was,) is visited from time to time with the application of constant kicks, within the reach of which you will always find the dog fastened.

A degree of sophistry was used to show, or rather an assertion was made by some one, that a man would not ill-use a dog more than a horse for his own interest's sake. This is real sophistry. In the first place, a man may very much ill-use a horse, and find his interest in so doing in a pecuniary point of view. For instance: a wretched, ill-fed, over-worked animal will drag coals about a street for a very long time before he sinks under his sufferings, and as probably his cost price was 30*s.*, his loss, if he does die, is not very great. The saving of 5*s.* a week in his keep pays for him in six weeks, whereas he probably will last twenty; so here, by half-starving and over-working him, we find the owner has made 5*l.*; and deducting the 30*s.* first cost, he clears 3*l.* 10*s.*; and so he will by his next purchase. But the poor dog has a much worse chance: he is probably bought for half a crown, or more probably stolen; so all that is got out of him is nearly clear gain. How, therefore, those who voted for a continuance of this system reconcile it to their feelings either of humanity to the animal or justice to that part of the community who reside in provincial towns or the country, appears to me as incomprehensible. They certainly do not trouble themselves much in considering what is and what is not cruelty.

I have stated, that all public exhibitions of bull, bear, badger, and dog-fighting were put a stop to: but I believe still, if a man chose to bait his own bull in his own barn, to whatever extent he might carry the barbarity of the thing, a trifling fine, if the society for preventing cruelty happened to hear of it, would be his only punishment: the legislature might say, "A man may do as he pleases in his own premises: we must not interfere with the liberty of the subject!" What glorious liberty to be allowed to torture an animal as much as I please, pro-

vided I pay 40*s.*! "Not interfere with the liberty of the subject!" "A man has a right to choose his pursuits in his own premises!" I should like to know, if my pursuit was having a private still on my premises, how long I should be suffered to enjoy my pursuit. I rather think Mr. Smellwash, the exciseman, would very soon teach me how far the liberty of the subject would avail me; but by this certain duties to the excise would be lost—by baiting a bull, none!

There can be no doubt but the society for the suppression of cruelty has had this good effect—it has in a very great measure prevented the exhibition of it in the public streets: but the punishment they are permitted to inflict is so trifling that the desired end is not attained to one half the extent it might be. I trust every one will allow that the sufferings of animals in performing the ordinary tasks demanded of them are quite sufficient, without subjecting them to an extra, and unnecessary share of them. I have endeavoured in a few cases to show what is and what is not cruelty towards them. I leave it in abler hands to decide on what would be the most ready, effective, and lasting mode of preventing or punishing what really is cruelty.

OBSERVATIONS ON DRIVING.

BY HARRY HIE'OVER.

"Sunt quos curriculo."

On nearly every art or science practised by man, there have been instructions, treatises, opinions, criticisms, and I know not what, repeatedly published, from the highly intellectual study of astronomy to the more manual art of making a horse-shoe. Nothing scarcely has been thought too insignificant to fix the attention and call forth the written opinions of those conversant with their subject. Horsemanship has produced writers on that art of a very early date, varying their instructions and terms used according to the age in which they lived and wrote; but I am not aware that any really good instructions in the art of driving have yet appeared. Nimrod, it is true, has given us his illustrations of the road in the pages of Maga, and in a most masterly and scientific way has he handled his subject; on what subject, it may be asked, has he ever failed to do so? But his observations relate only to coaching, of the perfection of which those who live in the next century will, I fear, have about as vague an idea as we have as yet of the merits of the new aërial flying smoke-jack. Why driving should have been hitherto considered less worthy of attention as a subject to be written on than horsemanship, I cannot imagine. That the former should be done well, if done at all, I consider of the much greater importance. If a man rides, he rides alone, since the days of pillions are gone by, and has most unquestionably a right to break his neck if he pleases: but if I am driven by another, he certainly has no right to break mine. Poor Mytton thought otherwise, but it is not every one who charges gates in tandems. In these money-saving days, where, so long as there are six inches square of room in a vehicle, some one must be accommodated, sundry great and little necks are, in private as well as public carriages, intrusted to the care

of some one. Surely then this some one, be it papa or his subordinate, ought to know not merely something, but all about his undertaking. Now it most unfortunately happens for the drived, that the driver almost universally considers that he does know all about it; and hence the frequent occasions on which Mr. Swiggins, Mrs. Swiggins, a friend or two, and half-a-dozen little Swigginses, find themselves *on* the road, but not *in* the carriage; and all probably because the elder junior Mr. Swiggins would, as he termed it, "handle the ribands," an occupation for which I am willing to give him credit in another meaning of the expression to be fully competent to, but handling silk ribands and leather ones are not quite the same thing. The letting his riband at home get under his foot, and his riband abroad get under his horse's tail, may probably lead to very different results; and the "Well, I never," ejaculated by a pretty shop-girl at Mr. Swiggins's inadvertence in the shop, is a somewhat different one to that of a pair of horses' heels within an inch of his nose at the inadvertence of Mr. Swiggins in his coachman's seat.

Monomania has become, I believe, the ruling term to designate a person being sane on all points but one. Now if a perversity and fallacy of idea on a particular point constitutes monomania, most certainly nine men out of ten who drive are labouring under this infirmity; for they all consider themselves fully competent to the task they undertake. It is singular enough, that though hundreds of men who ride on horseback quite willingly allow they are very indifferent horsemen, you will rarely find a man who drives a gig that does not conceive he does it as well as it can be done, or who for one moment thinks he is in danger from his ignorance. No doubt there is no great exertion of art required to sit in a gig, hold the reins, and guide a steady horse the way you wish him to go; but even in this humble attempt at coachmanship, the way it is done would, to a practised eye, at once show, that, while one man would be capable of greater things, another in fact was not capable of the little he did attempt. It is true a man may drive one horse well, but be by no means a pair-horse coachman: the latter may also drive his pair well, but be quite astray with four: but whether with one

horse, a pair, a unicorn, or regular team before him, the coachman is to be detected at once: his manner of taking up his reins and seating himself would be quite sufficient for the purpose. Of this our friend Mr. Swiggins could not be convinced by all the men in Europe: he can drive as fast as any man (such men mostly do:) he has no fear of turning a corner at the rate of fourteen miles an hour (such men never have:) he gets off safe for a time; hits the swing-bar of the leader of some coach in so doing, turns round, and smiles, while that smile says, as plainly as a smile can say, "Ain't I doing it?"

Now, though I consider that it takes a much longer time to make a man what I call a coachman, than it does to make a horseman, there can be no doubt but there are numberless men who ride on horseback, and who can drive a horse, a pair, or four, who could not ride a steeple-race. This arises from the want of practising the latter: and the probable reason why so few men, comparatively, do practise it is that they would be frightened to death to attempt it. Now our not-yet-to-be-forgotten friend Swiggins, Junior, might guide, I do not say drive, a pair of horses somehow; put him on Lottery, and, fine-tempered animal as he is, and easy as he is to sit upon, let him take one of his five-and-twenty feet swings, depend upon it Swiggins would not be in his saddle on landing: or place him on Peter Simple, and set him going, he would take him faster and farther from papa and mamma than ever the hopes of the family went before—so, in truth, he would many a better man. This in no way militates against or disproves my opinion, that it requires more time and experience to make a coachman than a horseman. To bring a coach up from Brighton to the centre of London in the time and in the style that for so many years Snow did, is attended with a little more difficulty than people generally imagine; and to steer a horse, and he perhaps an uncertain one, four miles across country as Oliver can, comes within the scope of but few men's capabilities. In stating two particular names, I beg to exculpate myself from any charge of being thought in any way as lessening the merit of others who follow the same pursuits, whether as coachmen or steeple-race riders. In each capacity

there are a few first-rate artists, all of whom, upon the whole, may be one as good as the other. Some may in a particular point perhaps excel, while in another they fall short: but, taking them all in all, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, and certainly invidious, to give the preference to any one among the truly excellent. One coachman will hustle along a heavy lazy team that another equally good can scarcely keep his time with: but give a team of regular larking fly-away devils to the latter, he will keep them together, in temper and pace, better than the former, who would perhaps be too rude with them. He could drive all sorts; so they both could, but neither of them all sorts equally well. So in riding, one man excels on a light-mouthed nervous fidgety horse; he will coax him across country and prevent his taking too much out of himself. This can only be done by sitting quite still on him, having fine delicate hands, patience, and temper that nothing can disturb. Another shines on a violent restiff determined horse: here a man must have a seat firm as a Centaur, arms and shoulders of cast-iron, and resolution and courage that nothing can daunt. He must also keep his temper, or, what is bad to begin with, he will render quite unmanageable before his business is done. Temper is also a *sine qua non* in a coachman; it is even more necessary than in a horseman, for the sake of others. An irritated horse bolts off with his rider, or throws him, or both; he alone pays the penalty of his fault: but an irritated horse in harness, particularly in light private carriages, is perfectly awful. We may and can manage him as wheeler to a coach; the weight and his companions will hold him: but in a light carriage, let me tell very young coachmen who may think they are in little danger, that no man living can hold two horses determined to run away; and as to four all in the same mind, they are no more to be held than a locomotive engine, for which reason we should never get their steam up too high.

Having got thus far in the Observations on Driving, I must now do what I ought to have done at the commencement; that is, show my motive for commencing at all: I have sometimes indulged in the habit of snatching up my pen, scribbling a few sheets of paper, and then beginning

to make choice of a subject to write upon. I have not, however, in this instance, been quite as remiss as I often am, for I really had a fixed motive in commencing my first line. It was neither more nor less than this—I consider a regular treatise on driving, in its general sense of the word, would be a work of great utility; and all I intend or hope to do by the few pages I propose to write on the subject is to show that driving is not quite comprehended in sitting behind a horse, or given number of horses, with the reins in the driver's hand, and trusting to Providence and good luck for getting along in safety by so doing. My hope is to induce some competent person to publish a work of the description to which I allude. I do not mean a mere theoretical author, but one who, from practice and experience, is acquainted with all the minutiæ of the business that constitutes the finished coachman. I have been generally accounted in my own person a very tolerable wagonner; but I am deterred from attempting a work of the kind myself, from having just sense enough to be aware that if I could drive four horses about four times as well as I can, I could point out many others who would then be four times as good coachmen as myself, though I have handled some very rum ones in private and public carriages, have met with my accidents "in field and flood," and yet on the road have always (thank my luck) kept my coach upright. I have been also thought as a horseman no despicable workman across any practicable country, and, *mirabile dictu*, have won two out of three of the only races across country I ever rode. Now this has just given me sufficient knowledge of the thing to determine, that had I a horse to go to-morrow, and I was allowed to ride him at 11 st., if I had the alternative of putting Powell, or Oliver, and some others, on him at 12 st. 7 lb., unless I was determined to lose my money, I would solicit either of them to ride him at the additional weight; and yet I know what weight does or rather undoes. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I really flatter myself I possess comparatively a good deal in these matters; yet this teaches me that I do not know quite half enough, and also that many who profess a great deal really know nothing at all.

If a man from inclination or circumstances is destined to drive only one description of vehicle and one description of horse, it would be sufficient for his purpose that he drives that vehicle well and safely. The private servant who drives a Brougham, or a Clarence, or any description of one-horse carriage, may do very well for this, and doubtless flatters himself he could do very well for any other description of coachmanship; he would, however, find himself, or at all events others would find him, wofully deceived if put to the test. The different description of knowledge and practice required in driving different descriptions of carriages, different descriptions of horses, and those in different descriptions of situation, is much more varied than people are apt to imagine. The finished coachman can certainly drive any thing, and well, but he will not nor cannot drive every thing equally well. If the once-celebrated Dick Vaughan, better known as "Hell-fire Dick," could rise from his tomb, though *he* was generally accommodated with teams that no one but himself would drive, made up of as great devils in their way as poor Dick was in his, he could no more get the Duchess of Buccleuch's carriage up to the Opera-door on a crowded night as Her Grace's coachman can than he could fly; and give the other four of Dick's queer ones to handle, he would very soon, as Dick would say, "begin to look nine ways for Sunday." There can be no doubt but the stage-coachman requires, and fortunately acquires, generally speaking, more diversified knowledge in coachmanship than any other votary of the whip in existence, particularly if driving sixty or seventy miles across a country. Here he will have perhaps nine or ten teams to drive, to learn and manage the tempers of from forty to fifty different horses, independent of as many changes of those horses as lameness, illness, accidents, and various other circumstances may from time to time render necessary, and how to get over all sorts of ground, with the greatest advantage as to time, the ease of his horses, and the safety of his passengers—clearly showing that driving the same vehicle, I mean here a coach, in different situations and under different circumstances, requires quite different management. I will instance a fact that came under my immediate observation.

A coachman, whom I will not name farther than by saying that he was considered a capital whip—(and so he was in the situation he had held for many years)—drove from a country-place to Holborn, twenty-two miles, and back in the evening, over a perfectly flat road, and his time was three hours and a quarter. He was well horsed, and his stock, as they well might be, fat as pigs. He had driven several of them for many years, and so he might at the pace: in fact, unless they died from their age or fat, they had nothing else to kill them. He was removed from this road to another to drive an opposition, and here the case was widely different, and bad was the judgment that changed his situation. He had now to drive light horses over fifty miles of diversified country, great part of it hilly, the time specified by both coaches being ten miles and a half an hour including stoppages. What was the consequence? In a few weeks, his stock, that he took to in fine condition, were torn to pieces; he was out of his place, in a hunting phrase out of his line of country; was no judge of pace; was himself and had his horses all abroad, and was forced to be put back on his old coach, where his horses, which had during this time been driven by quite a young hand, were very glad to see him: so were his passengers, his horse-keepers, his neighbours, and every one on the road, for a more superior well-conducted man never lived: he was a man of that cast of mind and manners that falls to the lot of few men in his situation.

Nothing can certainly be prettier than to see a coach going over Smitham Bottom, or any other similar piece of choice ground, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, with four nearly thorough-bred horses, careering along and playing with each other, all above their work, before a pet coach, the coachman with a cigar in his mouth and nothing to do but to hold them. Some beautiful specimens of coach-horses and coachmanship have been seen along that line, I should say more so on the whole than on any other road in England: but Smitham Bottom does not last for ever, nor do the exuberant spirits of horses; and the team that requires a strong hand to hold them for seven miles sometimes wants a little tying up during the last two or three if against collar, good as they may be.

Various have been the complaints made against coachmen for what in a city or legal phrase is termed "furious driving," and as many have been fulminated against coach-owners for employing such homicidal coachmen: but let me tell these originators of such complaints, that they know nothing at all about the matter of which they are complaining; that their twaddle is all nonsense, their animadversions injustice, and the wisest thing they can do is to hold their tongue, and in future travel in an invalid chair, or, as an old aunt of mine once actually did to the ridicule of the rest of her family, wend their way from London to Finchley in a sedan.

A coach-owner advertises and engages to set down his passengers a hundred miles from a given place in ten hours. Now those persons who expect this to be done by horses trotting the whole distance at a good fair pace know nothing about the thing, and have no business in a fast coach. The coach-owner does not guaranty or promise to set you down safely at your destination (nor do they now do so by the smoke conveyance,) he only engages to use every means in his power to do so, and, comparatively, very few accidents occur. But whoever knows any thing of coaching or driving must know, that to do 100 miles at ten miles an hour, and that including stoppages, part of the road must be done at six, the majority of it at twelve, and many parts of it at fifteen miles an hour. This is the furious driving complained of. If the coach-proprietor fails in fulfilling his contract with the public, he is considered as having imposed upon them, and here is a source of complaint. People like the shortness of time occupied in travelling, are anxious to get to their journey's end, but want this to be done without inconvenience or any risk. The ladies would wish to have time to arrange their curls every time the coach changes horses; the gentlemen to sip their Sherry or Claret after dinner, and then not to be hurried in arranging their curls or cravats, and all this to be taken out of the ten hours independent of no galloping allowed. Talking of galloping, this is a thing little understood among the uninitiated: people are apt to imagine, because all four horses are galloping, that the coach must be going at a dangerous and quite unlawful rate. Such

persons, I suspect, have never ridden umpire to a trotting-match; if they had, they would have found that even a moderate trotter would keep their horse to a fair hunting gallop; and it by no means follows, because horses are galloping, that they are going faster than they would were they all fast in their trot. But it is difficult to get four horses to trot fast together; whereas put them in a gallop, they can all be made to do their equal portion of work, though they probably do not exceed eleven or twelve miles an hour.

I am, in a limited sense of the word, a great advocate for a little galloping where a fast pace is required. I know that so far from its distressing horses, it greatly relieves them if judiciously done and over proper ground. It would not have done in former days when seven miles an hour was held to be fast, for the horses then employed were not generally a galloping sort: but now-a-days no horse is fit for fast harness work who is not; consequently, that pace is as natural to him as the trot. He gains relief by change of pace: either in trotting or galloping, nearly all the tendons and muscles of the animal are more or less at work; but in each pace the strain is greater in some than in the others. By change of pace, the points that have been the most strained on are relieved, and others more directly called into action. This produces something like the relief a man finds from changing his burden from one shoulder to the other: he does not of course get rid of any portion of the labour, but the fatigued muscles are enabled to recover their tone and energy. There is another reason why I am confident that a little galloping, or, in road phrase, "springing 'em a bit," is a relief, even should the pace be accelerated by it. Pace of any sort becomes distressing when that pace is forced to its utmost speed. A man compelled to walk six miles within the hour is much distressed: allow him to vary his pace, that is, run a portion of the distance, he will do the six miles with very little effort. Upon the same principle, the horse will do his ten miles in forty minutes comparatively with ease if allowed to gallop a portion of the distance. The rate of fifteen miles an hour in a trot will keep the tendons and muscles of a very fast horse to nearly their utmost tension;

whereas the same rate in a gallop, not being any thing like what they are in that pace capable of, leaves them comparatively at ease. Take a child by the hand, and walk at such a pace as to enable him at his best walk to keep up with you, you will very soon find the little fellow begin to run. The fact is, he cannot walk at the rate of three miles an hour without putting his muscles to their utmost stretch: he would tire at the pace in a walk in a quarter of a mile; whereas he will trot along cheerfully at an increased rate of going, and gambol before you into the bargain. Reasoning by analogy, the horse finds out the same thing, and this so often induces him voluntarily to endeavour to canter in harness. In my humble opinion, trotters much oftener rise in their trot from distress than people fancy, who are apt to impute their doing so to impatience. It may be in one sense of the word from this feeling, but it is not from impatience to go faster; for probably from habit such horses as Dutchman, Confidence, Wanky, and many others, can trot a mile nearly as fast as they could gallop it: it is impatience under the aches and pains they feel in their limbs and muscles from having been kept at their top speed for a length of time, which they try to ease by breaking into a change. It is difficult to get some irritable horses to settle to the trot at first, and impatience of temper causes this: but when old practised horses such as I have mentioned, after having settled to their pace, do rise, I am quite satisfied it generally arises from the cause I mention. I may be wrong: but such has ever been my opinion.

As some proof of this, when quite a young boy I was put on old Phenomenon, whose owner assured a gentleman present that from practice in her trot, and never being allowed to be cantered or galloped, she positively could trot at a greater rate of speed than she could gallop. Whether this was the case or not I cannot say, but I will state what occurred; the reader will then draw what inference he pleases from the result. I was desired to take her half a mile up the road, to turn, and, as well as the short distance would permit, to get her up to her top speed in her trot; then to get her into a gallop (which I did with difficulty,) to her best in that pace; and then to strike her

three or four times with the whip. I did so; and from her gallop, as quickly as she could, she actually did change to her trot, and so far as I could judge she went faster than in her gallop: she ought to have been a pretty good judge of her own powers at that time, for I believe she was eighteen years old, at least so I understood.

Now, though I plead guilty to being an advocate for a little galloping in harness, I do not mean that sort of scrambling harum-scarum driving I have sometimes seen, where, like the general representations of the steeds of the Sun, each horse appears to go his own way; and, as if ten miles were not long enough, they are made thirteen, the track of the wheels on the road leaving a very correct drawing of the worm of a corkscrew. Such a driver should never be given but one description of carriage, and that is a wheelbarrow.

We certainly hear of accidents occurring frequently enough: but it appears quite miraculous to me that they do not occur much more frequently than they do, when I see the number of persons undertaking to drive, who, take their horse or horses from the carriage they draw, could positively no more put them into it again properly than a dog-ribbed Indian could put together a Chinese puzzle. To show that I by no means exaggerate the probability of this case, I will mention an instance or two corroborative of the fact. I once saw a gentleman driving three ladies in a phaeton with a very fine horse, who was performing sundry and various antics pretty enough in themselves, but by no means desirable in a low phaeton. The gentleman, little as he knew about the matter, knew enough to find out that something was wrong: he stopped, got out, examined the horse and harness, was quite satisfied all was right, so got in again; but on starting again he got his carriage on a dead lock, so, had the horse gone two yards further in the same direction, as a matter of course over they would all have toddled. Out, very wisely, bolted my gentleman again, and, still more wisely, stood at the horse's head till some one came up. This some one happened to be myself, whose assistance was earnestly requested. He could in no way account for the conduct of the horse, that had taken them very quietly to an old lady's house where

they had dined close by: he thought it quite extraordinary; I did not. It appears, he had on his return put the horse into the phaeton himself, had passed the traces through the back band tugs, which he thought were intended only for that purpose, had carefully buckled the belly band, leaving the shafts outside the whole; these he had supported by the breeching hip-straps only, and in this way intended to get home safely over eight miles of a hilly road. I put him to rights: the horse, luckily a very fine-tempered one, went off quietly, and I trust the party got home safely. Now, after all, I will be bound these ladies would again trust themselves to the gentleman, and he would again undertake the driving them.

My next gentleman I met driving a phaeton also, with a pair of queerish ill-matched cobs, and a page covered with buttons by his side. They were travelling along quietly enough, but I saw something was wrong, as each cob seemed by the turn of his head as if he was intently looking for something in the hedge on his own side of the road. Before they quite came up to me, I had discovered the occasion of this, and as there were ladies in the carriage, I took the liberty of stopping the turn-out, and asked the gentleman if he considered the way in which his reins were buckled to his bits as advantageous? in which case, I of course should bow to his superior judgment. "He was not aware of any peculiarity in their application." This was enough. I altered them. The fact was, instead of crossing his coupling-reins, he had applied each to its own side; so of course his horses' heads were pulled into the position of the flukes of an anchor. I had not quite done with him yet; for finding his traces not drawing quite in the usual line, I found he had passed them through the hip-straps of his breeching, the cobs half carrying the fore-carriage of the phaeton on their rumps, and of course tightening the pole-pieces, so they were kept together as lovingly as possible, so far as their bodies went; their necks and heads, however, being in the direction above described. After altering this also, I took my leave: my friend did the same, very coolly. I am quite confident he thought the alteration of no earthly consequence, and probably considered me an impertinent fellow for my interference. I

puzzled myself all the way home as to who my friend might be, and how his horses got put together in such a novel manner: but it was of no use; I could come to no conclusion on the subject. Having occasion some months after to get something done to a tooth, I went to a neighbouring town, knocked at the door of a dentist, when who should open it but the page of buttons innumerable, and of course in the operator I saw my friend the master of the cobs. I then learned he kept them at livery, had on the day I met him been to a pic-nic, and then, with the valuable assistance of the page, had put his cobs to in the novel way I have mentioned, which, *par excellence,* we will call the dentrifugal plan.

Friend the third appears in the person of an acquaintance who called on me one morning in a very neat phaeton, quite a George the Fourth, a very aristocratic-looking galloway, and a set of harness which he considered perhaps in equally good taste. Oh, ye Dryads and ye Fauns, what a set of harness! the near side of an old plated double set! I inquired into the origin of this incongruous amalgamation, and found that the phaeton was a present, the galloway had been purchased at ten sovereigns as perfectly sound (worth forty if he had been so,) and the harness, literally covered with plated ornaments, he had bought at a sale for two pounds the double set, very economically thinking, that, as the set was a dead bargain, and, as he thought, would do equally well for two horses in one way as in another, he might sell the one so as to get the other for nothing for his own use: but he unfortunately found, that although the silvered ornaments destined for each horse to carry would load a hand-cart, no one would look twice at the second set, so he retained them with the comfortable assurance that he was harnessed for life (so he was in truth with his bargain.) But the best of the joke, and indeed the only joke in the anecdote, was this: the harness which the auctioneer guarantied as complete really was so, and sported a pair of breechings about five inches in width. These, of course, as in all double harness, went into the trace buckles, and with a pole and pole pieces were quite adequate to the purposes of breeching: but when used in a phaeton or gig, acted about in the same way to their

destined purpose as the strap of a trouser would, if placed behind the leg instead of under the foot. But there was a breeching on the galloway; so, of course, my acquaintance drove down every hill with perfect confidence. He had as yet met no accident. The truth was, this galloway, which was half blind and broken-winded, by the aid of the dash-board as well as the tugs, stopped the phaeton going down hill. Now had another horse been put in, what would have been the consequence? why, a kicking match in which I will back the nag to have the best of it. In a light gig, or in the generality of phaetons, there is danger enough even when properly appointed; but when otherwise, unless the animal that draws it is as quiet as a sheep, the danger is really imminent.

When I speak of a coachman, I beg it to be understood I do not mean always a stage-coachman or a gentleman's coachman, but use it as we do the word sailor as applied to any one who contributes to or undertakes the management of a vessel, whether sea-boy or admiral. I know little, indeed nothing, about these matters; but I imagine a sailor would be considered as having little pretension to that character if he could only steer a vessel in a calm sea with every sail properly set. I apprehend he would be expected to know every rope in his ship, their different uses, be able to detect any thing that was wrong, and be equally able to set it right with his own hand. A coachman also, is not merely one who, with every thing put right for him, can contrive to turn corners without running against a post, or one who can manage to wend his way along a road or moderately frequented street: he should understand his carriage, know its component parts, and their effects on its safety and running. If he does not know this, he may be driving with something about it loose, cracked, strained, broken, or misplaced, at the imminent risk of his own and his companions' lives; and if not a judge of its running well or ill, his horses will suffer; for the difference between the running of one carriage and another may probably, when loaded, be nearly or quite half a horse. I need scarcely say it is also necessary he should understand the full effect of every strap and buckle about his harness; for on properly harnessing and bitting horses, all their comfort

and that of the driver depends: more accidents happen from the want of this than from any other cause; and horses are also often very much punished in their work from such neglect. A man ignorant of all this does not know what is likely to lead to danger; and of course, when once in it, is as helpless as a child in adopting perhaps the only means of getting out of it. The reader has doubtless often seen a coachman, before taking hold of his reins, go to all four of his horses' heads, lay hold of their bits, and feel if each horse is properly bitted. Perhaps this to some has appeared a useless precaution: the coachman knows better; he knows that on that a great part of his safety depends.

I should perhaps much surprise many persons by stating that a horse improperly bitted will sometimes set him kicking: they may say, "What on earth has his mouth to do with his heels?" A great deal, with some horses. They say the devil is good-tempered when he is well pleased; so am I, and so is a horse; and while he is, he goes pleasantly, and quietly. Now put too severe a bit in his mouth, and, what is ten times worse, put the reins into rude hands, his mouth gets punished: this naturally irritates, and puts him out of temper: then let any little thing occur that at another time he would not have cared for, in his present temper he sets to milling away at once; yet to take the other side of the question, I am in general an advocate for commanding bits, of course more or less so according to each horse's mouth; but I mean commanding so far as relates to that horse: but then horses thus bitted must be given up to a coachman, not a Yahoo with fists like a sledge-hammer. In single harness, particularly in breaking or driving a horse disposed to kick, he should have a very severe bit in his mouth, by means of which, if he begins his nonsense, you may bring him up at once on his haunches or nearly on his tail. This is no pleasing operation to him: it is meant as punishment, and a few times repeated will make him fear to begin again. But this must be judiciously done, and when other and gentler measures fail: a horse thus severely bitted should be driven by a man with hands as light as a feather, though, should occasion require it, as strong as those of a giant. A severe bit with such a horse also prevents that pleasing accompa-

niment to kicking, namely, running away, a circumstance of very common occurrence.

So far as single harness is concerned, I never drive without a kicking-strap, and that not merely a make believe, but one that will stand ditto repeated. I had as a very young one, three or four milling matches in single harness, for then I cared little what I drove; but as I found I always came off second best in body or pocket, I took to kicking straps, mean to continue them, and recommend my friends to do the same. I have heard it said by good judges that they sometimes make a horse kick. I will not dispute the fact: they may sometimes do so, or make him disposed to do it; but I have a vague opinion of my own that it is better a horse should attempt to do mischief half a dozen times without being able to effect it in any serious way, than he should once effectually save the coachmaker the trouble of taking a gig to pieces. I only reason from my own experience and practice. Since I used kicking straps, I have never paid eighteenpence for repairs from kicking: yet within a few months past I drove for a year a fast mare, who would always kick if she had a chance given her, and did attempt it constantly; but my strap always kept her down so as to prevent mischief. I was recommended to do away with it, and was assured she would then not attempt it, but I did not think proper to trust to her honour. The person who advised me to do so bought her, and she repaid his confidence by doing what I told him she would do, kicking his gig to atoms. She was not to blame; on the contrary, she was a perfectly honourable mare; she always promised, as far as dumb show could promise, that she would kick if she could, and I never knew her break her word, nor did she with him.

The guarding against the probability of getting into difficulties or danger I consider the first duty of a coachman; the knowing what is likely to lead to either, an indispensable part of his qualification to become one; and when in difficulty, a fine hand, strong nerve, a quick eye, and presence of mind are all necessary to extricate him from it. Here the coachman shows himself, and here the tyro universally fails: the latter sees the effect plain enough, but knows nothing of the cause; consequently, he either

sits still and does nothing, or if he does any thing, in all probability does what increases both the difficulty and the danger. In proof of what presence of mind and knowing what to do in an emergency will effect, I will mention what occurred to myself and a friend, who in addition to being the best horseman in his regiment, was also by far the best coachman in that or most others. Coming down Piccadilly in his phaeton with a pair of splendid goers, when nearly opposite the Duke of Cambridge's, in the middle of the short hill, the pole broke just behind the pole-hook: nineteen men out of twenty would have stopped, or attempted the impossibility of stopping the carriage, and a smash must have in that case been the inevitable consequence: but no; quick as his thought could have suggested the manœuvre, he whirled his horses round, and we were quietly and safely sitting with our faces up-hill in a moment.

A nearly similar accident happened to myself. I was driving, in fact breaking, a pair of thorough-bred ones to harness, four and five years old, own brothers; they had both become perfectly handy and were perfectly good tempered, but from youth, high blood, and high condition, ready to avail themselves of any excuse for a lark. I had driven them all about a town perfectly well and all right, till, coming down a hilly street, up went my pole nearly to their ears, my toe-board nearly coming on their rumps. I now found something was all wrong, and guessed the cause. A moment, and a milling bout must have been the consequence. I struck them both sharply; off they went like two startled antelopes, down the hill at about eighteen miles an hour, feather-edging every thing we passed, I expecting to give something an insider: but we escaped; the opposite hill ascending enabled me to pull up, when I found, sure enough, the pole-pin had been left out. Which looked the most frightened when we stopped I know not, myself, the man behind, or the horses; I only know that I felt frightened enough for all four, and, judging by the screams as we came along, a good many others were frightened too.

I have hitherto merely confined my observations to amateur drivers: let us now look a little to those who en-

gage themselves as hired coachmen. Among these, the mail, and fast-coach coachman takes (or I ought to say took,) and deservedly, the first place. Among these, from the year (we will say about) 1790 to 1840, we could point out many men, who ranking in point of family and education as unquestionable gentlemen, have been induced, some by adverse circumstances, and many by imprudence, to seek a livelihood by driving coaches. And here let me make some remarks on this subject. That the situation of a stage-coachman cannot in any way be consonant with the feelings of a gentleman, is a matter upon which there cannot be two opinions among rational men. The greater then the merit in the few who have had resolution enough to adopt this mode of providing for themselves or families, in preference to despicably living in idleness, trusting to eleemosynary assistance from friends, or being guilty of acts that, if not in law, at least in morality, amount to neither more nor less than those of the common swindler. I can instance the case of one of the most gentleman-like men I know. He was in difficulties; he took a coach, showed himself tip top as a coachman while on his box, and preserved the perfect manners of a gentleman when off. He is since married, enjoys an income of nine hundred a-year, and has every prospect of shortly coming into a title, with a property of fifteen thousand. I sincerely wish his imprudences had never laid him open to charges of a less commendable nature than driving a coach. I consider his doing the latter as a redeeming clause in his favour when opposed to the former. There can be no doubt the Four-in-Hand-Club, and the mania for driving, first gave that impetus to coaching that eventually brought it to the zenith of its glory—"but all its glory's past." Sixty years since, the post boy was considered as holding a superior station to the stage-coachman, and was in fact superior in his manners and address to the other. This naturally followed from his having more intercourse with gentlemen, who, in those days, would as soon have thought of travelling by the road-wagon as by the stage-coach; consequently the persons employed to drive coaches were the red-faced burly gin-and-beer drinking animal we see represented in some old prints; while the post boy was a smart, knowing, intel-

ligent fellow, and a complete coxcomb in his way: when his horses became too bad for his use, they were turned over to the coach. The speed, as it was then thought, of the mail coaches first induced gentlemen and respectable persons to travel by them. This probably gave the first fillip to coach-proprietors, who soon saw it would be their interest to do their work better, and they did so. I should say that Kirby's Chichester Coach was perhaps the first (or nearly so) really well appointed coach on the road. As coaches improved, so did coachmen, and consequently the class of persons who travelled by them. Then came the four-in-hand rage. These amateurs, whenever they saw a superior man as a coachman, noticed him; this produced further reformation in the manners of coachmen. Gentlemen then began to secure the box-seat: and then came on observations on the merits or demerits of the team, the harness, &c. All this was carried by the coachman to the coach-owner, who consequently began to feel a laudable pride in his turns out, got superior men on all his coaches; and when such men as Lord Sefton, Sir H. Peyton, Mr. Agar, Mr. Ward, *cum multis aliis*, condescended to notice a coachman or patronize his coach, the fame of that coachman and coach was established. It was in fact to the encouragement such men gave where they saw encouragement was deserved, that the public are (I am sorry to add I must now say were) indebted for the speed, comfort, and safety with which they were enabled to travel by public conveyances. Then, when this business had arrived as near perfection as perhaps it could be brought, came that curse or blessing, as the future will show, to mankind—steam; and here for the present, so far as coaching is concerned, ends the drama.

We must now mention the private gentleman's coachman; and here is another class of men, who, if things continue to regress as they are now doing, will, in a very few years, become very scarce indeed. Economy has, doubtless from necessity, become so much the order of the day, that numberless families who were accustomed to keep their chariot and coachman, with a groom for their saddle-horses, have now put down chariot and coachman, got a Brougham, Clarence, or some other description of vehicle

that goes with one horse, which the groom drives in addition to his former business. Those men who moved in a certain rank of life kept a coachman for their lady's use, and one for their own chariot: this latter functionary is now, in a vast number of cases, dispensed with, and a cab and tiger stand in the stead, or the Brougham and groom again. Body-coachmen will always probably be indispensable to the establishments of noblemen: but in many of them now he occasionally drives his master's chariot—a thing he was in former days never expected to do, unless on such an occasion as going to court. The first coachman to a woman of high fashion requires much more knowledge of his business than people generally suppose. Here every jolt must be broken; no chucking of his carriage over the crossings in the street; no sudden pulls up, or hitting horses with so little judgment as to cause a sudden backward jerk to the carriage; no stopping at doors so as to leave it swaying backwards and forwards to the full extent of the check-braces, and the discomfiture of its delicate and fastidious inmates: the carriage must start, go on its way, and stop as smoothly as it went off. Let the accustomed perfect coachman of such a lady be exchanged without her knowing it, and a merely moderately good one put in his place, I will answer for it, that before he had driven her a quarter of a mile the check-string would be pulled, and inquiry made whether he was ill, mad, or in liquor? Merely passing safely between other vehicles would not be sufficient to satisfy one accustomed to be driven by such an artist as a first-rate body-coachman. To any amateur of driving, it is really a treat to see such men handling their horses on such occasions as a court day. They may be seen threading the mazes of a dense crowd, their carriages gliding about like so many gondolas on the grand canal at Venice; no fuss, no pulling and hauling; a turn of the wrist is sufficient for horses accustomed to be driven by such coachmen. All seems easy to the by-standers, no difficulty appearing; but this apparent ease shows the masterly hand that is at work. There is a kind of free-masonry among such men that enables them to detect the perfect coachman at a glance. A cast of the eye at the hands of each other on meeting is sufficient to show to

each what the other intends doing: they know they will each do what they intend, though only two inches of spare room is between them: with confidence in their mutual skill, they fearlessly pursue their course with as much precision and certainty as if the wheels of their carriages were confined in the track of a railroad. Mishaps, or even mistakes, on such an occasion hardly ever occur; and for this reason, they are all or nearly all perfect artists. But go to the theatres, the scene is widely different: here is to be heard swearing, whipping, smashing of panels, plunging of horses, vociferations of coachmen, cads, and constables—the whole place a perfect pandemonium. This contrast arises from, in the latter case, numberless men being employed to drive carriages that have little pretensions to the name of coachmen. These clumsy workmen often fall to the lot of single ladies, and nearly always to tradesmen who keep a carriage, the owners of which, not being competent judges of driving, take a coachman from the recommendation of others, who probably know as little of the matter as themselves. Here let me strongly recommend ladies never to take a coachman on mere recommendation, unless they well know the person giving the recommendation is a perfect judge of the requisite qualities of one. If they consider a man to be such a one as they want to engage, before finally doing so let them get some one of their acquaintance who thoroughly understands such matters to sit by his side on a box for half an hour: he will then either be at once disapproved of, or if the contrary, they will be certain of having a servant who understands his business. Ten pounds a year more in wages will be amply made up by avoiding coachmakers' bills for repairs, or those of veterinary surgeons for accidents to horses. They will also have their carriage-horses and harness neatly turned out, and properly and safely driven by a man who looks like a coachman, instead of getting one who does not know how to do either, and who will probably be asked by some knowing fellow, "Pray, sir, who feeds the hogs when you are out?" or, "I say, neighbour, how much extra does your governor give you for milking?" or, should both footman and coachman be slovenly, loutish-looking fellows, the former will probably be addressed in something like the following re-

fined phraseology:—"I say, lick-plate, when you'd done the knives, why didn't you clean that spoon on the box there?" An untaught, stupid house-servant plagues and mortifies one by his awkwardness; but a similar sort of coachman should never be trusted at large without a string and collar about his neck to keep him off coach-boxes. If this won't do, put a ring in his nose and fasten him up.

I have only, in the foregoing page or two, paid a just tribute to the merits of the coachmen of noblemen or men of large fortunes, but I must at the same time remark, that I never yet saw a gentleman's coachman who could drive four horses that he had been unaccustomed to: they make the worst stage-coachmen of any men who have been in the habit of driving at all: they have been so used to horses all matched in step and temper that they are absolutely lost with any others. I would put any one of the best London coachmen, who drives four-in-hand occasionally, behind some teams over a thirteen-mile stage: here he would not only fail in keeping his time to perhaps half an hour, but would very likely, if with something like three tons and a half behind him, not get them home at all, or, at all events, would bring them to that enviable state where three stand still, while (as Matthews used to say) he whops the fourth. Coachmanship is therefore to be shown in various ways, as well as the want of it, and is exhibited under as various circumstances. Show me the man who would, as Mr. Agar did, (I believe it was Mr. Agar,) bring his four-in-hand out of Grosvenor Place, down Messrs. Tattersall's passage into the yard, round the cupola there, and back again into Grosvenor Place; the whole done each horse all the time in a trot—a feat unprecedented in the annals of coachmanship, and one never before, or I believe since, attempted. Here is a proof of what fine hands and horses properly bitted can do. Look at Batty or the late Ducrow driving, or rather riding and driving, their horses with long reins round the arena: there is also a proof of what hands and proper training can do with the same animal we see pulled and hauled about, whipped and punished by animals on two legs, with scarcely more intellect than their quadruped victims. The Petersburg driver, with his bells and sleigh, is equally a coachman in his way. The Canadian

recklessly, as it appears to us, crosses his corduroy roads, drives over half-formed bridges, or down declivities, with his pole three feet above his horses' heads, in a way none here could do it. The *conducteur* of the Paris diligence brings his five horses, with his *town* behind them, in a trot into the inn-yard at Calais. All three are coachmen in their way, and, *mutatis mutandis*, none of them could perform the parts of the other. I have no doubt but to do each well requires about an equal share of intellect and practice.

I trust, by what I have already said, I have shown that driving, to do it well, should be learnt scientifically, and that there is much more danger in trusting ourselves in the hands of persons ignorant of these matters than is generally supposed. My object has been, not to instruct, but to induce some abler person to do so. If I succeed in this desirable object, I can only say I shall read such a work with much interest; and, aware as I am that I have much to learn, I doubt not, if such a work is written by one qualified for the task, I shall be convinced I have much more to learn than I at present imagine. I hope the generality of persons will estimate their own pretensions in the same way; for, whatever they may think, it would be much to the advantage and safety of themselves, their friends, their horses, and the public, that they should do so.

THE MARTINGAL.

"Humanum sum, nihil a me alienum puto."

I HAVE used the above quotation, being quite aware that my subject will appear at first to be one of very minor importance. So it would, had I chosen a perch-bolt as a subject to write about. Now a perch-bolt most persons know is a common-place round piece of iron of some nine or ten inches long, and of about one in diameter; yet upon this simple piece of iron depends in a great degree (or rather depended when perches were more in use) the limbs and lives of perhaps some sixteen or eighteen passengers. I mention this to show on what trifles we often rely for our safety or comfort, or perhaps both; and if I can show that we owe both these to a martingal, it will appear, that, small and slight as it is in bulk and strength, and trifling as it is in value, it is not altogether a subject of such utter insignificance as may be supposed. Should I fail to do this, I shall not only candidly allow, but strenuously maintain, that the fault rests with the stupidity of the writer, and not from the want of utility in his subject. As I never venture to write on any subject from theoretical principles, but draw my premises from practical experience, I am quite willing to admit that where I am wrong I have very little excuse to bring forward, and must take it for granted that with me the bump of intellectuality is very faintly developed, if developed at all. For I am in about the same situation as a man who has passed the last twenty years of his life cutting pegs for shoemakers. If, during that time, he has not learned the best mode of making a point to a wooden peg, what a glorious fellow he must be! I will tell you, reader, what he must be—he must be as stupid a fellow as myself, if I am wrong. As, however, I am sure that *all* I write is not wrong, I beg to remark that I throw out my ideas just as the husbandman does his chaff from the barn-door, leaving my readers to pick out the few grains of

corn it contains, rejecting the rest, or the whole together, just as it suits their judgment or fancy.

Little as this subject may call for any very erudite polemical discussion, its use or disuse has nevertheless given rise to many differences of opinion among riding men; and though all perhaps quite competent judges of horses and horsemanship, still prejudice or habit has induced them to form very opposite opinions of its merits—some at once anathematizing the martingal as an adjunct only used by those resolved on self-destruction, as in fact a kind of suicidal instrument, the sure prelude to an inquest of *felo de se;* whilst others as strongly advocate its utility. Among those who ride, but are not horsemen—which comprise at least ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who do ride—I scarcely ever found one who at the bare mention of a martingal did not at once exclaim against it; and though they might not exhibit quite as much horror in their countenance as Priam did of old when he found the ghost wishing to cultivate his acquaintance in his bed-room, still throwing a very sufficient degree of terror into their looks at the idea of using one, and a very fair proportion of surprise and contempt at my ignorance in offering a word in its favour, though you might see them very composedly riding the next day on some stumbling brute absolutely fastened down by a NOSE martingal. And why? because they were not aware it was a martingal, and one of a really dangerous description. If you asked them why they had it put on, probably half of them could give no better reason than that they thought it looked well. Probably the same man could give you about as good a reason for wearing mustachios. If he had but an ostrich feather stuck in his horse's tail, or his own, they would be complete.

I have mentioned one description of martingal as being a very useful adjunct; of another, as in nine cases out of ten as useless; and in the way it is generally put on more or less a dangerous appendage to a horse's head. I will presently state my reasons for these opinions; but, first, we will enumerate the different kinds of martingals in use. The term martingal I consider as applicable to any thing we attach to a horse's head in order to keep him from raising it higher than we wish; and I consider there are

five different modes of doing this, all of which may be termed martingals.

First, the running rein (as we generally call it,) which is fastened to the girths, passes through the ring of the snaffle, and thence to the hand. By this, if a man knows what he is about, and has hands, he can bring his horse's head as low as he pleases, and keep it there. This is of great use to a regular star-gazer, but should never be put on to any other.

Secondly, we have the running rein fastened near the points of the saddle, and, as the other, passing through the snaffle-rings to the hands. This is commonly applied to young horses, and is of the greatest use in keeping their heads steady, in proper place, and preventing them from avoiding the restraint of the bit by throwing them up. Now with both these assistants a man may add to or relax their restraint by his hands, or, in more riding phrase, may give and take with his horse: in fact, no description of bridle or martingal is fit for *general* use that in any way prevents his doing this to its fullest extent.

We will call No. 3 the racing-martingal, coming from the girths to the hand-reins. This is the martingal whose utility I contend for *con amore.*

No. 4 is the severest of all descriptions of martingals, and only to be used on a very determined rearing or plunging horse, and as a severe punishment in case he does either. It consists of a ring of iron made in the shape of a heart, with rings on each side to fasten the head-stall to, and two more near the bottom to receive two billets, which end in a strap that goes to the girths, supported by the neck-strap, similar to the one in common use to the racing or hunting martingal. The strap, going to the girths, may of course be lengthened or shortened to any degree, by which latter process the severity of the restraint is increased. The way it should be put on is this. Put the wide part of the bit in the mouth, and the narrow part under the jaw; the headstall must be left just long enough to allow the bit to rest on the bars of the mouth, behind the tusks, and beneath the riding bit (of whatever kind that may be;) then bring your horse's head as low as you wish it to be. If he is only moderately restiff, about the or-

dinary place in which a head should be in a gallop will do: if he is more violent, or is apt to rear, but not dangerously, bring his nose to about a level with the point where the neck is set into the chest: if he is a determined rogue, an old offender, and one disposed to hog up his back, plunge violently, and then vary the entertainment by rearing, so as to leave it an equal bet whether he falls backwards or not, bring my gentleman's nose nearly on a level with the point where the forearm is set into the shoulder. In either of these cases, fasten his head to the level you bring it to by the strap going to the girths, and mind the strap be of sufficient strength to prevent his breaking it. Should he set plunging, which he is likely enough to do on finding himself restrained, it then becomes, in magic-lantern terms, "pull devil, pull baker;" it is, in short, which tires first—the martingal holding him, or he hurting his mouth in trying to break the martingal. "Ten to one on martingal:" martingal has it all the way, and wins in a canter. I have seen several set-to's in this way, but never saw a different result, or any thing even like a dead heat.

I should always recommend as a proper precaution, the first time this martingal (or rearing-bit as it is called) is put on, that it be tried in a meadow, or some place where a horse cannot bark his knees or hocks, should he throw himself down, which, though rarely the case, he might do, if a very determined one, when restrained to a very great degree for the first time. I never saw one do so, however vicious, but it might happen; nor did I ever see one that was not cowed after a few plunges. He gets such a lesson in a few minutes, that he generally leaves the *da capo* to less experienced pupils. The great merit of this bit with a plunger or rearer is, that it makes him practically feel that whenever he attempts to do wrong he hurts himself; and he also finds he is so completely baffled in every attempt at violence, that he gives it up, or in recent slang, *cuts it*. The way it acts is simply this: before a horse plunges or rears, he is sure to begin by flinging his head about, and this he generally does suddenly: the moment he does so, or flings it up, the bit acts on the bars of his mouth, and being firmly held by the strap to the girths, no elasticity or yielding can take place; consequently he

gets a positive sharp blow on the bars every time he calls the bit into action. He soon finds this out; finds also he cannot break it, and submits: in short, is completely subdued. I do not mean to say it would be impossible for a horse to rear with this bit on, inasmuch as we see a goat do so, with his nose between his forelegs; but the goat has been practising this all his life; the horse has not, nor did I ever see one attempt the feat. The same thing holds good with plunging: he cannot well plunge and keep his head quiet; and if he does not keep it so with this bit on, I wish him joy.

I had a horse which had sense enough to be quite aware that though a canter with light summer clothes on and six stone on his back was rather a pleasant recreation, a four-mile sweat with heavy sweaters and eight stone over them, was *toute une autre chose:* in short, he knew as well when he was to sweat as I did. His usual exercise lad could not get him along at any pace at all, and when a stronger and consequently heavier lad was put up, though he by dint of a good ash-plant and rating him might hustle him along for a couple of miles, more or less, before he had got him more than half his proper sweating-distance, he would begin shaking his head, throwing it as high as the martingal would let him, then throw it nearly to the ground, and away he would bolt *any where*, in spite of fate, or at least of any lad. I got one of these bits for him, put it on moderately tight, and sent him up the gallop: he began his old tricks, but found himself hampered; had a short fight, was beat, and never attempted the least resistance afterwards. I must, however, remark, that this bit, or martingal, whichever we may term it, is by far too severe to be trusted in the hands of any common groom, who it generally happens has no riding hands at all; but, with the management of a man who has, it is in extreme cases a very useful and efficacious assistant.

No. 5, and last, comes the nose-martingal. This is a very mild counterpart of the last; and its being in any degree a counterpart is the very reason why I reprobate its use for general purposes, for which, as I before said, no bit or martingal can be proper where we are, as with both these, unable to relieve our horse of its restraint by our hands,

This martingal, like the rearing one, fastens to the girths; no elasticity or yielding exists here; but the reason why this does not possess the severity of the former is, the one acts on the horse's *mouth*, this only on his nose; but even this is often made a mode of punishment, or, to say the least, of great annoyance to the horse if he is ridden by a man with bad hands. A rider of this sort never keeps them down; consequently he is constantly pulling his horse's head up: the poor brute naturally gets into the habit of poking out his nose and carrying his head too high, and, in order to get some relief for his mouth, keeps continually tossing his head up, by no means a pleasant trick to the rider, whatever it may be to the horse, particularly if he happens to be one who foams at the mouth, and is ridden against the wind. That all this has been taught him by bad hands never enters his rider's head; consequently on goes a nose-martingal: this remedies the evil, it is true, but the result is, the poor horse is punished for the rider's awkwardness: for, mind, he makes no difference in the position, and consequent effects of his hands; so it just amounts to this, the martingal pulls the horse's head down, and the gentleman pulls it up; and thus his mouth is kept in a kind of vice of the rider's own invention—(I wish he would take out a patent for it to prevent any one else from imitating it.) If it is not put on short enough to produce the wished-for effect, it is useless: if it is, it is converted into a mode of punishing a well-disposed animal, which would willingly learn to carry his head as the rider would wish him, if he had knowledge enough and hands good enough to teach him how to do so. I am only surprised a horse does not at once turn sulky and restiff under such unreasonable treatment; for were he endowed with the useful faculty of speech, would he not naturally say, "If I attempt to carry my head high in compliance with your hands, a strap on my nose pulls it down; if, in obedience to that, I attempt to carry it low, your hands pull it up: pray, sir, how *am* I to carry it?"

But there is one occasion in which I could tolerate the use of the nose martingal, and that is in harness, where horses have learnt this truly annoying habit of constantly tossing up their heads: and here again I am satisfied it in fact arises from improper treatment, namely, having horses

kept on a tight gagging or bearing rein till their necks ache to that degree that they are fain to throw their heads up to gain a temporary relief from an unnatural and consequently painful position. This habit having been attained, no matter from what cause, we must endeavour to cure him of it, which it will require a little justifiable severity to effect. The rearing-bit will do this in a very few days; first of course taking off or easing the bearing-rein, then put on the rearing-bit, but loose, so as in no way to restrain or inconvenience him so long as he carries his head at any reasonable or allowable height. But the moment he tosses it up, he gets a rap on his jaw; and this occurring as often as he repeats the offence, a few hints will suffice. This is better than constantly using a nose martingal, even in harness.

I may be asked why I so decidedly object to the nose martingal for general use in riding, while, as will be shortly seen, I as strongly advocate the use of the racing-martingal when it is in the slightest degree required? My objection to the nose martingal then is this: if a horse makes a blunder, whether a trifling one, or one likely to end in a pair of broken knees, up goes his head; now though this is by no means necessary to enable him to recover himself, but on the contrary prevents the rider helping him to do so, still, from the very sudden violence with which he generally chucks his head up, the nose-band gives him virtually a sharp blow on his nose. It would be rather a curious experiment, if we saw a horse falling, to give him a blow with a stick on the front of his nose to induce him to exert himself to raise his fore-quarters. I should say it would rather help him to fall plump on his knees; yet the *nose*-martingal in a limited sense positively does this: should he recover himself (in spite of this,) the next time he commits a similar *faux pas*, he remembers the blow he got the last time, and is afraid to exert himself, dreading a similar return for his exertion; for the rider cannot of course in any way cause the *fixed* martingal to relax one inch of its tension, which with all other martingals except the rearing-bit he can do. For ladies (who more frequently use the nose-martingal than men) I hold it in utter dread and abhorrence, unless put on so very long as

merely to act if the horse tosses his head so high as to greatly annoy them. Even in this case I should say, *cure* him of the habit, then he will not want any martingal at all. But if he is so incorrigible as to render the *nose*-martingal necessary, he will never be fit to carry a woman: get rid of him at once, unless you want a chance of getting rid of the lady. This common courtesy obliges us to consider as an impossibility even among married men.

Having now vented my spleen on all and every fixed martingal, except on very particular occasions—and which I trust will occur to my readers about as often as angels' visits, or those of real friends—I will venture my opinion on the use of the simple racing or hunting martingal, to which I never found but one objection during twenty-five years of hunting experience. Without a little attention, it will sometimes, when you are opening a gate, catch the upright bar; and in very thick strong coverts it sometimes is caught by a straggling bough. This little occasional inconvenience is, however, counterbalanced a hundred-fold by its general utility. I do not of course mean that it is useful on a horse who does all you wish, and nothing that you do not wish, without one. If his head and neck are so formed by nature that he carries them both in a proper place, we cannot improve on nature: but unless this is decidedly the case, practical experience has taught me that a martingal can alone ensure our comfort and safety, and enable us to render our horse obedient to the rein, which we never can make him if his head is in an improper degree of elevation. We will suppose, that from carelessness, the pole-pin of a carriage has not been properly put in, or put in at all; we probably find no inconvenience arise from it so long as we go on a level road or up hill: but suppose, on beginning to descend the hill, we find the end of the pole on a level with our horses' ears, I can make a quotation tolerably apt to our situation—*facilis descensus Averni.* I think we should wish there had been such a thing invented as a pole martingal. A horse getting his head up is not perhaps likely to lead to so serious a catastrophe: but whenever he does get it proportionably above the proper level, we have no more command of him than of the carriage. I believe every riding man (I mean horse-

man) will allow that all our command over a horse while riding him both begins and ends in our command over his mouth. This I shall consider as a point given. I have thus endeavoured to prove getting his head up loses us this command: if this point is also ceded to me, I think we may fairly come to the conclusion, that whatever prevents his doing that by which we do lose our command of him is a resource never to be dispensed with where we run the slightest chance of wanting it, and this resource is of course the martingal.

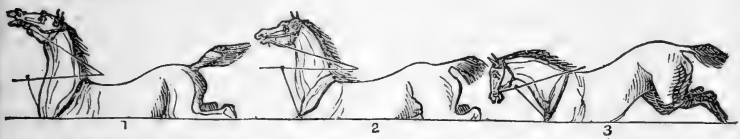
I do not know whether race-horses were better tempered a hundred years ago than they are now, whether they had better mouths, or jockeys had better hands (I should think none of these suppositions likely to have been the fact;) but certainly long since that period martingals were but rarely used in races; now we as rarely see a race ridden without one. This may probably arise from more two-year-olds being brought to the Post than there were in the time of our forefathers. These young ones, we know, take at times all sorts of freaks and gambols; and, let me ask, what could any man do with these without being able to command their mouths? Of course, nothing. They would be all over the course, or perhaps out of it, just as their fancies led them; nor could all the Chifneys, Scotts, or Days in England get them together at the Post. The martingal has been found to steady the heads of such horses, and to enable the jockey to keep them in command while running. This has probably led to its general use on almost all race-horses: if therefore a perfect command of a horse's mouth has been found necessary on a level race-course, it must be also necessary when we ride over all descriptions of ground and all descriptions of fences.

I have heard many persons express a fear that in hunting a martingal would confine a horse, and perhaps prevent his rising at his leaps. I have heard others at once assert that it did, yet allowing at the same time that they had never tried one. I cannot but think the latter gentlemen rather too fast. Now, as I have before stated, I have not only tried them, but constantly used them on every horse I ever rode that in the slightest degree wanted one;

and I have universally found it to be the case, that whenever he does want a martingal, he will be made to rise better at his fences with one than without one. In illustration of this, I must again allude to the demi-perpendicular pole. We will suppose that we wanted the fore-wheels of the carriage to rise so as to get over any obstacle on the road, would the pole rising up in the manner I have described in the remotest way contribute to raise the wheels? Not at all: the pole only would rise, the wheels would remain dead on the ground. We will say by way of hypothesis that the carriage is a living object: the four wheels correspond to the legs of a horse, the body to his body, and the pole to his head and neck: the driving seat is the fulcrum from which we act. If we wished to induce the carriage to elevate its forepart, should we take out the pole-pin, when by so doing we could affect nothing but the pole itself? I humbly conceive we should rather take care that the pole was retained in its proper place; then, by acting on its extremity, the carriage, finding it could not lift up its pole *alone*, would lift up its foreparts altogether. Now I consider we act in a very similar manner on a horse, and that a loose-necked one, with or without a martingal, bears a close affinity to a carriage with or without a pole-pin. In fact, if I may use the expression without having a pun added to my other sins, our great object is to keep both their *poles* in their proper places.

I have attempted giving something like an ocular demonstration of what I mean, by scratching with my pen in a rough way the parts of three horses, which, from the downward inclination of their bodies, may be supposed to be either coming over a drop-leap, descending a steep declivity, or tumbling on their knees whichever the reader pleases to imagine, for in either case all the support we can give is by the bridle, or, in more sporting phrase, keeping fast hold of their heads. "Keep fast hold of his head, Jem," is no uncommon direction to an exercise-lad. This is all very well and very proper where it can be done; but I should like to see the lad or man who could do so with a devil carrying his head like No. 1. The rein on the martingal shows where the head should be, and would be if the martingal was used, but where it is,

we have no earthly hold of the brute. No. 2, has his head in a position that may enable a man just to guide him; but any support is out of the question: attempt to give it, and his head would go to position No. 1. Now No. 3, has his head just in the place that would enable the rider to give him support, and by throwing his body back, and slightly clapping the spurs to his horse's sides, he would induce him in a drop-leap to throw out his forelegs, or, if in the act of blundering, would prevent his actually coming on his knees.



I have thus far endeavoured to show that permitting a horse to throw up his head when and as high as he pleases can in no way be advantageous, and that preventing his doing so can, by no mode of reasoning, be attended by disadvantage. I have not yet done with arguments to prove this. I conceive most men will agree with me that a horse which does not require *any* martingal is preferable to the one that does. Why does the one require none? Simply because he never puts his head in a position to require one. He does all we can ask a horse to do, carrying his head properly. If he does this, it must be quite clear that an undue elevation of the head is quite unnecessary in any necessary exertion, and that preventing a loose-necked horse doing that which no perfect horse ever attempts, can in no way curtail his powers or action on the road or in the field. In short, he can do every thing at his ease, except look out for the Aurora Borealis; and I conceive his astronomical researches can be dispensed with without prejudice to his value.

I have been led to a much greater length than I intended by this subject. I shall therefore only make another remark or two upon it. Let it be remembered, that if we do confine a horse too much by a martingal, it can only arise, first, from its being put on too short, and, next, from the rider's want of judgment and *hands*. The man who

possesses these always can and will give his horse all the liberty required for his safety and comfort as well as that of his rider, while hunting or on the road. I shall only add, that I would never put a bad rider on a horse of my own without a martingal: for then, give him an easy snaffle, and he may keep his hands where he pleases, up to his ears, or in his pockets. My horse's mouth will not be affected by them!

Finding now that my pen has got her head up, and has for some time been going away with me much farther than I intended she should have done, the reader will I dare say be glad to find that I here punish her by clapping on martingal No. 4. This has stopped her career, and affords me the opportunity of very respectfully taking my leave.

HEAD, HANDS, AND HEELS.

On reading the heading of the following pages many may indulge in a little satire, and say, "Oh! we see Hie'-over is driven to extremities." Now, if I was under any engagement or even promise to supply a certain quantity of pages to Maga, I have not a sufficiently good opinion of the fecundity of my brain to doubt for a minute that I should very shortly be driven to extremity; but as this is in no way the case, I beg to assure any one who has made such a remark, that the shaft of his satire falls perfectly innocuous, and though I do select the extremities of the human body as subjects to make a few observations upon, it is not the extremity of the case that induces me to do so.

The head *par excellence* is generally considered as entitled to more respect than those other extremities to which I have alluded; not that I consider it is by any means always entitled to this pre-eminence, for we very often find it to be the least effective part of many people. We have people with weak heads, and shallow heads (and these great people too;) nay, we have had such things as even ministers with such heads; and, "*infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem*," we have had kings and queens without any heads at all; though, as I conclude, after the little ceremony of decapitation had been gone through, the sovereignty probably ceased. I must most willingly recall my assertion of there having been kings and queens without heads, though "when that this body did contain a spirit," it was a sovereign. My humble observations shall not, however, soar so high, but content themselves by merely alluding to that plebeian sort of head that is necessary for common sporting and riding purposes; and for these, let me assure my readers, more head is required to do the thing *well* than many may imagine. This leads me to mention an anecdote I once overheard. A wicked young dog of a riding-boy in my stables remarked to a regular

chaw-bacon of a fellow who was filling a dung cart, that "no one but a born fool would stand filling a dung cart." —"Wouldn't he?" says Whapstraw; "why there's twice as much room each side of the cart as there is in it, so a born fool would throw two forkfuls each side and one in!" Now it certainly is not necessary that the calibre of a man's mind should be of extraordinary diameter to fill a dung-cart; still, "*sic parvis componere magna solebam*," there was a good deal of pith in Whapstraw's remark; and if we could so far overcome our *amour propre* as to apply it to ourselves before we undertake a thing, we should much less frequently find ourselves "nowhere" than we do.

But to allude to the head as it relates to the management of horses.—The first proof of the want of head is exemplified in the breeder: he goes on either making injudicious crosses, or breeds in-and-in till he yearly produces that nondescript sort of animal that we daily see, and which is not calculated for any one useful purpose. He is made, it is true, to do a something, but he only does that something *somehow*, and can do nothing well. The same trouble and expense would have produced a really good sort of animal for at least some purpose, but the breeder wanted a *head.*

Then, to make things worse, the animal (I will not call him a horse) is put into the hands of some Yahoo of a country-breaker: he, I will back at twenty (or a hundred if you wish it) to one, wants a head; and consequently it will be found, that if he gets an awkward ill-disposed colt into his hands, he makes him worse; and give him a clever promising one, he turns him out of his hands a brute. I fully maintain, that a man to break young horses should be (to a certain extent) a man of education, at least of sufficient education to have taught him to *think;* but, unfortunately, any totally ignorant fellow who happens to have a firm seat, strong arms, strong nerve, and of course an enormous whip, fancies he possesses all the requisites of a colt-breaker. By opposing brute force to brute force, he certainly generally succeeds in making the colt carry quiet when turned out of his hands, kept down by work, and often by low keep; but he has most probably so far ruined

the temper of the horse as to make him fear and hate the very sight of a rider; and so soon as from proper keep and ordinary work the horse recovers his spirits, we find we have a wilful restiff beast on our hands. Most probably he is then sent back to the same breaker, who, by the same means he used before, again puts him into the stable of the owner quiet, with this exception, that his temper is worse than before, which he will not fail to show so soon as he has opportunity and spirits to do so. Now let a trainer for the turf get a colt into his hands, first to break, and then train, how widely different is his management of a young one! These persons have generally some head, which if they have not acquired by education they have by practical experience, from having been generally through the duty of extra lad, regular riding-boy, riding the light weights, head-lad, probably jockey, and finally trainer. By this time, the man has learned to think, to combine circumstances, to look to causes and effects, to study the different tempers of horses, to circumvent, by his superior sense, experience and cunning, their cunning and evil propensities, of which some possess a very considerable share. By evil propensities, I do not mean absolute vice, for very few young horses are naturally vicious; but still they have various tricks and propensities that would shortly degenerate into absolute and most determined vice if they were put into the hands of a common country colt-breaker. I do not consider that young racing colts are on an average naturally more vicious than other colts; but I have always found them disposed to play those pranks that coarser-bred horses seldom dream of. In short, if I may use the expression to a horse, they are always ready for a *lark* if you give them the slightest chance. Now if, in one of these larks, they were to throw a boy off, and which they certainly would do or attempt to do if he began taking improper liberties with them, the colt will probably become trickey ever afterwards; and if he does, he becomes of little use as a race-horse. To render these colts steady and amenable to the hand and will of the rider and jockey requires more patience, contrivance, foresight, and head than many people imagine. They must not be allowed to have their own way with you: you must have your own way

with them (of course supposing it to be a right one.) They must be brought to a state of subjection; but at the same time they must neither be flurried nor frightened, and must be on high feeding. Starving down would not do here: no damp must be put on their spirits: the stamina must be kept up, and you have a high-couraged animal to deal with: if he is once provoked sufficiently to exert his powers, once comes to *know* them, by getting the best of the set-to, which in such a case he is very likely to do, no race-horse will ever he be.

Now the difference of the system of the common colt-breaker and the trainer is this: the first, by punishment and brute force, *breaks* his colt of doing wrong: the latter *teaches* his to do right: he takes care to avoid his being placed in situations and under circumstances that might induce him to rebel. Let the common breaker get a colt that is nervous, timid, and apt to be frightened at any thing he meets or sees, what would he do? He would take the horse purposely where he would be sure to meet constant objects to alarm him: every time he starts, the whip and spurs go to work—in other words, the *heels:* now, if he had a *head* that was of any use to him, he would reflect a little, and this would show him the folly and brutish ignorance of his conduct. So because the colt is alarmed already by what he sees, he frightens him ten times more by voice, whip, and spur. Hence we so often find that after a horse has shied, say at a carriage, when the object has passed it takes a considerable time before he becomes pacified. All this arises from the dread of punishment which he has been accustomed to. Horses have good memories, and do not easily forget ill usage. We frequently see a man (if he be not a timid rider,) on his horse refusing to face an object, determine that he shall do it, and immediately forces him up to it: the very exertion used to make him do this increases his terror of it, and a fight ensues, when, should the rider gain his point and get him up to the object, the moment his head is turned to leave it he bolts off as quickly as possible: he has not been reconciled to it, and will shy at it just as much (perhaps more) the next time he sees it; for now he recognises it as an enemy, and has been taught to know by experience what he only feared

before: namely, that it was a something that would (and as he found did) cause him annoyance and injury. Had the rider, as soon as he found his horse alarmed on seeing this object, stopped him, let him stand still, caressed and encouraged him, the horse would have looked at it, and, finding no attempt made to injure him, would have gradually approached it; then smelt at it (if a stationary object,) and finally have walked away coolly, collectedly, and satisfied, and the next time he saw it, or a similar object, would care very little about it. A little reflection would tell us that these would be the different results of the two different treatments; but, unfortunately for horses, reflection and consideration are not the predominant qualities of the generality of horse-breakers or grooms. Race-horses, it is true, are not used much on the public roads, still they frequently have to go there, and as on a race-course they must see all kinds of strange sights, it is quite as necessary to teach them to face such objects without alarm as any other horse. Indeed a race-horse liable to be alarmed by crowds or noises never could be depended upon; but they are taught to be fearless of both, and in rather a different manner from that used by the colt-breaker or groom. Now we will suppose a trainer had a colt which was easily alarmed by passing objects, other horses galloping near him, or persons coming up to him, how would he be treated? he would be sent away by himself, where it was certain no objects would approach close enough to alarm him: here he would be exercised, whether for three days or three weeks, till he had gained composure and confidence: he would then be brought a little nearer the subjects of his alarm, where they might attract his observation, but could in no ways annoy or frighten him. Day by day he would be brought still nearer to them, till they became so familiar to him that he would cease to notice them at all, or merely as indifferent objects. Assuredly this is rather a more reasonable mode of treatment than the one generally resorted to, and, what is more, it never fails—the fault or infirmity is got over, and for ever.

There is one description of horse with which I might be tempted perhaps to oblige a common colt-breaker; namely, some brute which appeared so incorrigibly sulky and vi-

cious that I might not wish men who were valuable for better purposes to undergo the trouble and risk of having any thing to do with him; not but that I should be quite aware that a man with a better head would be more likely to succeed; but for the reasons I state, I would perhaps give the savage to one of these kill-or-cure gentry, and let the two brutes fight it out.

As I said before, all men about horses require head, but few more so than a trainer; not that there is any mystery in training: proper feeding, properly watering, proper physic, exercise, work, and sweating, are all the means that can be employed to bring a race-horse into the highest or rather best condition his constitution is capable of: but it is improperly administering and adapting all and each of these to *each particular* horse where the head of the trainer is required; and in doing this is shown the difference between the mere practical trainer and the man who has discrimination enough to watch his treatment as it affects these different horses, and vary it accordingly—that is, if he will give himself the trouble to think about the subject. This requires a degree of integrity and devotion to the interest of his employer that every man is not disposed to show, and ingenuity and mind that few men in such situations possess. This leads me to make a few remarks on large and first-rate racing or training establishments. These are no places to send a third or fourth rate race-horse to: first-rate trainers hate *even* second-rate horses: they feel they will do them no credit: their whole and sole attention is devoted to the pets or flyers of their stables; while the inferior horses (who by-the-by require the greatest attention to their training, in order as much as possible to make superior condition make amends as far as it will go, for their want of speed or stoutness) are turned over to the head-lad, and may think themselves fortunate if they engross much of *his* attention: consequently, bad as they may be, they are rendered worse from their not being brought out in their best form. A very little from being *quite* right will bring a first-rater to the level of a second: what then will, being *very* far from up to his mark, bring an inferior horse to? why, he will have no chance with any thing but a road wagon when brought out to run.

There can be no doubt but many valuable race-horses are lost by the obstinacy and prejudice of trainers: they take a dislike to a colt; fancy he can't be good: what is the consequence? the owner of course wishes him to be tried. Now a horse requires to be pretty much in the same condition to be fairly tried as he does to race. This unfortunate colt will not be got into this condition; takes his trial, and of course is beaten by the more favoured ones "as they like:" the trainer's prognostic is fulfilled (nobody could doubt that,) the bill is paid, the colt is sold by Messrs. Tattersall, and "so much for Buckingham." It is quite certain that the best trainers and the most enlightened men in their business are the best men to send a horse to; that is, if they will exert their knowledge and abilities in his favour: but if they will not, though they may have a *head*, their not using it is as fatal to the horse and his owner as if they had no head at all.

I can exemplify a little of the effects of trainers disliking a horse by a case in point. I bought a horse—which had been in a public training establishment—he was a bad one at best, and, what was worse, a nervous, fretful, and at all times a very difficult and vicious one to dress. He had run several times, and never won, nor had a chance of winning any thing. When I bought him, he had not an ounce of flesh or muscle on his bones, and looked as blooming in his coat as a singed cat, and she with the hair turned the wrong way: in fact, I took him in exchange for an unpromising yearling, or I should never have got him. Now it required no great share of head to see that something in his treatment had been wrong, and that, bad as he was, he had been made worse. What that wrong was forty-eight hours were sufficient to show: he *looked* frightened to death, and in the stable was ready with his heels the moment any one went near him, as if he expected that whoever did intended him some grievous bodily harm: in short, he had been over-worked, got frightened at his work, and equally frightened in the stable. The latter part of the story I found out before he had been in the box half an hour, from hearing the boy who brought him, and was attempting to dress him, bullying him all the time he was doing so. Thinks I to myself, if you lived with

me, I need not wish (for I know) you would get it. I threw the horse totally out of work, and gave him long walking exercise by himself, with a particularly placid good-tempered boy on his back, till he came to his appetite, and made the boy during this time invariably give him his oats out of a bowl from his hand. This brought them on good terms with each other, and in one month this boy could do any thing he pleased with him. I then put him gradually to work, gave him two sweats where in his former hands he would have had a dozen. He gained confidence with himself and with people; I ran him five times, taking care to put him where he would only meet his own sort of company. He won four times, and the fifth ran second, the good stewards allowing a horse to start which had no business there; but though he was proved disqualified, I was chiselled out of the stakes: at all events I never got them. Now there was no ingenuity required about this horse; but it shows that if the head had been a little more employed about him in his former training, and the heels much less in his races, he would always have done better.

I could instance, however, several horses which have always been trained by the same men, they not by any means men of superior intellect, and yet have brought these horses out in good form, and have been very successful with them. This, however, in no way militates against my axiom, that the more mind a man possesses the better trainer he is likely to be, provided he *uses* that mind. Such men as I have alluded to have probably lost their horses many races during the first season they had them under their care, from not discovering for some time how to treat them, so as to bring them out in their best form—like a botch of a watchmaker, who attempting to regulate your watch, moves the regulator a mile too far to the right, by which he converts it into a locomotive under high pressure: he then moves it as much too far to the left; so when you wish to get up at nine and look at your watch, you find it pointing to a quarter to four. He blunders at last on the right medium; so do such trainers: from finding what does *not* succeed, they at last find out what *does*, and then wisely keep to it; whereas a man with more head

would have found out in one month what it took them twelve to discover. Still I would rather send an inferior horse where I might suspect he would suffer in a *temporary* way from want of ability in his trainer, than to where I should be nearly certain he would *permanently* suffer from want of attention. I should as soon think of asking William Scott to ride a pony for a bridle and saddle as I should of sending a *leather-plater* to John to train. People who know little of horse affairs really consider that any stupid blockhead is equal to the management of them. This is however quite a mistake; he would be no such thing. I have no doubt the most blundering, thick-headed attorney that ever commenced the commonest action at law would think himself much degraded by any comparison being made between his abilities and those of Scott, and would fancy, though twenty years had failed to beat law into his thick skull, that as many weeks would make a trainer, however obtuse his faculties might be. So they might make as good a trainer as he a lawyer. Preserve me from the hands of the one, and my horse from those of the other! I think we might anticipate the *action* being spoiled in both cases.

Nothing looks prettier or more easy to do when we see a jockey give his horse the preparatory canter before a race: I scarcely know any ordinary situation that sets a man off to greater advantage; and certainly, with a tolerably good seat and hands, the head is not much in this case called in question. But this is only the manual, and if I may use the expression, the handicraft part of the business. This is not riding the race. We will not, however, as yet look quite so high as the jockey, but shall find some head is required even by a very subordinate little personage—the ordinary riding-lad who rides the horse in his exercise, work and most probably sweats. He, little as we may think of him, will never be worth his keep if he is a stupid fellow. Some boys never can be taught to know what they are about, never can be taught what many persons would think very easy to learn—the pace you wish them to take their horse along, or in fact the pace they are going when they are on him. Others with clearer heads and more observation learn this very shortly:

when they have learnt it, they become very valuable to a trainer. Such a boy will take directions, and implicitly obey them: so would the other if he could: but he could not, because he would not be a judge of whether he was obeying them or not. Such a lad would never be fit to lead a gallop if he lived to the age of old Parr. I remember once seeing a trainer in (I think) one of the most frantic passions I ever saw a man, and with good reason. He had put a lad on a fidgety flighty horse to get very gentle exercise. This lad was notorious for two qualities: stupidity was one, but perfect steadiness was the other.

I heard the trainer give this boy these simple directions:—"When you get to the Turn-of-the-lands, turn about, let your horse come away of himself; sit still, and keep him at a quite gentle half gallop." The first part the boy obeyed; but he soon allowed his horse to steal away with him, and the trainer saw he was extending his stride every stroke he took. As soon as he got within hail, he held up his hat: the boy took the hint, but instead of getting his horse by degrees off his speed, he pulled him off his stride altogether into a canter of six miles an hour. The hat was off again, and gently waved to come on: and on he did come with a vengeance, at a Leger pace. Up went the hat again, and if ever a man was mad in a temporary way, that trainer was the man. The boy was now near enough to see his master's gesticulations, and stopped his horse the moment he could, and *walked* him up to us. I saved the poor fellow a thrashing, but he was turned off that evening as incorrigible. He was hired by a clergyman, and made an excellent servant: no power on earth ever could have made him worth a penny in a racing-stable.

The learning to be a good judge of pace is really very difficult. The walk, the trot, and top speed are all distinct definite paces that every ploughboy knows: but the intermediate paces that a race-horse at exercise and in strong work has to go become distinct to the rider only by practice and observation: the different style of going and action in different horses deceive very much. Some feel to be going much faster under you than others, though they really are not, and *vice versa*. A lad to lead a gallop to-

day on a smooth-going long-striding horse, and to lead one the next on a compact quick striking one, and make the pace exactly the same on both, requires no small share of discrimination and judgment. A boy may be told, on a horse in strong work, to "bring him away the first mile at his usual pace, to hustle him along a bit the next mile and a half, and to come along the next half mile at a good telling pace." This is all A B C to a clever and practised lad, and he would do it to a nicety. But to begin, what is the "usual pace" he is told to go? Now many boys, though they had followed half a dozen horses for a fortnight up the same gallop at a given pace, send them by themselves, would no more go the same pace than they would fly, or know more of the pace they were going than they or I should how many knots an hour a ship was going. Allowing me a little latitude of idea, I will compare the learning all this to learning music and to sing. Tell a man to strike F natural on the pianoforte; there it is defined: so is the walk, trot, and gallop. Tell the same man to sound F natural on his own voice: this is "*bien autre chose:*" nothing but practice, judgment, and ear will teach him to do this; so will nothing but practice, judgment, and observation teach a lad to judge of pace, easy as people may think it.

I hope by what I have said I may have induced those unacquainted with these matters to raise the qualifications of my little friends (riding lads) a line or two in the scale of their estimation, and to believe that not only a *head*, but a tolerably good one, is required for them to be worth any thing.

We will now ascend the ladder of pre-eminence, and get to the top, where the jockey and trainer have been stationed while we have been alluding to the lads, who have taken their stations on its different steps, according to their pretensions. We now come in contact with the jockey, to whom I have much pleasure in introducing my country cousins. The jock to whom I introduce them is not quite that sort of animal they have been accustomed to see, with a red pocket-handkerchief round his neck, a redder face, and red or white glazed calico jacket, corduroys and mahoganies, a whip weighing half a pound, and spurs droop-

ing on his heels. No, no, my jockey in his common, or jockey dress is a shade different from him: his boots are beautifully made; his trousers cut as riding trousers should be cut, well strapped down and fitting well to the foot; his waistcoat rather long (as a sporting man;) his coat a single-breasted riding coat; his cravat well put on, an aristocratic hat, and doe skin gloves (quite clean:) this is his dress. In looks, he is rather pale, a reflecting-looking face, a keen eye, head well put on, and all but gentleman-like; no thick muscle at the back of it (I hate a man who has,) with a modest respectful manner and carriage, but with just enough confidence to show that he feels himself a respectable, and is known to be a clever man in his profession (or calling.) This, ladies and gentlemen, is my jockey in mufti. When dressed to ride, every thing is well made, put on in good taste, and he is neatness personified. He is now, we will suppose, on his horse, and giving him a canter. Here many a young aspirant for fame wishes himself in his place, and no doubt thinks nothing could be more delightful or easy. How he would like to show off before the ladies! and so he might on some horses. But our jockey happens to be on one who sometimes would give a man something else to think about, and who, quietly as he goes now (ridden as he is,) would, if our young aspirant was on him, in all probability gratify his heart's desire, and show him OFF to the ladies. Our jockey is, we will say, on Bay Middleton: how still he sits on him; his hands in the right place, motionless, but just feeling his horse's mouth. And now he is pulling him up; how gradually he does this, as if he fancied his reins made of a silken thread, and a rude pull would break them. It is not so, however: he knows no rude pull would break them, but it might his horse's temper. We will now suppose him running: could our would-be jock be by his side, he would say that the Bay Middleton he had seen taking his canter had become a very different animal when extended with from 15 to 20 horses running with him, and some perhaps at him. He would find, if on his back, it was not exactly like riding up Rotten Row; and I fear that what his ladye-love might think of him would engross less of his thoughts than what his horse might do with him.

This, however, is still only the manual, and, though diffi-

cult, is by far the least difficult part of the jockey's business. He thinks little about how he is to manage his horse, but he must think a great deal about how he is to manage the race: that is, not how he is to keep his horse in the place he wishes him to be, but where that place should be for the best. Many things have to be considered before he can determine on this. Here the *head* goes to work, and has been long before the day of running. Doubtless the trainer, the jockey, and the owner (if he interferes in the matter) know perfectly well the kind of race that would suit their own horse best; but they will not be allowed to run the race as *they* like, for others will make a pretty shrewd guess at the kind of race our jockey would wish for his horse, and will therefore (if they consider him dangerous) take care it shall be run in a diametrically opposite way. And could a man even command a race to be run as he wishes, a good deal would have to be considered when this was accorded to him: for possibly the very kind of race that suits his horse would also suit two or three others that he is afraid of; so, all he could *ensure* even by this would be beating sixteen out of twenty. This is in no way ensuring winning the race. He may have, and probably has considered, as far as human foresight will go, how such horses as he is afraid of are likely to run in the race, and has made up his mind how to act under every circumstance. We will say he has done so, and feels he has *them* beaten; but he finds others a good deal better than he thought. He has then to think again; for here is a new feature in the race: but, worse than all, he may find some unthought-of devil show in front full of running: he may have patience to wait, hoping this new customer may shut up: but suppose he finds he does not, he must not let this new comet run in shaking his tail at him without a struggle for it. He knows if he calls upon his own horse before he can live at his best, he will beat *him;* and if he lies too far out of his ground, we have been taught lately that a few strides will not always take a race away from another horse, though he may be on a flyer. What is he to do now? He can do but one thing: he knows his horse's speed; he must judge how he feels under him, what powers are left in him, and time it to

such a nicety, that when he does *set-to* with him, those powers shall last just to the winning-post, but would fail in three strides beyond it. And to this nicety will a perfect jockey ride his horse.

Does this, let me ask, require no *head?* Is this a mere mechanical business that any blockhead is equal to? He may ride, and even make a fair horseman; but before he can be a jockey he must be taught to *think:* and what must be the quickness of observation and decision required where a man has only perhaps three minutes given him to observe, decide, and act!

I have only represented a supposed circumstance or two to show the difficulties a jockey has to contend with, when in fact they are innumerable. It is not merely that he may ride four or five different horses on the same day, all of which may require to be differently ridden; but under different circumstances the same horse requires it also. Horses under the best training will sometimes (mares frequently) go back a little, and not be quite up to their usual mark on the day of running: he may be running under higher weight than he has been carrying, or the reverse: all this the jockey must consider, not merely as it will affect the running of his own horse, but of others in the race. Talk of *head*, why a state trial does not require more to carry it on, and possibly it may not be of as much consequence whether it is lost or gained as many of our races.

I stated in the commencement of these papers that a certain degree of education would be very desirable in a person who undertakes breaking young horses, and also in a trainer: I trust my reader will think that it would be equally advantageous to the jockey. That there are many good jockeys *without* we know: but I maintain that they would probably have been still better *with*, with of course the addition of practice as well. I remember to have spoken in a few opinions lately no flattering terms of gentlemen jockeys (that is, as jockeys;) but this says nothing against my theory. I must have education and practice combined to produce better jockeys than we have, and it is from the want of practice only that gentlemen fail: but though they seldom ride a race well, if they were ig-

norant men, with the little practice they have, they would ride it still worse than they do. I know theoretical principles alone will never make a workman in any thing; but the man who commences with a good stock of them will much sooner become one than a man who has none. No gentleman will undergo the necessary ordeal to make him a perfect jockey; yet there are some gentlemen whose names I could mention who could tell most jockeys a great deal more than the latter know of their business (the practical part excepted.) I will mention one of our aristocracy who can ride very nearly as well as our best professional jocks, and much better than nine out of ten of the others—General Gilbert. He only wants the ordinary jockey's practice to be perfect. Here education (the precursor to fine judgment in any thing a man undertakes) has led to what most jockeys want—*head*. If poor Pavis had had such a head, he would have been a still more perfect jockey on his horse than off. Some jockeys will perhaps ridicule the idea of education improving them: I dare say they will: all, or nearly all, ignorant persons are self-sufficient enough, and hate any theory. I should say to such, "*Quid rides? de te fabula narratur.*

In these "piping times of peace," in this era of general distress, when we see close relatives of Nobility toiling their eight hours at the desk of a Public Office for 80*l.* or 90*l.* per annum, we are led to think that it matters little in what way a man can make his 300*l.* or 400*l.* a-year, provided the occupation is not in itself disgraceful. We might, therefore, expect that we should have some very superior men now following the occupation of professional riders; but there are many things that will always prevent this being the case. With a very few exceptions, I do not call to my recollection more than a very few—Powell, the M'Donoughs, Mayne, and a few others, for instance—though Mayne was hardly to be called publicly professional, as he only trained, and sometimes rode for Lord Howth. But these can only ride at high weights, Powell particularly so, who never would deny to himself or his friend any of the good things of this life (if he could help it;) therefore can only be considered as steeple-chase riders. I think I am within the mark when I say, not one

man in a thousand can ride the weight of a flat-race rider, and certainly no man can hope to make a good income as such a jock who cannot get on his horse at Derby weight; and many of those who can, do it at an expense of bodily discomfort that nothing but habit enables man to bear, and of which few persons are aware. It is not quite agreeable to see every one enjoying themselves but oneself. After a good dinner, it is all very fine to say it matters little what a man eats; but when the quality and the quantity of these vulgar creature-comforts are both limited to the smallest degree of nourishment the frame is capable of enduring, the thing is not quite so pleasant, particularly when to this are added certain little walks of a diaphoretic nature that are in no way pleasing addenda to the banyan days. Nothing can be pleasanter than to go on a visit to the noble patrons of the Eglinton Park, Croxton Park, or Bibury Meetings (where the weights are made to suit gentlemen,) and there to show off as one of the jocks. We will suppose a jock (that is to be on to-morrow) at the dinner table: a few sips of white soup or julienne, with a glass of sherry, prepare him for two or three forkfuls of turbot, or John Dory, or the fish most in season: "Champagne, sir!" a slice of venison, (the sauce is exquisite:) "Champagne, sir!" the chapon *aux truffes* is magnificent (Champagne:) a minute particle of the *vol au vent* brings on another "Champagne, sir." As our jock considers he must keep on the muzzle, he determines to be abstemious, and finishes with merely an orange fritter and some jelly. Stilton, parmesan or Gruyere? Neither. Macaroni is lighter for a jock, who is now enabled to wait for the dessert, the more so as from having taken *so little*, he has had a glass of Maraschino to prevent any cramp in the stomach: and this imboldens him to venture on a little ice, and then an olive, taken to prepare him for the claret. Here we will leave him till we find him revelling in the greater enjoyment of the society of the ladies in the drawing-room There, conversation, music, charades, *tableaux vivans*, and perhaps a quadrille got up at the moment, bring on the tray supper, only a *tray supper*, but constituting every delicacy that can tempt aristocratic appetite. He eats, that is, vulgarly *eats*—nothing; but, bird-like, pecks a grain of many things. In short, his

abstemiousness amounts in point of fact to the same thing as if he had devoured a couple of good mutton-chops. He now begins to think that with the aid of his valet he can get to bed. In the morning, breakfast: jocks should not eat breakfasts; he will only therefore take something light. Chocolate? No. A cup of Mocha enlivens, and gives energy to the nerves: three or four plover's eggs are light: so are prawns, a potted lamprey, and a mere forkful of *galantine de gibier aux truffes*. Fearing his wasting system may not have produced the effect of making him lighter, he determines on a walk after breakfast; and really takes one as far as the conservatory with the ladies, visits the gold fish in their marble ocean, and takes a peep at the gold and silver pheasants. It is now time to dress, and on go the gossamer boots; ditto ditto unmentionables and satin jacket: over this such a love of Chesterfield or Taglioni! Notwithstanding all this, he is no puppy nor fool, and perhaps rides his race well, and with plenty of nerve (considering the deprivations he has submitted to,) and that with a 4lb. saddle he can ride 12 st.

I am afraid my jock, who has to ride 7 st. 12 lb., has not passed his time quite so pleasantly. While the one was at dinner, the other was getting his tea; dinner he had none: some dry toast and a cup of tea suffice in place of the other's three meals: notwithstanding which he finds himself over-weight in the morning. He also takes his walk, but rather in a different way: a couple of flannel waistcoats, ditto drawers, a great coat, flannel cap, and a fast walk of two or three miles out and back is not visiting the gold fish. Nor would one cup of tea and bit of dry toast be quite agreeable to our gentleman jock. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we have so few men of education making riding races a profession: still, as some boys select this occupation, if as boys they were brought to *think* more than they are, I maintain they would become more scientific, and consequently much better jockeys from this sort of education.

Having said thus much of the different functionaries of the *turf*, let us now inquire how far *hunting* may require *head* in its pursuit.

I doubt not there are many persons who think any ordi-

nary fellow who can "whoop," and "halloo," blow a horn and ride boldly, is good enough for a huntsman. Of course no sportsman thinks this; but I am not making these observations for the edification of sportsmen: I never, on any occasion, presume to write for their instruction; but I am endeavouring to show those of the world who are not sportsmen that our pursuits approach nearer to their own in point of the requisite of mind (or as I have termed it, head) than they have hitherto supposed. If I succeed in this, my most aspiring hope will be realized.

I have always considered, that, take him all in all, a huntsman who is first-rate as a kennel huntsman, and moderately good in the field, supposing the entire management of the pack was left to him, would during a season show more sport than if his attributes were reversed. If I am wrong in this opinion, I am, (as I hope I am on every occasion,) open to correction. My reasons for having always held this opinion are, that if the pack are bad in themselves the best chase huntsman on earth cannot make them good; if they are good in a general way, the less the huntsman interferes with them the better. I have known many crack coachmen whose great fault was driving too much. Mayne, whom I have mentioned as a race-rider, though a most superior horseman, always rode too much: he never could keep quiet in his saddle, but was always doing something with his horse, and sometimes beat him, by doing what he considered was assisting him. I have seen many crack huntsmen who I felt perfectly convinced hunted their hounds too much; in short wanted to kill their fox, by their own sagacity instead of allowing the hounds to do so by theirs, and would all but take them off their noses to get the credit of a knowing cast—a degree of puppyism and arrogance in a huntsman which I consider quite unpardonable. I shall quote an instance of this kind of thing, and the huntsman's excuse for it. Hounds were running with a burning scent, but came to a check: a couple or two shortly hit it off; the pack joined, and away they were going, when, to every one's astonishment, the first whip was sent to get them back, the huntsman riding, hallooing, and blowing his horn in a different direction.

He made a cast, but not a hound owned the vestige of a scent; so he was forced to try back (hateful at all times to a fox-hunter.) Coming to the spot where they were carrying the scent when stopped, they hit it off again, and finally ran into their fox. The huntsman being required to explain his motive for taking his hounds off their line, said he thought they must be hunting foul, as no fox *should* have taken that line of country; his point *ought* to have been such a covert. On being told that foxes would sometimes follow their own opinions instead of his in such particulars, he merely said, "If the fox was a fool, it was no fault of his." So much for huntsmen relying on their own opinion instead of the sagacity and natural instinct of their hounds! That a great deal of cleverness may be shown by a huntsman in the field, we all know, and that at times he may greatly assist hounds, is equally clear; but these aids (to kill a fox fairly) should only be given where from a bad-scenting day, a known bad-scenting country, or a fox having gone away long before he was hit upon, prevents hounds exercising their gift of nose. A sudden change in the atmosphere, a particularly harsh, dry piece of ground, are fair excuses for giving hounds a lift, for they are then on unequal terms with their fox. He can make use of his legs to escape; they cannot, in such circumstances, make effectual use of their noses to follow him. Here, by making a judicious cast forward, a huntsman shows his tact, and here we may allow him to exercise his judgment as to the point he considers his fox is making for; and probably he will be right, except, as our late-mentioned friend said, "the fox is a fool." Here the sagacity of the huntsman will probably be greater than that of the hound, a *sequitur* by no means to be relied on in all cases. The distinctive line between instinct and reason, the most talented have found it very difficult, if not impossible, to define. We are not aware that animals reflect so as to combine circumstances: now, more or less, a huntsman does, or ought to do this, and this tells him where to make his cast. The hound (and the higher bred he is the greater would be the probability of his doing it) would, if left to himself, most likely, on losing all scent, make a short cast or two, and then not succeeding, would trot quietly home, or wherever

his fancy led him. I have come in contact with many huntsmen, and I think I can say that, without exception, I have invariably found the man of the best general information the best huntsman, whether in the field or kennel. Some excel in the one particular, others in the other, but very few indeed in both. Still I must adhere to my opinion, that a real good kennel huntsman requires the most *head*. The chief requisites of a huntsman in the field I conceive to be, a perfect knowledge of his country, both as to locality and its scenting qualities; the points for which foxes in a general way make when found in particular places and with particular winds, which will generally be the same except with strange foxes in the clickitting season; and, further, a perfect knowledge of the qualifications of the different hounds in his pack, and consequently how far they are to be trusted. Some hounds, we all know, like some men, will show, or rather commit, little peccadillos when in covert and out of sight; they may, nevertheless, be capital chase hounds, and perfectly steady where they know they are watched; for, reflect or not, they have reflection (or a something else) enough to be quite awake to this. Some hounds are capital finders, and will work through every foot of the thickest covert: others are dandies, and do not like tearing their skins or even coats with thorns or gorse. Some almost invariably take the lead on a fox going away, and if he is run into in twenty minutes, go for that time like meteors; others, particularly some old hounds, let these flash gentlemen make all the running, and when they find their fox sinking, first make a quotation, "*finis coronat opus*," then get to the head, and kill their fox. I am not joking as to the hound making a quotation: I only conclude he makes it inwardly.

Suppose a huntsman to possess the requisites I have mentioned, and to be a good horseman, I should say *he will do* well enough; but to do this he must have no block-*head*.

Of the first whip, I need say no more than that he requires to the full as much, if not more head in the field than the huntsman. There is one little addition to his general business that it would be a great advantage to fox-

hunting to delegate to him (if we could:) he is expected to correct young hounds that run riot either at covert or in chase—why not some young gentlemen who not unfrequently do the same?

We will now look in at the kennel, by the general appearance of which and its inhabitants, a practised eye will at once detect what sort of *head* conducts the establishment. Poor Power used to say, when acting the part of a prince in *Teddy the Tiler*, "You same to think it's as aisy to make a prince as a had of mortar." Of the relative difficulty of making these two articles, I am not a judge, never having made a prince. A hod of mortar I really have manufactured, and therefore can only humbly venture a surmise, that if I was fortunate enough to be permitted to try, I could manufacture a lot of princes with less labour, and certainly by a more agreeable process. Of one thing I am certain, it is much easier to make what will do well enough for a prince, than it is to make a pack of fox-hounds —at least a good pack.

If a man happens to come into a large property, it is very easy to say, "I will have a pack of fox-hounds;" and such he may readily get; that is, he may get thirty-five or forty couples of dogs, and those fox-hounds; and probably, if he is weak enough to accept them, he may get a great proportion of those given him. He may also get twenty hunters in his stable, and these may be really good ones, if he gives money enough. As to his pack (unless he finds some one giving up a country,) at the end of three or four seasons I should like to see how he was getting on; but till then I should excuse myself hunting with him, unless, which God forbid, all the Masters of long-standing packs were to give up hunting. This need not deter any one from feeling confident that by patience, perseverance, and the help of a *good head*, he will in time get together a good pack of hounds. "We must all make a beginning; and here goes," as the flea said when he gave the elephant his first nibble on his breech, fully intending to pick his bones. I do not mean that forming a pack of fox-hounds amounts quite to this; but the tyro will find it a matter of more difficulty than he probably anticipated. Of all wretches in the shape of

dogs, none are more so than sporting dogs when bad ones; a fox-hound or greyhound particularly so: a bad pointer sometimes makes a capital watch-dog. This, by-the-by, brings to my recollection an acquaintance of mine who hunted with the Epping hounds (at least so he said, for I never joined the hunt.) He came to see me, on my promising to mount with the (then) King's hounds and the Old Berkeley; but wishing to show himself a sportsman in every way, he brought down a bran new Manton and (as I afterwards found out) a bran new dog. He stated that he brought but one, concluding I was a shot Now I never pointed a gun at a head of game in my life. I did as a boy knock swallows and pigeons about, and made sad devastation along the hedgerows; and as I always insisted on the contents of my bag or pockets being made into pies, I may fairly assert, that I have devoured more larks, blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, chaffinches, greenfinches, and every other finch, than perhaps any man in England, for no sort came amiss to me. So much for my shooting exploits. On expressing my regret at not having pointers and setters to lend, I offered as a substitute the choice of half-a-dozen capital bull-terriers, or a French dog, which would ring the bell, fetch my hat, stand on his head, and perform various other exhibitions, and might (for all I knew) find game. However, my offer was declined, adding, with a self-satisfied look, that "his *favourite* was quite sufficient single-handed: he had always found him so *whenever* he had tried him." (This was the truth.) Off we went, with a stable-boy carrying a *new* game-pannier. Carlo appeared perfectly steady, which my friend told me he was warranted to do when he *first* bought him, but he did not say that was within three days, and of some fellow in the city road. Well, he trotted along after us as if he was led in a string. On getting to some fields where I knew birds always laid, his master gave the important wave of his arm, and "hie on!" Carlo looked very much like wondering what he meant. "Hie away!" cries his master in a louder tone. Carlo looked up in his face, and wagged his tail. His master said he was a timid meek dog. He patted, and encouraged him. Carlo, in gratitude, saluted him with his dirty paws on the white cords. "Hie on,

good dog!" Carlo did now poke his nose into a furrow, very much as if he was looking for a mouse. My poor city friend could stand it no longer: he flew into a rage; and while I was bursting my sides laughing, he gave Carlo a whack with his gun, who in return gave an awful yell, and then incontinently looked to his scrapers, topped the field-gate like a greyhound, and on our going to the hedge to look after the valuable animal, we saw him half a mile on the London high road at top speed; and as it was but twenty miles to town, I doubt not but Carlo got safe back to his kennel in the city road before evening. I had asked a couple of friends to meet my city acquaintance, but spared him by not even mentioning Carlo. However, he could not stand the thing. My boy had told the story in the stable and kitchen, and off the Epping hero went the next morning. I dare say I lost a good thing by not seeing him go with hounds.

Now, though I am no shot, I know when a pointer behaves well or not; and as Carlo certainly afforded me ten times the amusement I should have enjoyed from the best dog Osbaldeston ever shot over, it is ungrateful in me to say a word in his dispraise. But I must candidly allow, that, if I did shoot, he was not just the sort I should like. Head was wanting in this case, either in the dog or his tutor, or both.

With many apologies to my readers for this digression, I will now return to the kennel huntsman. I must beg my readers not to suppose the duty of a huntsman when out of the field to consist merely in seeing his hounds eat their pudding. "Do fox-hounds eat pudding?" I think I hear some schoolboy ask, or perhaps some gentleman who may have left school some forty years (if either happen to read what I have written.) Indeed, my good sir, they do, and beef, and broth, vegetables, milk, and other good things, at times; and what is more, each gentleman hound is separately invited to dinner, ushered into the dining-room with all proper ceremony, and when there, if he does not conduct himself with proper dog courtesy to his fellow guests, is very severely reprimanded. I am free to allow the said guests, or most of them, do follow the American *table-d'hôte* custom of helping themselves to any thing and every thing

within their reach, eating as fast and as much as they can, and then taking themselves off, the dinner conversation consisting in both cases of an occasional growl when interrupted in the process of bolting, I do not say masticating, their food.

That seeing his hounds get proper food, in proper quantities, proper medicine, and proper exercise, is one duty of the huntsman, most persons know; but where *head* in him is chiefly required, is in the breeding of such hounds as are adapted to his particular country. Hounds that will sail away over the large enclosures and fine scenting-ground of Leicestershire, would make no hand of some of our cold clayey small enclosed countries, nor would they like the dry flints of Kent. Hounds may be too highly bred for some countries, where they hardly dare throw up their heads for twenty strides together, but must pick it out every yard. Such hounds would lose patience, overrun the scent, and in such cases, their blood being up, would hunt any thing, ay, the parson of the parish, if they got on the scent of him, and possibly kill him too, if they ran in to him.

That great judgment is required in forming a really perfect pack is shown by the fact, that where the master understands the thing, and will take the trouble of attending to it, we always see the best packs. Few huntsmen could have got together such a pack as the Raby when Lord Darlington personally attended to the breeding and hunting them; or such as at one time the Ward lady pack, and some others of the present day. Both the packs I have mentioned I saw when quite a boy, and have never forgotten them. This perfection was, however, the result of years of experience and expense. Hounds must not only have different qualifications as to speed for different countries, but different shape and make. In an open country, where hounds I may say race into their fox, the tall, very high-bred, and somewhat loose coupled hound is required. In such countries where foxes go long distances in search of prey (and coverts generally lay wide,) they (*not the coverts*) are in good wind, seldom over fat, and, knowing they have only speed to trust to to save themselves, go off at once, and go in earnest. If, therefore, their speed is great, what must the pace be to catch them? Such hounds

would not do however in hilly countries: hills would tire them to death; while their game being a shorter legged animal, would beat them hollow. Here the well-knit, low, long and broad hound must be had: here positive physical strength is wanting both in hounds and horses. Fine noses are unquestionably most desirable in all hounds and in all countries, but are more indispensable in some instances than in others. I should say, where the very finest are required is in an open, bad-scenting country. Here hounds have little or nothing in the shape of fences to stop them; and to carry on a slight scent at a racing pace requires the *ne plus ultra* of a nose. A very thickly-enclosed country does not allow hounds to go this pace; consequently, if it is a bad-scenting one, hounds are more disposed to stoop to a scent. Speed also is a great desideratum in a hound; but, as in horses, there are two distinct sorts of speed, something like that of the greyhound and the rabbit. Now match these to run a hundred yards and *start*, I am not quite clear but bunny would have the best of it. He would get half the distance before the longtail would get to half his speed. Perhaps we should call the first quickness, the latter speed. It is this sort of rabbit-like quickness we want both in hounds and nags in a very enclosed country: both must be able to get to their best pace at once. Put me in a country where the fields were only an acre each, and on a quick cob, I would beat old Vivian in his palmy days, unless he is very much altered since the time I knew him ten years since—I mean, altered as to being quick and handy: he is altered enough in every other way. Now these different requisites a huntsman has to get into his hounds for his particular country, which can only be effected by judicious crosses: nor are they to be obtained in the first generation. Put a remarkable speedy, dashing, flighty dog to a meek, steady, slow, close line hunting bitch, or *vice versâ*, we must not flatter ourselves we shall arrive at the happy medium. We may have got nearer to what we want; but the produce may be too high or too low—may still have too much of the glare and dash of the one parent, or too much of the want of it of the other. We must now cross again, and persevere till we arrive at perfection, or near it. This, it will be perceived, is not come

at in one or two seasons; and, in a general way, I think I shall be found somewhat near the mark when I said that in about four seasons I should like to take a peep at a newly organized pack; and then I make the proviso, that a *head* of the right sort has been at work for them; if not, commend me to two or three good terriers in a barn full of rats: I should at all events see some description of sport carried on as it ought to be.

Let me add another thing: I know of few situations a man can be placed in to call forth all the attributes of a perfect gentleman so much as being the master of foxhounds; he has so many interests to consult—so many opinions (and many of them ridiculous ones) to listen to—often so much ill-breeding in the field to bear—so many tempers to conciliate—that nothing but the greatest urbanity of manner, added to steady determination, can carry him through; and this even after he has brought his pack to be all but faultless. I hope my readers will now agree with me, that to manage a pack of foxhounds, requires more *head* than those who think it does not probably possess.

We now see weekly so many steeple-chases advertised, that we may be led to the inference that either it requires very little or no head to ride one, or that the English have become all at once more than usually enlightened. Neither of these premises, are, however, the fact, though the increased number of steeple-races is. That numbers of persons do now ride in these races is quite clear; so numbers ride in the Park; yet in both these cases I could pick out a few simple ones. To ride a steeple-chase well, like doing every thing else *well*, certainly requires considerable skill; but I cannot consider it requires by many degrees the same skill as riding a flat race. In the latter case, horses are often so very equally matched, that the best jockey is (barring unforeseen circumstances) all but sure to win: if the talents of two jockeys are very disproportioned, I should say the thing was certain. Now in a steeple-race the thing is not drawn so fine. Many horses start for a steeple-race, the owners and riders of which perfectly well know, that unless some accident or mistake, or not happening to be in their best form on that day, occurs to some two or three others' horses, their own has no

earthly chance: but such accidents do occur, and their horse is let go, hoping (charitably one would say) that some of these accidents would overtake the favourites. When any of these races end in a close thing, the skill of the jockey can hardly be shown: both horses are so beat that it is only how far whip and spur, and lasting, may enable one poor brute to canter in before the other. This is my objection to making steeple-races four miles: it always produces a long tailing business, occasions serious accidents, broken backs and bones, and ends in *no race at all.*

In Ireland, at Ashbourne, and other two mile steeple-races, I have seen six or seven horses top the last fence nearly abreast at something like a racing pace, and really an interesting struggle take place—horses blown, I will allow, but not worn out by fatigue. Here real jockeyship is available: the horse has something left in him for the jockey to have recourse to, and head and hands are of importance. A considerable portion of judgment and knowledge of a horse's particular powers are quite requisite in a steeple-race: numbers of those who do ride think little about this; consequently, they would be beat on very superior horses by first-rate riders on bad ones. Some horses, for instance, have extraordinary powers through dirt; I have generally found such horses go well up and down hill. At this game they will go a pace that would choke many others. These horses can generally go nearly the same pace from end to end; whereas in deep soil the more brilliant and faster horse has to be nursed, and must trust to speed when he gets on galloping ground. Some horses require driving at their fences; others, holding hard: some like to go at them, and will do so, in spite of you, like a steam-engine; others would be frightened if rode at them in this way: some horses, like old Vivian, will jump though dead tired; others will only do so (with any safety) when quite fresh (and mighty pleasant animals the latter are to ride four miles.) Many horses, if a little blown, by taking a pull at them, will recover, while others will not, but, if once distressed, put on their night-caps, and desire you to "call on them to-morrow." Geldings I have generally found recover wind sooner than stallions;

that is, when in hunting condition: when drawn fine as race-horses, the difference between them is trifling, if any. All these things must be, and are, attended to when we put a first-rate man up to ride. He has a certain stock of animal power given him at starting, and his good judgment teaches him how to husband it, so as to keep the most he can to bring him home again: but he must have a *head* to think and *hands* to do it; and as for *heels*, he will want a little of them too; but, if an artist, he will never use them improperly, or when he can do without them.

I saw some very proper remarks made lately in a Sporting Journal on the unfairness of the ground marked out for a steeple-chase. Now, I know many of our first-rate riders: I wish them well; and, in proof of this, tell them that if they break all their necks it serves them right. These are *all* valuable men to the sporting world;—*many* of them valuable members of society: What business have they to go risking their necks over *improper* and *unfair* courses to please the gaping multitude, or in obedience to the wishes of men who would not themselves ride over half the course for all the land it covered? If the first-rate riders were all to join and object to unfair courses, they would show their good sense, and the thing would be better arranged. Ordinary hunting fences are dangerous enough at the pace *they* are forced to ride at them; but to ask men to ride at fences made dangerous *purposely*, and that at a part of the race when horses are beat, is most unfair, unsportsmanlike, selfish, and cruel. If they fancy that an objection on their parts would lay them open to a charge of fear, I would ask, would any man doubt the courage of such men as the Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Ponsonby, or Colonel Wyndham, should either or all of these decline a duel with muskets at six paces? Men of their established courage might refuse to face a pop-gun if they chose: so might our known steeple-chase riders refuse to break their bones for the gratification of the public. Would any man suppose Powell, Oliver, M'Donough, and many others, did it through fear, or from any other motive than a duty they really owe to themselves, their families, and friends? I suspect those gentlemen who so obligingly lay out these break-neck courses would hang

back a little, if, in case of accident, they were called on to support a man crippled through their kindness. If I had the laying out steeple-race courses, I would on all occasions call in, say five known steeple-chase riders who were *not* to ride in that particular race, and take the majority of their opinions as to the fairness of the course, or of any particular fence in it. This would set the thing to rights. Nor do I consider any man ought to be allowed to mark out a course unless he be a rider himself, or would be willing to ride over it. I have heard many masters order their servants to ride a horse at a fence they dare not attempt themselves: this may be fair enough, if their fear arises from the apprehension of tumbling off; but to ask a servant to ride at a place we think too dangerous in itself to risk our own necks at, is, I humbly conceive, neither more nor less than a cowardly stretch of power. If I had repeatedly put a horse at a fence, and could not get him to face it, and Oliver happened to be by, I might ask him (knowing him a better horseman than myself) to see what he could do. This would be all fair, and most probably he would succeed: at all events, I will answer for him he would with perfect good humour try. Half the ordinary run of men in riding at fences are forced to occupy their attention in keeping their seats: this gives them quite enough to do; consequently, steadying their horse in going to his fence, assisting him in rising at it, and, what is of quite as much importance, supporting him on landing, is out of the question. Now all this is done by a horseman: his only fear is that his horse may refuse; that his powers may not be equal to the fence to be got over; or that, from its extreme awkward nature, he may fall. Of himself—that is, his seat—he entertains no concern: and I firmly believe, if Powell or Oliver wanted to go to Bath, and their horse could take off at Hyde Park Corner, clearing Windsor Castle in his way, they would consider it as pleasant a mode of transit as you could give them.

Talking of seat, I cannot help mentioning an instance of perfection in this way that came under my notice when seeing Powell riding Primrose in a steeple race (a sharpish little mare with ten stone on her—I think in this case she carried near, if not quite, twelve.) About the middle

of the race they had to face a bullfinch, with an honest fifteen-feet brook on the other side: but what constituted the danger was, first, the coming to it was down hill; secondly, the horses could not see the brook till they rose at the leap; and, thirdly, there was but one narrow penetrable place in the hedge. For this of course they would all make; and I consider, in such a case racing to it for lead to be one of the most dangerous manœuvres in a steeple-race. Fortunately, Powell had sufficient lead to render this unnecessary: at it he came, and over all he went: the weight told on poor Primrose, and down she came on her knees on landing. This kind of thing, hunting men know by experience, gives one about the same gentle inclination to go over one's horse's ears that a cannon ball gets from a *quantum suff.* charge of gunpowder. Not so, however, in this case. There sat our friend Powell as cool and erect as one of the Life Guards we see in Parliament Street, his mare as fast held, and his hands in the same place they were when galloping over the preceding meadow. Up he had her, and off before the next horse took the leap. So much for seat. To have this in perfection, and the strongest nerve, are certainly both indispensable if a man means to ride steeple-races, or indeed to hounds, and to ride well.

This reminds me of what Tom Belcher once said to a sixteen-stone friend of mine, who thought himself pretty much of a man, and wanted to study sparring. Tom looked at him: "Well," said he, "you're *big* enough, if you're good enough; but before you learn sparring, let me ask you one question—Can you bear licking?—for I don't care how good you may be, you will be sure to find some customer to make you nap it, though you may lick him."

So, if a man is afraid of a fall, he has no business hunting, much less steeple-racing. Still seat and nerve alone will not do. If *they* were the *ne plus ultra* of a rider, Mr. W. M'Donough would ride better than his brother; for of the two, I should say he was the boldest, or, in alluding to him, I should say the most desperate rider. Why then cannot he ride as well as the other? Why I do not say: but he cannot, and what is more, never will; and I have no doubt he is aware of it, giving him at the same

time every credit for being a very superior horseman. A. M'Donough possesses certain qualifications that must always make him "deserve, when he cannot command success"—great courage, a quick eye to his own and other horses, a good judge of pace, great patience (a rare quality in a young one,) never takes more out of his horse than he can help, and never uses whip or spur without absolute occasion.

I really believe some men are born horsemen. I will mention one in the person of a young man who has lately rode a good deal in England—Byrne. I think I may venture to say he never was on a horse till he was twelve years old: his father was no horseman; nor did the young one ever get his riding education in a school; if he had, he would never have rode as he can. He had a love born in him for horses, and the way *he made himself* a horseman was this: he got leave to ride horses (not race horses) at exercise, and tumbled off till he learned to stick on; and riding all sorts gave him hands, which he very shortly got to perfection. I know no man living who can make a perfect gentleman's hunter better than Byrne: at the same time, if I was asked whether I would as soon put him on a horse to ride a steeple-race as Oliver, Powell, and some half dozen others, I should say, no: he has not had their experience, though perhaps as horsemen there may be very little difference between them and him.

But, without alluding to natural abilities, experience generally gives *head:* it also (but not always) gives *hands;* every fool has *heels;* and the greater the fool the less likely he is to forget it, or allow his horse to forget it either. I like to see a man ride bold and straight to hounds, but I also like to see him ride with judgment; and, as I have on a former occasion said, I am convinced, in a general way, the men who do ride the straightest distress their horses the least. A bold rider, and merely a hard rider are two very different people: the first, in a fair and sportsmanlike way, shares the danger with his horse; in fact, risks both their lives and limbs together like an honest fellow; the other merely takes it out of his unfortunate horse where his own dearly and well-beloved neck is in no danger. I hate such a self-loving devil, though I value my

neck as much as others, and think a boy of mine was not far out in an observation he made—something like the one made by Abernethy when a patient remarked that it gave him great pain to raise his arm: "What a fool you must be then," said he, "to raise it."—My boy said nearly the same in effect. I was hunting with Ward: this boy was on a five-year-old, quieting him to hounds. Will the Whip was on a beast of a mare they called Long Jane, and long enough, high enough, and lanky enough Long Jane was: in short, as one of the machines for boys to practise gymnastics upon, she would have been invaluable. Poor Will put her at a ditch, and in she went. "I knew thee would'st tumble in," said Will, "when I put thee at it." —"Then what a fool you must have been to have done it!" says the boy, who, by-the-by, would ride at any thing, the only difference being, he never thought he should fall, or rather his horse. I certainly have rode at many fences where I thought I stood a very fair chance of a purl; but as certainly never rode at one where, as Will said, *I knew* I should get it.—A hard rider is another thing. I will mention one who lived on the middle of the hill going from Egham to Englefield Green: his name I forget, but Charles Davis can vouch for the truth of my picture of the man, who always hunted with the king's harriers when Davis whipped in to his father (one of the most repectable and superior men of his standing in life I ever knew.) This said hard rider weighed about fourteen stone, and kept a miserable little pony, on which he hunted. He never was quiet. The moment a hound challenged, in went the spurs, and off he was, as if a fox was found in an open country. I believe he hunted the poor pony to death. I met him some time afterwards, when he told me he had bought a regular hunter, and on this he appeared some time afterwards, in the person of a black galloway mare, about thirteen and a-half hands, and thin as a lath. If he rode as he did on the pony, what did he do on this superior animal? He put on the steam in good earnest till she stopped. On my remonstrating with him on his cruelty, he remarked he was always a *hard rider!* Now this bears me out in what I once stated in my Remarks on Cruelty, "that a man who was cruel to his horse would be

found so in every situation in life." I was told a greater brute to a wife never existed than this hard rider. He had neither *head* nor *hands;* but he had *heels*, and spurs on them for his horse; and, if report says true, arms and fists, or a stick at the end of them for his wife: at any rate, he saw the end of her.

I make no doubt but the generality of the hunting men of 1844 will contend that hunting never was known in such perfection as during the last twenty years. Quite younkers, I know, think that even twenty years since people knew little about doing it as they think it ought to be done: but as to the sport their fathers enjoyed when of their age, they consider the thing must have been a burlesque upon hunting. These young gentlemen are a little too fast; and I maintain that hunting may be, nay, has already been, too fast. In this I am quite sure many of the best sportsmen will agree with me. It has in fact ceased to be hunting. I love both racing and hunting, but I allow myself to be no admirer of racing-hunting or hunting-racing: the endeavouring to amalgamate them spoils both. Now I call it racing-hunting where hounds come at once on a fox, go off at his brush, and run into him without a check in twenty minutes. This I am quite willing to allow is very good fun—call it fun if you like—and I am satisfied; but no man shall tell me it is *fox-hunting*.

A gentleman in Warwickshire lately bought some fox-hounds: he did not attempt to say he meant fox-hunting; in fact he never tried for a fox: he avowedly hunted drags. The idea was at first a good deal ridiculed, but it seemed he knew his field and friends better than they knew themselves, for it took wonderfully; and when they found it killed their horses, and they rarely could see the end of the run, they all declared it was *inimitable*. Now if he meant this as a keen bit of satire on his friends' knowledge of hunting, he must have enjoyed the thing amazingly over his fire-side, which I dare say he did, for he knows what hunting is, and can ride.

Why not then have some packs of drag-hounds kept, and make three distinct amusements, all good in their way! We might then have racing in its legitimate way, when we wish for such a treat; drag hunting, when we want a

galloping and leaping 'bout; and hunting, for fox-hunters, instead of two mongrel amusements. What I mean by hunting-racing is, that most perfectly ridiculous custom of introducing hurdles on a race-course, and this when it is not attempted to call it a hunter's stake. This is also fun, perhaps, but certainly not racing: and if it took place at a revel among jumping in sacks and grinning through horse-collars, would be a very interesting wind-up.

I am sorry to say that I fear we have not quite as much *head* as our ancestors in our system. I hate slow hunting, never liked hare-hunting; like hounds to go, and keep going; but I really do think three-quarters' speed fast enough for a hunter; that is, provided he is fast: if he is not, however good he might be in every other qualification, I would never ride him twice. I might be asked, why, if I think hounds may be bred too fast, do I make speed so much a *sine qua non* in a hunter? I will answer this by an observation on a different subject. Whenever I want a buggy-horse, I always try him, and my trial gives far less trouble than most people's, but it is one I never found fail. I first put my horse in a moderate trot—say eight miles an hour at the bottom of a moderate hill; if he *willingly* keeps the same pace up to the top, I have seldom found him a bad mettled one: if, on the contrary, he begins lagging, hitching in his pace, or shuffling, I have had trial enough: depend on it he is a rogue or a very weak horse. So much for gameness: for this, though no great trial, it may be said, is a pretty fair criterion to judge by. Now for pace, I always try a horse one mile: if he cannot do that with the most perfect ease a few seconds under four minutes, I never buy him as a regular buggy-horse for the road; a horse merely to drive in London streets, is another thing. Here showy action only is wanted. Now I do not want to drive twenty miles faster than other people, but I will have fast ones, for two reasons; I do like now and then, if I find some one on the road driving *at me* because he thinks he has a goer, to take the conceit out of him. Half a mile does this, and gets rid of him: he then leaves you to enjoy your own dust, if there is any, without the pleasing addition of his. But a far more sensible reason for liking a fast one is this: if he can trot at the rate

of seventeen miles an hour, going at the rate of ten is play to him. So it is with a hunter: if he is fast enough to catch hounds, he can go with them without distress as to pace: if he is not fast, and *very* fast, he cannot, and indeed not always even when he is. Speed I must maintain to be the first thing to look at in purchasing a hunter, or a horse to make one of; and if my friends will be kind enough to find me in speed, I will find myself in neck and jumping.

Comparatively speaking, they can all jump if we choose to make them: but they cannot all go. There is not one horse in fifty, with the size, shape, make, and breed of a hunter, that cannot *if he pleases* take any ordinary fence we meet with in crossing a country. I may be told that perhaps he may not *please* to do this; this is by no means improbable: we see this sometimes with the best of them, even with steeple-chase horses. In such a particular case, and at that particular fence, we may possibly be beat; but if he in a *general* way should not please to jump, he must then put his patience and determination to the test with mine. I will answer for it, in nineteen cases out of twenty I teach him he must jump when and where *I please:* but I cannot make him go if there is no *go* in him, and it would be folly and cruelty to attempt it. *Head, hands*, and *heels* may make him a fencer, but they can't make him a *goer*.

We are told that hounds must now-a-days be very fast to kill their foxes; that "meets" being often at eleven o'clock, unless hounds get on the best possible terms with their fox, they cannot hunt him: granted. I am afraid that something like Abernethy's reply will apply here. My Lord says, "there is so little scent, that if my hounds do not race down their fox, they cannot hunt him down, because we meet so late." Some rude fellow (like myself,) who loves *fox-hunting*, might say, "Then why don't you meet earlier?" Half the field would say, "We can't; we were all at Lady So-and-so's till four this morning." I know this as well as they do. I know they can't; at least I know they won't; for people now-a-days must enjoy late parties, and fox-hunting too, but not fox-hunting in perfection, unless they consider hounds racing across country perfection. If they do, it is all very well; but I really think the Warwickshire drag just as good; indeed

better, for they would kill more horses, and that seems the thing by which we are to judge of the goodness of the day's sport! If a young man should be asked in the evening what sport he had in the morning, he would reply, if it had been what he considered good, "Capital! one of the best things this season: the horses were lying about in all directions; five died in the field; I expect to hear by to-morrow's post that mine is dead also."—This would be unblushingly told to a lady, I suppose to show what a fine fellow the rider must be! Now I should really think this to a woman of a reflecting mind would be about as much recommendation as if he had slaughtered an ox, and about as much proof of the soundness of his head as of the goodness of his heart. If a horse breaks a limb, his back, or his neck, hunting, it does not much matter; it is a fair accident: and there's an end of him: the rider may share the same fate, and sometimes the loss to society is about equal. A horse may *occasionally* be killed by over-exertion, without his rider having felt him particularly distressed; but when we find men literally boasting of the number of horses killed by themselves and their friends, I am inclined to think the *heels* have been more at work than the *head.*

When I state that I consider hounds may be bred too fast, I do not mean it solely in allusion to its requiring greater speed and exertion on the part of the horses, but that I consider it spoils hunting. We may naturally infer, that when a man keeps or undertakes the management of a pack of foxhounds, he is a judge of fox-hunting; and, as I have before said, I doubt not but some of these gentlemen, if left to their own inclinations, would like a little more real hunting than fashion allows: but those who keep hounds wish to please their friends; they have also a very pardonable, nay proper pride in hearing the pack considered a *crack* one, and this they would not be, though they might kill their fox, or a brace a-day, unless they actually coursed him: hunting up to him would not do. So the master goes with the tide; he is master of the hounds; but fashion is the master of him. One who only *manages* a pack must of course please his members, or where is the *cash?* That, in keeping foxhounds, goes pretty fast too: so the hounds must go the devil's pace to catch *that.* I

venture a hope, that though I do think it is quite possible hounds may be too fast, my brother sportsmen will not think that I am too slow, for I like fast ones, in men, horses, or dogs: but my countryman, John Bull, never seems to know any medium; and for this I can in no way account: his temperament is by no means enthusiastic in any way; yet, where fashion leads him, he always goes "the whole hog," and is never satisfied with what is reasonable. At present, nothing can be fast enough: but I should not be surprised if ten years hence our young sprigs of fashion voted the exertion of going fast a bore; and, if they did, we should see them hunting in George the Fourth's pony phaetons. I should then be held as a savage; a kind of Ojibbeway, inadmissible, because I like hounds to go as fast as any fair hunter can carry me, but at the same time letting the pace be such as I can see hounds work—a thing I am quite sure many hunting men do not care about one farthing. Fox-hunters used to decry coursers, "the mean murdering coursing crew," but now they bring fox-hunting as near coursing as they can.

I have said that going out late produces the necessity of having very fast hounds: so it does to a certain degree: but this is not the "be all and the end all here:" fashion is the *primum mobile* of the thing, and a certain little, and it is a *little*, feeling among our high-flyers adds to it. For instance: I was travelling a few weeks since in one of those old-fashioned vehicles we have *heard* of, a four-horse coach. In it got as hard-favoured hirsute-looking *homo* as one would wish to see in the smiling month of April. They called him Sir Thomas. O, thinks I, judging from his appearance, a deputy from the king of the Cannibal Islands, knighted for bringing a caudle cup made of a human skull: but I was quite wrong, as I found afterwards. However, not having the fear of the baronet before my eyes, we got on very well together—that is, neither opening our mouths for the first twelve miles. "At length he spoke:" we got better acquainted; and at a certain part of the journey I ventured a feeler, by saying it looked like a good hunting country—and, I assert, a good hunting country it looked—undulating, but not hilly, fair fences, large enclosures, and, judging from the foot-marks of cattle and

tracks of wheels, seemed as if it had carried sound during winter. But my hirsute companion differed from me, saying he knew the country well, and had hunted every inch of it: it was the worst country he ever rode over. I asked, "Why? was it a bad-scenting country, or were foxes scarce?" He said, "Neither: but the foxes were apt to run rings: it rode light, and as the fences were not particularly strong, every fellow could get along, and it was a serious annoyance, on 200 guinea horses, to find a pack of farmers et cetera riding with one." This, it seemed, was the only charge he could bring against the country. Well, thinks I, you're an ugly devil to look at, that's poz, and from your speech I suspect not the best fellow in the world to know. So, because a man might not, like him, be able to keep a dozen hunters worth two hundred guineas each, yet was fond of hunting, this hairy bit of aristocracy sets up his bristles, because he cannot shake him off. I'll answer for it he is a selfish, overbearing savage. Now, I tell you what, Ursa Major, I shrewdly suspect the fault did not lie in the country or the nags, but that you found a few honest fellows, who took the unwarrantable liberty of riding as well, or a little better than yourself, and that perhaps over some of their own land, where they were so unmannerly as to "come between the wind and your nobility," even on horses of less value. How I should like to mortify the devil by picking out some forty pound hack-looking rum-'un, and having a turn at him. I know nothing of what sort of workman he may be; probably much better than myself; but as he is neither lighter, younger, nor *much* handsomer, if I ever do meet him with hounds, I'll have a twist with him, even without picking a nag for the express purpose.

I mention this anecdote, because it just dove-tails with a shrewd suspicion I have often entertained, that the fashionable habit of calling every run a bore that is not racing arises in some measure from the same feeling of selfishness and vanity demonstrated in Sir Hairy Headpiece. This is a very distinct sort of feeling from that which emanates from a good-natured contest with and among brother sportsmen during a run, or from that of a high-spirited young-'un, who, in the enthusiasm of youth, would say,

"Now only give me the right sort of country, and I'll show you the way." I would clap him on the back, as I would a young hound that had a little too much devil in him, and say, "You'll be one of the right sort when you know a little more: sail away, my fine fellow, and may the winds be prosperous for your voyage through life!" Young hounds and young sportsmen should both have a little too much dash about them at first; nor do I object to see both ready for mischief when it only proceeds from mettle and high blood. A little rating will perhaps set both right: if not, the whipper-in very soon will the one, and a few falls the other; the breed is right in both.

A true fox-hunter and sportsman is no doubt in a general way, however perfect a gentleman he may be, as far removed from an effectual fop as two separate things can be: yet I have seen among men who ride hunting a very fair sprinkling of the latter, and it is chiefly among these that we hear the complaint that the run is never fast enough or severe enough to please them, insinuating by this that both themselves and their horses are so superior that what is great to others is bagatelle to them. You will hear such chrysali pretending to abuse their horse: if he happens to put down his head, they will give him a rap across the ears with their whip, with "hold up, brute," to show how little they think of 300*l.*; or, "come up, you old cripple;" or, after a brilliant run, "my old screw went like bricks today." These are the sort of gentry that had better stay at home, instead of the farmers; that is, so long as the latter conduct themselves inoffensively. The sort of men I allude to are pests to Masters of Hounds: they are always doing some harm, and don't know how to do good. It is quite proper that Almack's or a drawing-room should both be exclusive. But fox-hunting is intended for fox-hunters, be they who they may, so long as they conduct themselves like sportsmen in their several grades of life: yet I am aware there is an *esprit du corps* among a certain clique that would, if it could, render fox-hunting exclusive also. But in this clique you would never find such names as Darlington, Alvanley, Kinnaird, Drumlanrig, Wilton, Howth, Maidstone, Forester, Wyndham, Smith, Oliver, Peel, and a hundred other light and welter weights: these are really

horsemen and sportsmen: they go the pace, it is true, and an awful pace they do go; and why? because they must do so to be in their place, and in their place they will be: but it does not follow that *they* would not like, by way of variety, to sometimes see a little more hunting and less racing, and would candidly confess they sometimes find the pace a *leetle* stronger than is convenient. They would not be afraid to say so, knowing themselves and their nags to be *ne plus ultras;* the ephemeri would. I would quite agree in wishing the pace and country to be such as to get rid of the "Pray-catch-my-horse" sort of gentry: they are a real nuisance; therefore it is quite fair to wish to shake them off. If these good people could ride in balloons over one's head, it would be all very well, and I for one should be glad to see them enjoy themselves: they would then be out of the way. In chase, let every one take care of himself, as the bull said when he danced among the frogs. If you cannot make your own way, do not at all events get in the way of those who can, which these folks always do. Hunting being but an amusement, of course every man has a right to ride as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with his neighbour. If a man chooses to butcher his horse, he may do so, if he neither rides over hounds nor induces them to overrun the scent. So have the slow coaches as great a right to help each other out of all the ditches in Christendom if they like, or to carry a *lasso* to catch each other's horse—(I wonder they never thought of this)—provided they do not make landowners angry by riding over turnips, wheat, or clover leys to make up lost ground, or herd together in perhaps the only practicable part of a fence, exerting their customary benevolence to each other, all of which they invariably do. The pace and country I should like would be just such as to make it necessary for a man to ride bold and straight, or go home, but still to be such as to allow a fox advantage enough to give hounds at times some work to get at him. By work, I mean nose work. Without this, I must say I consider a great deal of the zest, anxiety, and beauty of hunting is lost; that is, to a man who enjoys seeing hounds, and seeing them *hunt;* and dearly I love a fox-hound.

If I was asked, whether I did not consider fifty men well mounted *setting* each other across a certain distance of country a good spree, I should of course say it was; and if there were no hounds to be got at, I should join in it. Doing this with a drag would be a far better spree; and really if hounds after a fox are only to race across country, it brings hunting merely to spree the third and best.

I have, in speaking of the pace hounds now go, made use of the terms *now* and *now-a-days:* in doing so, I mean it in reference to what I have heard they did perhaps fifty years ago; for I am not aware they go faster than they always have gone since I first hunted. I am quite clear that I never saw as good real hunting as my ancestors did. I have seen bolder and better riding most decidedly: but as to *hunting*, I have seen more of that in one week's cub-hunting than in a whole season's regular hunting; and I fancy I really do know what hunting means. At all events, I was blooded when only seven years old. It may be said that practice never improves some people: this may be my case; if it is, I can't help it.

Let us suppose hounds to have been streaming away a burst of four or five miles, have come to a check, and the huntsman not at the moment up with them. On his getting to them, it would be of the first importance to him to know what hound or hounds were leading, or rather had been. If it were some particular hounds, he would know to all but a certainty that *so far* his fox had come; and on making a cast forward, they would hit it off again. If, on the contrary, the leading hounds were wildish ones, and such as (when assisted by wild riders) he could not quite trust, he would then have to judge for himself, and then *head* comes in request. Now I will venture to say, that ask three-fourths of the field as to which or what hounds had brought on the scent to a given spot, they had no more looked at the hounds than they had at the heavens. How should they? They had been attending to their horses, looking how Lord Such-a-one and the Messrs. So-and-so *went:* this had given them plenty of work for *head, hands*, and *heels*—with some perhaps the two latter having been most employed. As to the hounds, whether they had been running riot, heel, or hare, they knew not, and cared not

so long as they kept going. Are such fox-hunters? No; but I will mention an anecdote of one who was.

I was out with the Old Berkeley; the hounds had been going a killing pace, the huntsman beat. Mr. M——, as bold a rider as ever faced a fence, was, as usual, up with them. We came to a check: "hold hard! hold hard!" cries M—: "give them room." Several hounds spoke: not a word of encouragement from M—. At last a couple on the other side of the hedge opened. "Yoicks, Rival, and Rory!" cries M—; "that's it." Over he went with a screech that made the country ring again, capping them on, and riding like mad. In a few fields we ran in to our fox. .... Who-whoop! This was something like the thing, *and no mistake!*

And now as to pace so far as it relates to horses. "It is the pace that kills," said Meynell, and he was right. I know what fast, *very* fast horses are, my weight enabling me to ride thoroughbred ones: but even blood is to be distressed, and I must say I always feel that when distress comes on, pleasure goes off. Some do not think so; but of such perhaps the less we say the better.

Having hitherto complimented the *head* and *hands* quite sufficiently, I am quite ready to allow the *heels* their fair share; and so useful do I think them, when controlled by the *head* and acting in concert with the *hands*, that when on horseback I consider they should in most cases have a pair of spurs attached to them. The only difference of opinion between myself and some others of their utility consists in this, they begin to use them most when I consider they ought not to be used *at all*, namely, when their horse is beat. I consider spurs should be worn for more reasons than I shall now specify: but of these I will mention a few. Many horses, I think indeed the generality of them, go livelier and safer when they are aware we have spurs on: it keeps them on the *qui vive*, and frequently prevents them attempting to do wrong, knowing we have so ready a mode of punishment at hand, or rather at *heel*. If we want an unlooked-for and momentary exertion made, nothing produces it like the spurs. If a horse becomes refractory, we probably (nay certainly) want both hands for our reins: what could we do in this case without spurs?

With a horse which is apt to swerve at his fences, we cannot so well keep him straight with one hand while we use the whip with the other: here the spurs must come into use, and in such a case, *cork* him tight, and that with a pair of Latchford's best. Still this would not do in all cases. I can mention one.

I had a mare, as fine a fencer as ever was ridden, but a little nervous in facing any thing that looked unusually big and thick. I could always tell a hundred yards before I came to it if she was frightened. In this case I just took a gentle pull at her, spoke to her, or gave her a pat on the neck, and over she went to a certainty. "Instead of this," but touch her with a spur, she would stop dead, and kick a town down. For this reason I never rode her with spurs. This is, however, a case of rare occurrence, though some race-horses will do nothing if they know you have spurs on, and are forced to be ridden without. The mare I allude to had several times sent her late master over her head: she was always a little fidgety on being mounted; but after I had given her a gentle kick or two with my heels, and she found no spurs were in the case, she became perfectly quiet, and one of the pleasantest hunters living.

Spurs are at times to be made the means of assisting a horse, in deep ground particularly: bring your horse's nose a little closer to his chest, touch him lightly with the spurs, and he collects himself directly, shortens his stride, and gets through dirt with half the labour he would otherwise do. In short, spurs judiciously used are a hint to a horse as to what we want him to do, a means of making him do it, and a very proper and severe punishment when he refuses to do this, or at all events to try. But as I think we ought not to wish him to go when in a state unfit to go, though I do not presume to dictate to others, I shall continue my old practice of keeping my spurs quiet just when many others begin making the most use of theirs. I may be wrong, but I am sure my horses have never thought so; and as I *always* make them do what is right to please me, I think it but fair I should sometimes do what is just to please them, or, to say the least, not to abuse them.

I recollect reading of some student, having an author to translate whose writing was somewhat difficult to turn

into English from his peculiar idioms; so whenever he came to a passage he could not perfectly comprehend, he always made a marginal note to this effect, "*matiere embrouille.*" I shall esteem myself particularly favoured, if, on reading these sheets of "HEADS, HANDS, AND HEELS," the reader does not make the same note on the whole: but different ideas have struck me as I got along, and in my harumscarum *omnium gatherum* way I have traversed a much wider field than I ever contemplated entering. Having, however, got so far in the mire, I may as well plunge a little farther, and try to get out with as little detriment to myself or the patience of the reader as I possibly can.

I have ventured my crude ideas on colt-breeders, breakers, trainers, jockeys, stable-boys, huntsmen, gentlemen, and I know not who besides—a something about racing, and hounds and hunting—and also of riding hunting, which I know is rather a dangerous subject to treat upon: but as I am seldom personal in my remarks, I trust I as seldom give offence; and this imboldens me, after having ventured some hints on riding, to risk one more on the subject of the kind of horse to ride—I mean with hounds.

From the days when men went hunting on demi-peak saddles, not merely with cruppers, but a light breeching, their horses' tails in a club, and a large single-headed curb bit, to the year 1750—when our good grandpapas went out at four in the morning *en papillotes* with overall worsted stockings—any thing like a thorough-bred horse as a hunter was never even thought of; and indeed until within the last twenty years the hunter and the race horse were considered as distinct from each other as two valuable animals of the same species could well be. In fact, in those days—I need go no farther back than fifty years—the qualities of the thorough-bred horse were not called for in the hunter, at least they were not indispensable, as they now are; but such is my predilection in favour of blood, that though hounds did not go the pace fifty years since they do now, I feel satisfied that at the pace they did then go our ancestors would have been much better carried by highly-bred horses than they were by the kind of horse they then rode. If hounds went fast, the nearly or quite thorough-bred one could do the thing; if they did not, he would have carried

them with the greater ease. I am quite aware that it would be very difficult indeed to get thorough-bred ones equal to some men's weight. If a man is only fit to be moved on a timber-carriage he must judge for himself; but I really think any moderate weight may, if he selects them properly, and gives *money enough*, find horses all but, if not quite, thorough-bred that can carry him. In proof of what blood will do, I will mention one instance, and, as it occurred with a horse of my own, I can vouch for its authenticity.

A friend of mine, who was an honest sixteen stone in his saddle, had sent his hunter to my house to hunt the next day, and came himself by coach, I engaging to lend him a hack to ride to covert. I had just bought a very neat thorough-bred horse that had been running, four years old; him I had ordered to be saddled for myself, and a very fair useful kind of hunter that I drove in my buggy, being a bit of a trotter, for my friend. However, more from joke than any thing else, he would mount the thorough-bred. Having but six miles to go, this did not matter; but on coming to the meet, our horses were not there: my friend's groom being a stranger, and the boy who took my horse having lately come to me, they had mistaken the meet. This we did not know, so expected momentarily their arrival. The hounds found immediately, and went off; when to my utter dismay, off went my friend on my little bit of blood, and though I conclude he had never seen a fence, I can only say, having got the start of me, with all the exertion I could make over four miles of fair country, I never could catch him. It is true he had a man on him who would drive a horse either through, in, or over any thing; but to see one that I should never have thought of hunting with my weight going such a bat with sixteen stone satisfied me what blood will do. I do not mean to say the horse could have carried him as a hunter; but he had had such a specimen of the little one's game and powers, that he bought and constantly rode him hack; and when I saw him two years afterwards, he had not a windgall on any leg.

I should have thought our ancestors had a tolerable insight into the weight race-horses can carry when they saw

the Beacon Course run over by one carrying *eighteen* stone in not above a minute and a half more than it usually takes to do it with *eight;* some people, having heard of such things, are apt to carry them too far, and, when told what blood will do, go and buy some weedy bad-constitutioned wretch, and then are surprised that he cannot carry them as a hunter. Now a horse may not be worth one farthing as a race-horse, and become first-rate as a hunter: but then his not racing must not proceed from any other cause than want of speed. If from naturally bad temper, or bad constitution, he shuts up as a race-horse, so he will as a hunter. I am aware, that unless we breed them it is not an easy matter to get a thorough-bred horse likely to make a hunter; still they are to be had. A good made strengthy thorough-bred colt may be tried as a two-year-old, and found wanting in speed; may again be tried at three years, and fail again: he may then be still held over in the hope that when he had nearly done growing he might make a valuable Cup-horse, and thus persevered with till five years old, occasionally beating still worse than himself, so as just to delude his owner, which such horses usually do, master all along paying the piper, whose music is not had, as Paddy says, "for less than nothing." Now this is just the sort of nag I should look out for as a hunter—handsome, good constitution, good temper, possessing all we want in a race-horse except the chief thing—speed. There is really magic in that little word *speed:* it does every thing, from the "terrible-terrible-high-bred-cattle-gentleman," to the "gee-wo" horse. Yes, reader, the cart-horse should have speed; that is, speed as a cart-horse. I have had a turn at these sort of gentlemen; have had twelve eating my hay and oats, and have learned that pace in their walk makes a difference to the farmer. Defend me from a bell-team—I do not mean *belle,* but a team that carries bells:—they will condescend to walk two miles and a half an hour, four horses drawing two tons: they look well; so does a footman six-feet-two without his shoes; and in point of real utility they are about on a par, except to be equally pampered, and are both too aristocratic to hurry themselves.

But speaking of things that really are, or rather were,

speedy, among my other speedy possessions (many of them, "*heu mihi*," too speedy in their *exit*,) I had once a speedy donkey, and the way I became possessed of Jack is rather curious. I was riding, and on a sudden heard a pattering of feet behind me, accompanied by, I think, the most discordant, all-horrible, all-monstrous, all-prodigious, unearthly noise I ever heard. On looking back, I found this concatenation of sweet sounds proceeded from a jackass at full speed, accompanied by that amiable companion for an evening's ramble, a very large bull-dog, also in full career. They passed me. I believe I have seen hunting in all shapes, but this was something new; so I determined to see the end of the chase. Jack, however, soon left Bully far behind, and I suppose he thought he had also left all his troubles there: but he found (as many a good man has done) that troubles hang most cursedly on a scent; and if one actually comes to a fault, some other hits it off, and "at's you again." This was the case with Jack; for no sooner had he shaken off Bully, than the running was taken up by a young fox-hound at his walk at a farm-house—so much for the good hounds learn at walk, on which I may perhaps at some future time venture a hint or two. However, such was really Jack's powers of going, that he also beat young sorrows-to-come into the bargain, and made good his way to his master's cottage. After a good mile heat at a pace that quite prepared my nag for a sweat on the morrow, had I intended to give him one, I made up my mind at once to buy Jack, for I saw some fun in him. Now it was not that he was handsome, nor could I judge of his amiability or utility, but as Moore says,

"Oh 'twas a something more exquisite still!"

That Jack could go, my horse could swear; that he ought to go, the Filho-da-Puta length of his quarters satisfied me; but independently of all that, there was a kind of derisive catch-if-you-can twist and twirl of his tail while he was going, that was irresistible. Seeing me well mounted, the cottager, I suppose, considered a guinea or two, more or less, was no object to me (*Mem.* he did not know me;) so he succeeded in diddling me out of three guineas for Jack,

(just three times what he would have sold him for in a common way, and have given the Filho-da-Puta quarters and knowing twist of his tail into the bargain,) nor would he then send Jack to my house without the promise of a gallon of beer. I have no doubt the whole family at the cottage thought a good deal of business had been done in a short time—they had sold one ass and found another. I was right after all; and neither Jack nor I had so much of the ass in us as we looked to have. I put Jack into positive training; first, in order to see what difference could be made in the animal by such treatment; and, secondly, meaning to astonish the natives at a revel in a village close by with my newly purchased racer. He trained on wonderfully, and I found, that however thistles may be considered by these gentry as a *bonne bouche*, oats made a great change in appearance and spirits. One day, however, I conclude the boy had given him a little more in the galloping way than Jack approved, for he sent up his heels, put down his head, and over it the boy came. Jack most uncourteously left without taking leave, and came home at a pace that said "Swaffham for ever!" Some friends dined with me next day, and our conversation about two horses they had ridden to my house ended in my taking the shine out of them, by saying, I had a jackass, that, give him two hundred yards, should beat either of their horses a mile next day. This put them on their mettle, and the bet ran thus—if they beat, Jack was theirs: if Jack beat, they engaged to give a ten pound note for him. Jack was treated next morning to two runs home loose, pursued by a man on horseback smacking a good sounding hunting-whip after him. In the afternoon my friends came, and we went to the place of starting. Jack knew it well. Now my friends expected the boy who rode him up to the start would also ride him home. No such thing: his saddle was taken off: the bridle (made ready) at the word "go" was slipped off, and, as before, away came Jack, giving the immortal twirl of the tail, and an occasional kick up, with an accompaniment not to be mentioned to ears polite. I do not think they gained twenty yards on him. I must allow they both laughed too heartily all the way to do their best; but if they had, they could not have caught him. I pocketed my note,

and they made a note, not too much to underrate donkey speed in future.

I hope my reader is interested enough in Jack to wish to know what was his after-fate. I can only give this much of it: my friends gave him to a friend to carry his son; but I am sorry to say, Jack, like many people, did not know when he was well off, for after pitching little master over his head, he was sold to a travelling tinker: it was then with my racer Jack, as it often is with many another crack —"Bellows to mend."

Let us now return to the cup-horse I said I should be inclined to purchase as a hunter. Having made no figure as a two, or three, or four years old among first-rate horses, nor at five having done enough to warrant his being kept as a useful second-rater, no doubt his master will be willing enough to do what he ought to have done two years before, sell him for the best price he could get. In this way a really fine five-year old horse may often be got at fifty pounds less than he could have been bred for. But the purchaser must not of course think he has bought a hunter. He might as well suppose, because he had bought the proper quantity of cloth, that he had got a coat; he must get the tailor: so for the horse, we must get the horseman, with *heads*, *hands*, and *heels*, to make the hunter; upon these will the perfection of the coat and the hunter depend. I have heard persons say that thorough-bred horses were seldom good leapers: how in the name of common sense should they be? they have never been taught to be so. They can, like all animals, jump if they please in a wild way; but to do it safely, coolly, and scientifically, must be taught them. They can jump well enough, high and wide enough for any thing they want in a state of nature: but to take all kinds of artificial fences well is a perfection to be learnt. Of course no race-horse knows any thing about it: he has been placed in situations where he never was permitted to attempt to jump, nor as long as he continues a race-horse will he ever be. I dare say neither Bee's-wing nor Catherina would take a common hurdle with a man on their back willingly; nor would Bran, or Ratcatcher, or Sir Hercules: but supposing the three latter were not as racers what they were, had I been fortunate enough to have

got them, I rather think, that after I had had them six months, I could on them with hounds have been *there* or *thereabouts*. So far from being thorough-bred militating against a horse being a fencer, I maintain it to be a great point in his favour. Thorough-bred horses are generally better made for spring and propelling powers in their quarters than other horses. This is just what we want to make a leaper; their only fault is one that a little judgment and patience will rectify, the want of having been taught. The great requisites for a hunter are speed, spring, wind, and durability: all these the thorough-bred possesses beyond all comparison in greater perfection than other horses. Why, then, should they not make hunters? Only, as I before said, get them strong enough. Seventy-four knew nothing of fencing when he was first put to steeple-racing, and I believe was particularly awkward at it; but he learned to jump afterwards; so they will all with practice. I do not mean practice with hounds: this, till he knows something about it, I consider the worst practice a young horse can have. He is in a hurry, and the rider is in a hurry; consequently the thing is done in a hurried and slovenly manner, if done at all; and at best he only gets over somehow. One month's practice, taking the horse out with another, where you can pick proper fences for him, and bring him on from one thing to another, will teach him more than six months with hounds. They need not be large ones either: the horse, after having been taught to jump coolly and to a certainty eight or nine feet of water, will afterwards, when excited with hounds, jump fifteen; if he does not, I fear the fault will be in the rider, not the horse.

I have seen a good round number of falls with hounds, and have had enough myself to satisfy any reasonable man. I speak, therefore, from observation and practice, when I assert, that where one fall occurs from large spreading fences (if within the bounds of reason,) twenty take place at blind awkward small ones. It is to teach the horse how to manage these that requires practice, and this it would take a very considerable time to teach him with hounds. We may in the course of a run come to a fence where the ditch is so filled by briers as to be all but imperceptible:

we ride him at it; most probably he gets over, but he has gained no lesson or experience by this; he is not aware he has escaped a trap: but if we had taken him out, we will say shooting (and nothing makes a fencer sooner,) he would probably have been led over twenty such in the course of the morning, for I would look out for such for him; he would perhaps have blundered into three or four; and, finding a bed of brambles and thorns is not a bed of roses, that *one* day would make him careful of such for life; and so on with other descriptions of difficult places. Fair hunting fences he will of course be rode over; and doing these when he has nothing to distract his attention from his business—which is the leap—will teach him to do them properly, and that in a very short time. Once taught to do this, he is a hunter for ever, and a master of his business.

Of all things, timber is what a horse should be made the most perfect in taking, and get the most practice at; first, because a mistake at stiff timber is more fatal in its consequences than at any other fence; and, secondly, it is a description of one that requires on the part of a horse exertions the least natural to him. Brooks or dry ravines are things he would meet with in a state of nature. If galloping in a wild state he would come to one of these, and was excited, he would as naturally extend his stride or bound to twenty feet as he had taken twelve in his gallop; but timber is quite a different affair. Dame Nature, capital workwoman she is in making an oak tree or an heir to an estate, never made a five-barred gate in her existence; consequently she never gave a horse an idea of jumping one.

In practising horses at a leaping-bar, I have often been astonished at the absurdities and wanton severity I have seen used. It is very common to see a naked bar so adjusted as to fall in case a horse should hit it. Now this is the *very* time when it should be immovable: the allowing a bar to give way will spoil all the horses in the world: if he is a young or unpractised one, we are positively *teaching* him to knock down or attempt to knock down timber whenever he sees it, instead of clearing it. How is a horse to know we want him to jump over what he finds it easier to knock down? And then, if he does knock it down, he is often severely flogged for what he does not know is

wrong. A bar should be well clothed with furze: this teaches a horse it is not to be touched with impunity: it should then be confined so as in one respect to be like the law of the Medes and Persians, not to be moved; while in another it should, like some laws near home, be left so as to be rolled backwards or forwards, just as may suit the will of the higher powers. But though it may do this, let a horse get once hung on it, he would as soon be hung as get there again, *when* he has been *taught* how to avoid it; for before he can get off again, he will be in the situation I well know you are in a suit of chancery, where, though you gain your cause, you are very comfortably skinned before you do so. People will put a bar up perhaps three feet high, and say "he can jump that if he can jump any thing." We know that; but at first he cannot jump any thing in height, at least he does not know that he can, never having probably tried; so, as to him, it seems an impassable barrier: he naturally enough does not try: but he tries to shove it down; if it gives way, he is spoiled; if not, he is flogged because he does not do what he does not know how to set about doing. He then probably turns sulky, and kicks at you: then he gets flogged for that; so he gets twice flogged, as boys often do at cheap schools, from the ignorance of his tutor. If the horse never saw a bar before, *lay it on the ground*—yes, positively on the ground, you will see he will make a jump even at that: probably that would have carried him over two feet. He has already learned two things at this one jump; namely, that by jumping he gets over the obstacle, and that he can jump two feet high: this even he did not know before: raise it six inches, he will take it next time at that height: let him do that two or three times, caress him, and send him away: he has done enough for his first lesson, and has learned a good deal. Put it on the ground again next day; you are sure he will not refuse *that:* then again the six inches; then a foot, and so on: he will take three feet in a week, and very shortly the height of a gate. Another may at the end of a fortnight have been driven and flogged over as great or a greater height than mine has taken; but if he has, I will answer for it he has sometimes jumped it, sometimes tumbled over it, and very often refused it. He has

only learned, that by making a kind of effort of some sort, he can sometimes get over his leap, and sometimes tumble over it: mine has got his lesson perfectly; knows how to set about the thing scientifically; feels and knows, by very moderate exertion, he can do the thing to a certainty; is not afraid of it; so never refuses it, either from want of confidence in his own powers, or from having been disgusted with leaping from its having been made a punishment to him. People generally make a horse jump too often over the same thing: this farther disgusts him: when he has acquitted himself well, leave off; otherwise you tire and put him out of humour.

I have heard people give as a reason for having leaping-bars made to go down, that they do it for the safety of the "man." This would be all very well if bars were intended for men to ride over; but they are not: they are only intended to teach young horses the rudiments of leaping in hand. If you wish to show how a horse will carry over a fence, take him to a proper place, and there ride at hedges, ditches, hurdles, or gates, as you please, and leave the bar in the school-room. A young horse left to the tuition of a groom seldom makes a neat and perfect fencer: they drive horses over their fences; this causes them to rush headlong at them; by doing which they either blunder into them, or do, what is almost as bad, take twice as much out of themselves as they have any occasion to do. This soon beats them, and then they cannot, if they would, jump high or wide enough. A horse, in taking his spring, should be taught to do in the field what his master should do after dinner—take enough, and not too much: doing the reverse will tell on both in time.

It is all very well to say that some men, like the friend I mentioned on my thorough-bred, will drive a horse in, through, or over any thing; this will do, and is quite proper with a horse who knows how to do his business, but will shirk it if he can; but it will not do with a young one. If an old offender, who, from sheer roguishness, will swerve or balk his fences if he can, keep an ash-plant between his ears that you have taught him will visit one or other side of his nose, according to the side he swerves to; send him at it so as to persuade him he must go in, if he does not go

over: if he should choose the former, which is very unlikely under such circumstances, afford him no assistance to get out till you have given him a good thrashing while in: he got into the scrape from laziness or roguishness, and deserves all he gets. Strongly as I at all times advocate the greatest kindness to horses, I can be as severe as any body with a lazy or badly-disposed one, and can bring both *hands* and *heels* into pretty free use; but I hope I always use some *head* in considering whether a refusal of my wishes proceeds from ignorance or inability, or from other causes: too many, I fear, suffer when the former is the case.

While writing these wandering observations, the *heels* have had a sinecure. I have made considerable use of the *hands*, and some, though perhaps very indifferent, use of the *head*. I shall, however, now use the latter for a purpose to which, perhaps, my reader may say I ought to have devoted it long ago—making my bow.

HINTS ON HORSE-DEALERS AND DEALERS IN HORSES.

Qui capit ille facit.—*Old Proverb.*

That readers should attach credence or give attention to the observations, opinions, or facts promulgated by any writer, it is necessary, or, to say the least, quite desirable, that they should be impressed with the opinion that he is quite conversant with the subject or subjects on which he writes. That I am so, I must earnestly but very respectfully beg the public to take my word: that I am equally competent to write upon such subjects is quite another matter: I am perfectly satisfied I am not. Still this will not render what I write one atom of less utility. Facts are still facts, however homely may be the language in which they are set forth; and if the public derives any advantage from those facts being set forth, the end will be just as well attained as if they were clothed in the most erudite or poetic language that inspiration could suggest.

Before any one can be capable of guarding others against errors and impositions, he must first make himself perfectly master of in what those errors consist, and how the imposition is practised. To guard others against errors, experience in the cases where those errors are committed will suffice: but to detect the means by which impositions are practised, it becomes necessary to get among those who practise them; to place yourself by some means in situations where you can hear their private conversations, get intimately acquainted with the tools or means employed, and perfectly learn how those tools are made use of: then, and not till then, is any one qualified to give beneficial hints and advice to others. How or why I have placed myself in situations to have seen so much of the subjects of these hints and observations, matters nothing to the public: suffice it to say, I have seen them much, and now offer the results of such observations to others, to whom I shall only say,

"Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum,

There is no nation in Europe where the horse is made an object of so much importance as in England; consequently Englishmen are, taking them in the aggregate, the best judges of horses in Europe. Most of our nobility and men of fortune are so, and English horses are now become, taking them in all the various purposes to which they are applied, unquestionably the best in the world. The Arab is certainly as particular in the breed of his horse and in the care of him, as we are here; but his attention and care are directed to one particular description of horse, and he knows of no other; it is left for England to produce horses all bred for, and adapted to, their various purposes, and each of his own class the finest animal in the world. Horses for draught, for the road, and for the turf have been bred among other nations, and for these purposes animals have been produced of a moderate quality. But the Leicestershire hunter has been till within a few years a description of horse confined to the United Kingdom: here he has hitherto reigned unattempted to be rivalled; for here, and here only, has fox-hunting appeared in the zenith of its glory. Half a century ago a foreigner had no conception such a description of animal existed. The case is now altering very fast, and the spirit of racing, hunting, and even steeple-racing, is becoming widely diffused among some of our foreign neighbours. Four-in-hand, however, still remains among them a complete stumbling-block; and a foreigner is generally about as good a judge of a well appointed mail, with its four blood horses, as I should be of a Ceylon elephant with his howdah. He likes *la parade* of four horses to his carriage as well as we do; but here his gratification ends: that there should be any in driving them does not come within his conception. He would consider it an ungentlemanlike thing to do, and it would be so in his country, where it is not the custom of men of fashion to do it. Here, to be a first-rate four-in-hand whip is in a limited sense held all but an accomplishment. This arises in a great measure from the circumstance that to become so a man must be or have been either a man of fortune or a stage-coachman. His not being or having been the lat-

ter, leads to the inference that he is or has been the former. Hunting and the turf are also the pursuits of men of fortune. That most senseless and unsportsmanlike amusement, steeple-racing, is, I am sorry to say, becoming so. No men carry out the axiom, "that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," more than the English do in all sporting pursuits. The four-in-hand rage brought out among gentlemen some of the best coachmen in the world. Hunting, particularly in Leicestershire, has produced among our aristocracy many such capital workmen across a country as to enable them to equal some of our professional artists in a steeple-race. Racing would probably produce the same results, but that the light weights necessary to this amusement constantly require deprivation and exertion to attain that few gentlemen are found willing to submit to.

Now all these pursuits undoubtedly render those who participate in them first-rate judges of the qualifications, powers, and merits of the horse for all such purposes as gentlemen apply them to; and the constant and consequent buying and selling of such horses renders them pretty good judges of their relative value as to price. Long may such men enjoy such amusements, and long may they possess fortunes to do so! There are without doubt pursuits of a higher order, pursuits that produce more beneficial results to mankind in general; but every man of fortune has an undoubted right to spend that fortune in such pursuits as he conceives affords him the most gratification; and provided that pursuit be a harmless one, no one has a right to interfere with it. The pursuits of the sportsman, while carried on by the gentleman, are generally not only harmless, but beneficial to others. They give employment to many, and occasion a great deal of money to be circulated. This alone must benefit others: how far it may the sportsman himself is quite another affair: should the time ever arrive when from a reverse of fortune he is no longer able to enjoy them, there is perhaps no living being who can apply his knowledge to so little beneficial account to himself as the sportsman, or one who can derive so little advantage from the money he has spent in his pursuits. There have been some so situated, who, from having been accustomed to drive their own four-in-hand, have derived

a good income from becoming stage-coachmen: the Brighton and Bath roads particularly boasted several. I know one, and one only, who for some time hunted a pack of fox-hounds: but these are a few out of hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have found they could *not* make their knowledge of horses or horse pursuits available in any beneficial pecuniary point of view. It may be supposed that such men, with all their experience and knowledge, might, if they made up their minds to such a degradation, commence business as horse-dealers, livery-stable keepers, commission stable keepers, or repository keepers: they might certainly commence; but before they can promise themselves to go on in any one of these undertakings with any chance of success, they must forget or set at naught every sentiment they have from infancy been taught to cherish, and obliterate from their minds all the high-wrought and sensitive feelings of the gentleman. No qualified aberration of them will do: no, it must be an utter annihilation of them.

It will be said that this total dereliction of all former habits and feelings it is impossible for a gentlemen to effect. I know it is; and for that reason, if he was to commence trade, he would not succeed in it. I never yet met with or heard of any gentleman who ever did, and I will venture to predict that no one ever will—at all events in any of the trades or occupations I have mentioned; and in all probability a sportsman is still less adapted to trade of any other kind. It is not to be supposed that a liberal education militates against a man learning any business; quite the reverse; it would probably assist him in so doing: but to learn that business as a tradesman, requires years of such humilation as no gentleman would or could submit to. Being a first rate judge of a horse will not enable him to be a horse-dealer. A gentleman may know perfectly the relative value of horses, and may easily ascertain that of any other article of merchandise. So far as buying and selling goes, he may even learn where, and in some measure how, to buy and sell to the best advantage: but this no more qualifies him for a tradesman than learning the newest fashions would make the tradesman a gentleman. I hope I have said enough on this subject to prevent any gentleman fancying that, should he ever find

it necessary, he can, as a *dernier ressource*, turn those pursuits he followed as amateur to any account as a tradesman. I have heard many say they were certain they could. I only earnestly hope they will never have occasion to try.

I have stated, that no gentleman ever has or ever will succeed as a regular horse-dealer. That there are, however, many who in a private way to a very considerable extent deal in horses is a notorious fact, and a fact as much to be regretted as it is impossible to be denied. It is a subject of still farther regret, that among them are found those who in every other transaction are men of unblemished honour and integrity. If these gentlemen conceive that they carry on this underhand kind of private trade without its calling forth very severe animadversions from those who abstain from it, they very much deceive themselves: and they labour under the influence of a still farther error if they suppose they can continue its practice without losing very considerably in point of character in the estimation of their friends and acquaintance. Placing them in comparison with the regular horse-dealer, I have no hesitation in saying, that so far as this pursuit is concerned, I consider the latter the most respectable man. He sells you a horse openly as a dealer, as a man who disposes of him avowedly for profit. You probably place no reliance on his word or confidence in his honour. He does not ask you to do so, nor is he offended if you do not. You purchase of him in most cases under a written warranty, or one given before a witness. If the horse does not answer the description given of him, the law is open to you for redress; or if you have just cause of complaint, he generally at once takes the horse back. Now if you buy of the gentleman dealer in horses, you trust to his word and to his honour. If you are deceived, which by-the-by you will find by no means an uncommon case, what is your resource? You must either keep your bargain, or if you hint that you have been taken in, a quarrel ensues, and you are called out for presuming to doubt the word or honour of a man who in such cases forfeits both perhaps twenty times in the year. Such men are, however, as yet rare among gentlemen, and I trust will long remain so. From the moment a gentleman first harbours the idea of

making money of horses by buying and selling them, he has taken the first step towards degradation, and then *facile descensus Averni.* He probably, indeed most probably, at first has no farther view than in an honourable way availing himself of his superior judgment and taste. He is *unfortunate* enough to sell three or four horses to advantage. This gives him encouragement, and probably for the first time in his life he feels the pleasure of making money; and he continues to speculate with success. Hitherto he has done nothing wrong: his horses have all turned out as he represented them. He now, however, happens unfortunately to get a horse not quite what he should be. What is he to do with him? Is he to sell him at a loss? A very short time ago he would have done so; but now the itch for making money has taken too firm a hold of him. He enters into a kind of compromise with his conscience, and the horse has really perhaps nothing material the matter with him. He avails himself of his position in society, and sells him, on his word, as a perfectly sound horse. If he prove otherwise, he does not allow he had been guilty of a deception, but pledges his word of honour, that he was sound with him and when he sold him. This closes the transaction. Having thus escaped with impunity, instead of taking it as a salutary warning of the danger of such transactions—Having once been guilty of a dereliction of honour and integrity, he goes on till he unblushingly (in dealers' phrase) sticks a screw into a friend whenever he can find an opportunity. This is about a fair sample of the usual career of those who commence privately dealing in horses. It is a pursuit that every gentleman should avoid. It is as demoralizing in its influence on the mind, and eventually as fatal in its effects as to character, as is the pursuit of the professed gambler and blackleg. "All fair in horse-dealing" is an idea that some persons profess. It is a very erroneous one. It is an idea that no sensible or honourable man can seriously entertain. There is no more excuse for premeditated deception in the sale of a horse than there is in any other transaction. The moment a man can bring himself to think there is, he would pick a pocket.

We will now look a little into the character and con-

duct of the regular horse-dealer. I know of no class of men on whom so great and (what is much more unfair) so indiscriminate a share of odium is thrown as on the horse-dealer. I am free to allow that if we could collect together every person employed, directly and indirectly, openly and covertly, in the sale of horses, we should be able to exhibit to the world a very tolerable (or it may perhaps be said intolerable) mass of iniquity. We must not, however, from this draw the inference that it necessarily follows all horse-dealers are dishonest. Take them from the highest to the lowest, that perhaps nine out of ten are more or less so, I think, is very probably the case. But my humble opinion, that tradesmen in any other line are pretty much the same, and in about the same proportion, is not perhaps absolutely erroneous. The only difference is this: the horse-dealer cheats *one* man in the day to the tune of twenty-five pounds; the other cheats in smaller sums, *a hundred* in the same time and to the same amount; always especially keeping the fact in our minds, that, in addition to his hundred customers, he would be as ready as the dealer to cheat any one man to the amount of the twenty-five pounds if the opportunity offered. There is one circumstance that ought to be taken into consideration, and pleads very much in favour of the fair horse-dealer (supposing our purchase from him does not answer our expectation, or perhaps his representation,) that is, the nature of the article in which he trades. I know of no one article of trade in which a man is so often deceived, and in which he so often deceives himself, and in which the horse-dealers are often, much oftener than is supposed, deceived themselves. Respectable dealers do take every precaution in their power not to get an unsound horse into their stables. They cannot, however, with all their precaution at all times prevent this. But they will not in such a case risk their character by selling such a horse to their customers. A horse may be purchased in the country from the breeder apparently sound: he may have hitherto been so; and yet before he may have been at work one week he may be the very reverse. Some hidden internal cause that the most practised eye could not detect may have long existed, the effects of which only become apparent on the animal being put to work. Here no blame can possibly attach to the dealer:

he has bought him with every warranty of soundness: has travelled him perhaps a hundred miles home: has had him several days in his stable, and found him all he expected: he has every right to think him a sound horse; as such he sells him: still such a horse may deceive both the dealer and purchaser when put to the test of work and change of treatment. Vicious as well as unsound propensities in the horse frequently lay dormant for a very considerable time: they also may be only called forth on change of treatment. A really vicious horse in the stable is easily detected and to be avoided; but there are tempers and dispositions in horses, as well as in men, of which we never get the slightest intimation till some hitherto untried provocation calls them forth. This probably never has occurred in the stable of the dealer. If a horse is intended for harness, which is a description of work that more than any other calls forth his vicious propensities, if he has any, he is put into a break by the side of a practised break-horse, who knows nearly as well what to do by the side of either a timid or violent companion as the man who drives them could tell him. I could in fact bring forward instances of good temper, patience, sagacity, and, when called for, determination on the part of some of these horses, that would not be credited by those unacquainted with this part of the dealer's business. Instances have been known of the break-horse being provoked to that pitch by a plunging and a kicking horse by his side, that he has caught him by the neck between his teeth, and shook and held him till he became perfectly quiet.

The young horse is gradually and carefully brought on till he is perfectly steady with a steady helpmate: he is then matched and driven with another who has gone through the same schooling. The pair are then driven together till both are become quiet and handy. The dealer now considers them —and certainly is justified in putting them into the hands of any customer—as a pair of horses fit to be put to his carriage. Still it might and does sometimes happen that one or both of them may become unruly or set to kicking the first day they are used. This almost invariably arises, when it does occur, from injudicious or at least from inconsiderate treatment. I am quite satisfied that where one

young horse does mischief from vice, ten do it from alarm; and there is no telling what a frightened horse will attempt or do: he is a thousand times more difficult to control than the most vicious one. A coachman may have driven his carriage for years in perfect safety in all situations, and may be an excellent coachman; but if he suffers himself to forget he has hold of a pair of young ones, without any other fault on his part, he will be almost certain to get into difficulties and danger, if not worse. A sudden stroke of the whip to a young horse, who has perhaps never before felt it, would set him plunging at once. Going more rapidly down hill than they have been accustomed to do will often alarm young horses. Turning very sharply round a corner brings one or the other horse, according to the turn right or left, suddenly on the pole, and confuses him. That most abominable and uncoachmanlike practice of pulling horses sharp up at a door throws them suddenly on their haunches, causes their feet to slip about in all directions, and, unless their mouths are made of cast-iron, severely injures them. Old horses will bear all this, because (like the eels) they are used to it; but depend upon it young ones will not. It may be said they should be driven by the dealer till they are as steady as old horses: so they have been, and in point of docility and temper are disposed to do all that can reasonably be required of them: but we cannot give the experience or staid habits of a man of forty to a lad of sixteen. Boys, it is commonly said, will be boys; so will young horses be young horses. Like youth in mankind, they must have time to gain experience; and till they do gain it, they must be treated accordingly. Horses at best are but brutes; and, as I have before said, no man can tell what their tempers may be when roused. But the tempers of young horses never should be roused if gentle usage will prevent it. They seldom or ever are, in the hands of the dealer or man of judgment. It would be rather an extraordinary proceeding on the part of a dealer if he was purposely to frighten or irritate the temper of a young horse in order to ascertain what under such circumstances he would do.

There can be no doubt, that of the numerous accidents we often see and daily hear of, as occurring to gigs, phae-

tons, and other vehicles, three out of four arise from want of judgment in the driver. He is not aware of what is likely to produce accident; consequently takes no steps to prevent it. He has probably no conception that a strap buckled too tight or left too loose will render a horse uneasy in his harness, irritate his temper, set him plunging, and finally kicking and running away. This horse might have been a week since bought of a dealer, might have been driven in a double and single harness, have always gone perfectly quiet, and always would have done so if common judgment had been used. This is all we have a right to expect from a high-spirited horse. He does not promise us to carry a phaeton or gig down a hill on the top of his tail, or to be flayed alive by his harness from our carelessness. If any person wishes one that would permit this, I recommend the gentleman a rocking-horse. Now in any case of this kind, without making any investigation as to its cause, the effect having occurred, the first person censured is the dealer. No arguments on earth will persuade the purchaser that it arose from any other cause than the dealer having sold him a vicious horse; and he will probably feel farther convinced that he well knew he was so. In short, whatever failing a horse may exhibit after being purchased, whether as to soundness, temper, constitution, or any thing else, deservedly or not, the dealer is sure to be set down as a rogue. If, even feeling he is not called upon to do so, he offers every reparation in his power, or makes it, he will be no better off: on the contrary, it will be only set down to his disadvantage, as evincing a consciousness that he was to blame. If he refuses to do this, the case is carried into a court of law; and whenever any horse case does get there, so universally biassed and prejudiced are the feelings of the court in favour of the purchaser and against the dealer, that though no jury would willingly be guilty of a decision of gross injustice, when the assertions of one party are implicitly believed, and those of the other totally the reverse, it is easy to judge in whose favour the case will end.

Another stumbling-block in the way of the dealer arises from a cause little suspected by his customers. This arises from their servants. If the dealer does not submit to be

pillaged by them, it matters little how good may be the horse he sells: he will be made to turn out badly by some means or other.

Let it be understood that I am now speaking of servants, as of other classes of men, *en masse:* there are many faithful, honest, and attached individuals among these; and that there are not more is quite as much the fault of the master as of the man; for so long as masters will say, "I know my fellow is as great a rascal as ever lived, but he turns my cab out so well I cannot part with him;" so long does he encourage this man in being so, and others to follow his example: and so long as a master or mistress will keep servants who they know are daily robbing them, and nightly associating in public-houses with the lowest of the low, probably thieves and pickpockets, and retains them in their service merely because they are clever in their several capacities, so long will they have rascals for their servants; and such the generality of London servants are, or by example shortly become.

It is no uncommon thing for a gentleman to desire his coachman to look out for a pair of horses for his carriage. Should he be peremptorily ordered to go to some specified dealer, the thing is easy enough: he bargains to get 5*l.* 10*l.* or 15*l.* for himself; the dealer must add this to the price he would otherwise be enabled to take for his horses, and there is no farther harm done than the purchaser paying in fact for his own servant the additional price put on to satisfy his cupidity. Now should the purchaser offer to buy the horses at a price about as much less as the sum the dealer knows he must give to the servant, what is he to do? He has the choice of three alternatives—to pay the servant out of his own pocket, lose the sale of his horses, or sell them knowing they will be abused, and consequently bring him into discredit with his customer. They will be made, in short, a lasting source of annoyance to the master, be a theme of constant abuse of the coachman from the first day, who will take care they lose condition, go badly, and have always something the matter with one or both whenever they are wanted; and finally the master in his own defence will be obliged to sell

them: he loses really a good pair of horses and the dealer a good customer.

Should the master or mistress leave it to their coachman to get horses from any person he pleases, then the case will be this, or something very like it. He will go to different places and different dealers, not to find where or of whom he can purchase the horses on the best terms, or such as are best suited to the purpose of his employer, but to find where and of whom he is likely to make the most for himself in the shape of bribe. If he sees a pair of really good sound horses, and finds he is only to expect a couple of sovereigns; he rejects them at once and for ever. If he then sees a pair by no means intrinsically so good, and finds he is to get ten, he considers of them, and leaves the deal open till he sees if he cannot do better (for himself.) Now, if he finds a pair of very fine-looking horses in the hands of some low dealers, both of which he knows to be screws, and he is to get fifteen sovereigns if they are purchased, in such a case the master or mistress trusting to his judgment, they are purchased. Now, here will follow very different treatment to what befell the unfortunate horses where the dealer did not "come down handsomely." These horses will be kept in the finest possible condition: no notice is taken of any unsoundness in them; should one go half blind in a month, and the other lame, if not very visibly so, nothing is said about the matter; and while no complaints are made on the part of the coachman, probably no inquiries are made on that of the master or mistress: the horses look well, do their work probably as well as sound horses, and the owner continues to be drawn by a blind one and a lame one, till coachee begins to think—the horses having done their work for twelve months—it is time to begin thinking of making a little more money for himself. Then the half-blind one has taken a bad cold ever since that wet night when they waited so long at Lady So-and-so's rout, and it has fallen into his eyes: and the other suddenly falls lame while in the carriage. Coachee pulls up, gets down, and looks at him; "supposes it a little strain: he did observe him slide a bit turning the corner; dares say it will go off."—N. B. It never does though; nor does the other recover his sight.

The few days' rest that was to have set all to rights has not done so, but it has given coachee time to get another pair ready "cut and dried." The lady cannot longer do without her carriage: what is to be done? "It is a great pity! they were a nice pair of horses! no horses could have gone better till this happened!" The lady agrees that they did so, and believes it; but what is to be done? She wants the carriage, and can no longer do without it. Now, though coachee had quite made up his mind that the horses should go without the carriage, it is impossible for the lady to make the carriage go without the horses; so it ends in his being desired to sell them. This he promises to do to the best advantage—*to himself* he means. And here he sees a fine field for speculation open to him—in the pair to be sold, and in the pair to be bought. The first thing he does is to get a pack of low dealers to see these horses: we will say, taking them as they are, they are worth 70*l.* as a pair of job horses: in short, they are worth as much as when they were bought. His next object is to find among this set, who will give him most; if he can persuade his lady to take 40*l.*, he selects the best customer; and, to show his own perfect honesty, gets his lady to see the purchaser, and hear what he says about the horses. He (the purchaser) is made quite *au fait* as to what he is to say, and the kind of observations to make. It would not do to speak in lowering terms of the horses so far as regards their class and quality. If he did, where would be his friend coachee's judgment in buying them? No; he goes upon another tack. "They have been as fine a pair of horses as he would wish to see: he would rather give 150*l.* for such a pair sound, than 40*l.* for them as they are. He knows a nobleman who would give 50*l.* for the buying of such a pair at 150*l.*" He well knows they cost the lady 200*l.*; and thus he gives his friend coachee a lift: and from what he says, the lady is satisfied she did not pay too much for them. It ends in his buying them at 40*l.*; coachee pockets 10*l.*, with 15*l.* *in prospectu* for buying the next pair; which, to show his zeal in his lady's cause, he *fortunately* finds the next day. With them the same game will be played, hereafter only taking care there shall be a variation in the moves.

These sort of transactions of course could not be carried on where the coachman has a master who knows any thing about horses; nor would any respectable dealer join in them. But in almost every case, the servant by hook or by crook will be paid; nor will paying these gentry be always sufficient. Let a nobleman's coachman go into a dealer's yard, he must be shaken by the hand; and if any conversation is requisite, it must be over a bottle of wine: he will expect to be treated something on the footing of a friend by the first-rate dealers. Now, could a gentleman submit to this? No: he certainly could not: he must, however, if he turns horse-dealer, or lose a customer.

This is only one among the many humiliations that a tradesman must submit to, and which no gentleman could brook. I may be asked, how or why the customer would be lost? The reply is, because the coachman would be offended. This leads to the very natural quære of whether I suppose a nobleman is to be dictated to by his coachman as to who the dealer may be he may choose to patronize? Certainly not dictated to by words; but the manœuvres of the coachman will in nine cases out of ten bring the thing to bear. A master, if he is a man in high life, cannot be constantly overlooking his stables or servants; and if he finds every horse he buys of a particular dealer turns out badly (though he may suspect there is some roguery in the case,) he has no resource but to go to another, which most men in high life would do rather than take the trouble of investigation. It is this desire to avoid trouble that chiefly leaves people of fashion so completely at the mercy of their servants as they are; and, let them flatter themselves as they will, they are much more under their dominion than they suppose. This is one great reason why the man of 60,000*l.* a-year pays one price for every article that goes into the house or stable, and the man of 1000*l.* a-year another. Tradesmen who charge exorbitantly can pay servants exorbitantly; and they in most cases contrive that a man of fortune shall deal with none other. There is one invisible machinery in all very large establishments worked by the servants for their own peculiar benefit; in the working of which, from the highest to the lowest, they will join; and till this is put a stop to, people in high

life must be content to be pillaged. To stop this would require a good deal of trouble and resolution.

One instance where it was done in the establishment of a nobleman of very high rank came under my immediate observation, and this probably never would have been done but from the following circumstance, for the perfect truth of which I can vouch.

Lord A. had been in the habit of permitting his body-coachman to purchase all the forage required for the stables in London of whom he pleased. A relative of a particular friend of his Lordship purchased an estate a few miles from town, to which was attached a hay-farm. My Lord was requested to allow this gentleman to supply what hay was wanted for his stables, which request was immediately granted. The coachman offered no opposition ostensibly to this arrangement, and the hay that was sent in was as good as hay could be: but somehow the horses did not eat it, and consequently lost condition. This became apparent to Lord A., and the coachman was ordered up to account for it. He at once allowed the horses did not look as they did, and accounted for it by roundly asserting that they would not touch the hay lately sent in: they had always done well on the hay they had before; but this hay eat they would not. Notwithstanding this very satisfactory explanation, some suspicion arose in his Lordship's mind that there was something not quite right at the bottom of this. The coachman was told he might go, and some alteration should be made. Now Coachee thought any alteration would be better than that hay should be sent without his being well paid for it. He confidently felt he had played his part in the farce so well that the *dénouement* must be the discomfiture of his enemy, and his own triumph. A flourish of trumpets—*exit* coachman. Unfortunately for him, however, the next scene was of a very different cast. The gentleman, who was the promoter of the hay, being sent, called, when a little consultation took place on the subject. The gentleman went immediately to the stables, and there, sure enough, saw the racks full of hay, but not a single horse eating. The coachman pulled out a piece, and certainly the odour was any thing but such as to tempt a horse accustomed to

good hay. So far all was well, and the coachman concluded the business settled; but the gentleman took the liberty of ascending to the loft, and there found the unprepared hay as fragrant as hay could be. The thing was now plain enough, and he took a lock of the prepared and unprepared hay to Lord A. The coachman was ordered up, whose manner on his re-appearance was of course ludicrous enough when compared with his late triumphal *exit*. However, his lordship neither condescended to notice this, nor make any angry remonstrance, but merely addressed him as follows: "Moreton, I am going to tell you a story. It is very generally known, but probably not to you." He then related the well known anecdote of the king of Prussia, who, being constantly annoyed by his men letting their caps fall off at reviews, gave it in general orders that he would flog the first man who did this. It appeared arbitrary enough, but the caps did not again fall off. Having related this, he asked the coachman if he did not think this was very hard on the men? The coachman "did consider it very hard indeed."—"Very well," said his lordship: "now I am going to be more hard on you still: you say you have got bad hay. I know that no horses can look well on bad hay. But notwithstanding all this, if my horses do not eat this hay, and recover their condition in one fortnight from this day, at the end of that fortnight I will turn you away. Now you may go." He did not want a second intimation; but finding his case hopeless, the horses did miraculously recover their condition, and he kept his situation. Lord A. made no farther remarks on this affair, but it completely opened his eyes, and was the means of his making a minute investigation, and a thorough and lasting reformation in the whole establishment.

Returning to horses, it will be asked in what way can a man of fortune supply himself with horses with any chance of justice and comfort to himself, supposing him not to be a good judge of them? I know, generally speaking, but of three ways in which he can do so, and I believe he will find in the long run the first I shall mention will turn out the cheapest and best. Let him go to some of the first-rate dealers, tell them the description of horse he wants, the

purpose for which he is required, and his particular taste in and ideas of a horse for that purpose; let him trust to them as to soundness, qualification and price. It is their interest and wish to give him satisfaction if they can. If the horse pleases his eye, let him buy him; they will pay his servant liberally, but no more than is proper. He in return will do them, the buyer and the horse, justice. The buyer will pay a strong price I grant, but he will get what he wants without risk or trouble. To a man of fortune this is no small consideration, and is worth his paying for to a reasonable amount. This is the first, and I believe the best mode by which he can attain his wishes as to horses.

His next plan is to get some friend who is known to be really a good judge of horses to purchase one for him. This friend will probably not mind a little trouble, and will find what is wanted at a less price, and as well adapted to the purpose as the horse purchased on the first plan. But here again the servant of the person for whom the horse is being bought will interfere, and unless he gets as much as he thinks himself entitled to, all judgment and trouble will have been thrown away. If the horse or horses have been bought of a private gentleman at a very reasonable price, he cannot afford to come up to the fee given by the dealer; and, being probably quite unaware of what the servant does consider he is entitled to, he gives him a sovereign. This horse will to a dead certainty be made to turn out badly: "Master must not be allowed to get into this way of buying horses!" The only way therefore of giving this horse a chance of success, is for the friend to take care that between the seller and the master the man is satisfied. It will be said, it is hard that a master should pay his own servant because he chooses to purchase a horse of a particular person. It is hard; but with the generality of servants it must be done: he must be satisfied somehow, or by somebody, or he will be sure to beat you, unless you have resolution to adopt Lord A.'s Prussian system. Then this plan will do well enough, and the horse will do well enough.

The next mode is breeding. This is in all cases the most uncertain, and in the generality the most expensive

of all. I will take it as it will probably be done by a private gentlemen, and give a rough sketch of its probable expense on the most moderate scale; we shall then judge a little at what we may expect to get a good five-year-old colt ready for use. We will suppose a good sort of mare selected for this purpose, if a superior sort of colt is looked for—and none other has a chance of paying expenses. The mare must be put to a good sort of horse: this we will say will cost 5*l.* 5*s.*: the mare has then to be kept eleven months, and well kept; this cannot be done under 18*l.* The colt, after being weaned, must be kept on grass, oats, and hay till he is five years old, before he can be called fit for work: this cannot be done, taking one year with another, including keep, shoeing, attendance, and breaking, under 25*l.* each year. Here we come to 123*l.* Now, if the colts were all to turn out well, and grow into fine horses, we should by these means get horses at about the same price we could buy the same stamp of horse of any respectable dealer. But in lieu of their all turning out worth their cost, 123*l.*, we must calculate, that, taking several together, one dies, some get accidents, some grow up plain in appearance, and some want action. All these casualties and diminutions of value must be added to the value of what those who do turn out well ought to bring, to make the remainder pay their expenses, which to the private gentleman they never do or will. We will suppose he breeds three colts: then these three, at 123*l.* each, have cost him 369*l.* Now, he will be a very fortunate breeder if he can calculate on a number as we will on the three, by supposing they grow up to be worth, at five years old, the following prices: 123*l.*, 100*l.*, and 70*l.*, making 293*l.* the three. Deduct this from their expenses in rearing, we shall find he is *minus* a little more than 25*l.* per horse by the speculation.

From the representation I have made of the result of a gentleman breeding, two questions may naturally be asked —1st, why do so many breed? and 2dly, how do some men make it pay? I will endeavour to reply to both these questions. Many begin breeding from knowing nothing of its expense, and really thinking they are certain to get a very fine horse for very little money. I wish they may:

but they will not. A very great number are tempted to breed from having a favourite mare that they have used as long as she was fit for work, or has perhaps met with an accident that makes her no longer pleasant to use. They do not like to sell her to be subject to ill usage—which she certainly would be if sold to that description of person who buys worn-out horses. This induces them to breed from her, and is certainly the most humane and best reason a gentleman can give for doing so. If he studied economy, he would shoot her. Another person has also a favourite—we will say she is a remarkably good animal, very fast, and a very fine goer. Because she is so, he determines to lay her by in her prime, and breed from her, making certain, that, because she is all I have mentioned, her progeny will be so likewise. No idea is more erroneous. It sometimes turns out so, but it no more follows as a matter of course, or a thing to be in any way depended on, than that the son or daughter of an opera-dancer should inherit the grace or elasticity of the parent. This is well known in the breeding of race-horses. Many mares, which were themselves excellent runners, never produced one; and others, which never could run themselves, have produced superior race-horses. Some men breed for amusement. Fortunately for others, many men of large fortune do this, and take the greatest interest in the pursuit. Such men do a great deal of good, and deserve the thanks of the community. It is a pursuit worthy a man of fortune, as tending to keep up a breed of superior horses in the country; but such men do not do it, or expect to do it, with profit to themselves.

Respecting the second question, as to what persons do make money by breeding, it is briefly answered in very few words. They are men who make *a trade of it;* and I will endeavour to give some little idea how they do make it pay. They are usually persons holding large tracts of land at a low rent. Instead of paying five guineas for putting their mares to the horse, they keep a sire or two of their own. These horses, besides serving their own mares, are let out, and are a source of considerable profit. The persons they employ in the care of their mares and colts are engaged at half the cost of those em-

ployed by the gentleman breeder; and, what is still of more importance, in every way, the master is constantly in attendance on them himself. No waste is permitted here; no accidents from the carelessness or inattention of servants: every thing is well done, but done with the strictest economy. At three years old, his colts begin to earn their living by tilling or working in some way on the ground that produces not only provender for themselves, but also for sale. They never do a hard day's work, or sufficient work to fatigue them; but doing what is only moderate and healthful exercise, they earn what they eat. Even the mares, for a certain period in each year, do light work, which helps to keep them. By such management, economy, and saving of expense, the same colt that at five years old would have cost the private gentleman breeder 123*l.*, does not cost the trader more than half. Thus it is clear gentlemen will save nothing by breeding instead of, as I have advised, going to the dealer.

Frequent complaints are made of the enormous prices our first-rate dealers demand for their horses. Granted: nor can they do themselves justice unless they do so. They give enormous prices for them, much more than people give them credit for; and they are at enormous expenses in order to get them. The travelling expenses of their men and themselves in searching for horses would exceed the credibility of persons unacquainted with the fact; and without these expenses they could never supply themselves with such horses as are fit for their purpose in sufficient numbers. Four years ago I saw ten horses Elmore had bought at a fair, which, where I saw them, 120 miles from home, had then cost him 1000*l.* He had bought perhaps twenty or thirty others, some at higher, some at lower prices. All these had of course to be travelled home at considerable expense and risk. In travelling these young fresh horses, some of them are almost certain to be taken sick, and have to be left on the journey with a man to attend them. Here is additional expense. Sometimes a valuable horse gets kicked, or blemished, or otherwise seriously injured. Every possible precaution is used to prevent accidents; still they do frequently occur. When half a dozen of these young horses

are tied together to start in the morning fresh out of the stable, they play all sorts of tricks, kicking, rearing, plunging, throwing each other down: I have often seen three or four of them, worth 100 guineas a-piece, all down together. The surprise is, not that accidents should occur, but that they do not occur much oftener than they do. Supposing the horses arrived at the dealer's stables: the riding-horses have to be rode; if they are not quite steady, they must be ridden till they are: the harness horses have to be matched, and driven till they are steady and handy: and the single horses to be driven till they are also steady, and drive pleasantly and light in hand. All this takes time and expense, which must of course be added to the cost price, travelling expenses, accidents, &c. How then, in the name of common sense, can one of these horses be sold under a very high price?

There is, besides the expenditure and casualties I have mentioned, another very important item to be added to the dealer's expenses, and that is, bad debts. It may be said, that, aware of his being subject to this, he takes it into consideration in the price he puts on his horses. Doubtless he does so; nor do I consider him or any other tradesman an object of commiseration when this occurs, provided he only comes in for his proportionate share: but it must be remembered, that when the horse-dealer meets with customers who do not pay him, it is generally for rather heavy sums. Added to this is the very long credit he is obliged often to give. And so far as regards credit, the horse-dealer loses an advantage other tradesmen enjoy. I believe, in the usual way, the generality of tradesmen in buying their stock get three months' credit, and then give their acceptance at two months: not so with the horse-dealer. If he goes to a fair and purchases, he must pay ready money, and always does so. He is of course quite aware of all these expenses, and the disadvantages that he labours under, but his customers are not; and from this difference arises the general, but really erroneous, supposition as to the enormous profits of his trade. Profit of course he makes; no one would wish he should not: but when every thing is taken into consideration, he really makes no more than a fair profit.

We will now suppose that some private individual determines (that is, so far as *he* is personally concerned,) the dealer shall make no profit at all, and makes up his mind to go to a fair and purchase horses for his own purpose, concluding that he will be able to purchase the same class of horse as the dealer, at the same price. Thinking that if he can purchase horses for—say 100*l.*—that he is aware he should be asked 120*l.* for in London, it would be a considerable sum saved. So it would, if he could do it. But before he can do so, he must first get the judgment of the dealer, which he has not; and he must then know where to look for the horse he wants; this, being unaccustomed to fairs, he will not know,—for valuable horses are not hawked about the streets in such places. Here are two great obstacles in the way of his purchasing judiciously; but the great probability is, he would not be able to purchase at all. The regular dealers would not let him interfere with their trade: they would combine together to keep him out of the market, and would throw a thousand obstacles in his way, through themselves and their agents. If he did succeed in finding such horses as he wished to buy, they would join, outbid him in price, and divide the loss among themselves rather than allow him to get them. They are very glad to see a country gentleman or breeder there, who comes with three or four young horses for sale, nor would they attempt to thwart him if he wanted to purchase a horse for his own use: but they certainly would consider any nobleman or man of fortune, who attempted the supplying himself with horses from the same source as themselves as an intruder, and would as certainly prevent his doing so, at least to any advantage to himself. Nor, if it is taken in a right point of view, can they well be blamed. Their trade is their bread, and if they permitted their customers to supply themselves without having recourse to the dealer, in the course of time the trade of the dealer would cease, or, to say the least, diminish greatly: consequently, without any ill feeling towards the individual, they know it a matter of the first importance to keep him out of their market. This same feeling influences every class of men in trade, no matter what that trade or business may be.

We will, however, even suppose that the private gentle-

man does find out the kind of horse he wishes to get, buys him, and gets him at the same price a dealer would have given for him: his business is only half done then, for he is by no means certain he will suit him. He has got him at a fair price (I do not mean a play upon the word,) but if he should not suit him, he will turn out dear in the end, as he will have to sell him, and the odds are 20 to 1 but that he loses by him in price, independently of the trouble and expense he was at to get him, though the dealer, by the same horse, bought at the same price, would have made money. Why is this? The reason is obvious: the gentleman bought him for his own particular use: he finds he does not suit him, nor does he know any person that he will. Now, had the dealer bought him, he knows of many persons that he will suit. This at once accounts for the one losing, while the other gains. It will be asked, perhaps, why the horse should be supposed as not likely to suit? I merely consider it probable, from the purchaser not having had the opportunity of getting sufficient trial to ascertain whether or not he was likely to do so; for it is not to be supposed that with a horse made up for sale, and brought to a fair, a buyer will be allowed to ride or drive five or six miles on trial, which he would be if he went to any respectable dealer to whom he was known; and, without something like this trial, few men could judge how far a horse would be likely to suit them. Horses are to a very great degree objects of taste and caprice: people have their own peculiar predilections and fancies respecting them, which they have a right to enjoy, and if possible gratify. If a man wants a set of dining-tables, he has only to fix on a set whose dimensions are suited to his purpose, and whose fashion pleases his eye: they cannot well disappoint him when he uses them. A horse may also be the size he wants, appear to go as he wishes, and quite please him as to appearance; but though the dinner-table is the same thing in the upholsterer's shop or out of it, many have found to their cost the horse in the fair and out of it is often quite a different thing. He may go very handsomely when properly shown, and elated in the noise and bustle of a fair; he may also ride very pleasantly under such circumstances, but will probably be found a very dif-

ferent animal when either shown or ridden without such excitement. The dealer is quite aware of this, and he can have no farther trial than the gentleman; but his object is quite different: the dealer buys to *sell*, the gentleman to *use*. The horse is shown to both under similar circumstances: the dealer sees that with proper means used he is to be made to look well, show well, and go well; that is enough for him: for he will take care that the same means are used when he offers him for sale. In some elucidation of this, we will see how differently the gentleman and the dealer act. Supposing each going to see a horse with the view of purchasing him: the first thing the gentleman requests is, that he may not be gingered, that no whip may be used, that he may be allowed to stand as he likes, and then go as he likes (this is supposing the gentleman knows what he is about:) he is quite right, for this is the way he will be treated while in his possession, and this is the way in which he will be allowed to go. If he goes handsomely, cheerfully, and well when thus left to himself, he is in all probability naturally a good goer, a free and light-hearted horse. Now, let the dealer go to look at a horse in a gentleman's stable, he will most likely be shown by the groom in the same quiet way I have described: to this the dealer has no objection, but he will see a little more of him before he buys him: he then makes a positive agreement as to the price he is to have him for, if he buys him: this done, he tells his own man who generally accompanies him on such occasions, to take hold of his head, gives him a "corn," in other words a bit of ginger, puts him against a wall, gives him a few strokes of the whip to waken him a bit, tells his man to "run on," rattles his whip-handle in the crown of his hat, and then sees how the horse will look when he shows him. The dealer is as right as the gentleman. They each wish to see the horse in the way in which he is to answer their different purposes, and the purpose for which each buys him. The difference, however, between his answering the purpose of the two buyers is very great. If he does not meet the gentleman's views and wishes, he is quite in his way; in fact, useless to him. It cannot turn out so with the dealer: he has got a young, sound, blooming, selling-looking horse, which is enough for him, be his

imperfections in other particulars what they may (at least to a certain extent:) if he does not suit one customer he will another, and thus he is sure to sell him to some one: whereas the gentleman, in getting what does not suit him, may think himself well off if he gets rid of him at 15*l.* or 20*l.* loss. We will say he is fortunate enough to buy only two before he gets a third that does suit, and loses the lowest sum, 15*l.*, by each. He had originally given 100*l.*, and loses 30*l.* by the two, besides expenses. How much richer is he than if he had gone to the dealer and given him 130*l.* for one that he (the dealer) had bought for 100*l.*? It strikes me, not much, except in one respect, and that is in experience—which, by the by, if he afterwards makes use of it, is really cheap at the 30*l.*

I have merely supposed the private gentleman goes twice to a fair, and gets two horses that do not suit him on trial, and have concluded that on his third attempt he has succeeded. To show that I am very much below the mark in the odds I have given against him, we will suppose that he had gone to a dealer's yard and was shown forty or fifty horses: out of these he sees nine or ten that, in point of size, price, and figure, appear to be likely to answer his purpose. Now, if he would at first tell the dealer the particular qualification he requires in the horse he wishes to buy, he would save himself, the dealer, and his servants, a great deal of trouble. He would in that case be put on two or three out of the ten that happened to possess these particular qualifications; he would be allowed a fair and reasonable trial, and would no doubt get what he wanted. This will show that the dealer knew there were but two or three out of the ten that were likely to meet his particular wishes; and also shows that among ten horses, all looking like what he wants, it is just seven to three against his getting one that is even *likely* to suit him. He rides the three, and finds one, and one only, of three that he approves. As it therefore appears that out of ten horses, each of which looked like what he wanted, he finds but one that is so, it must be as clear as any demonstration Euclid could make, that had he seen these ten horses in a fair, it is just nine to one against his having fixed on the one for his purpose. Now, when I speak of this horse being fit for his

purpose, I beg it may be understood that I only mean that he finds him so as far as regards pleasantry to ride or drive. As to his turning out good, or good for nothing, when put to work, that is quite another affair: he must take his chance for that, as every man must who buys a young sound untried horse. In exemplification of this I recall to mind an anecdote of Wimbush. I took a friend to him to buy a pair of carriage-horses: he fixed on a pair, saw them driven, and quite approved of them; so did I. He then said, "Now, Mr. Wimbush, I buy these horses from the recommendation of my friend, and I rely on you that they are a pair of good horses."—"Pray don't, Sir," says Wimbush; "I know nothing about that. If you want a pair that I can answer for as good ones, I will take a pair off a job that I can answer for; but these young devils I have only bought in a fair. I have warranted them quiet in harness and sound, and they shall be so to you: but, as to their goodness, you must take your chance of that."—My friend bought the young devils, as Wimbush called them, and they turned out well: but supposing they had proved diametrically the reverse, it would have been no fault of his: he could not tell what effect different work and different treatment might produce: all he could be expected to do, in truth all he could do, was to put such horses in his customer's hands, that, as far as he had seen or knew of them, were likely to answer the purpose for which they were designed. He has then done all in his power; his customer has got what he no doubt considers the great desideratum to get, young sound horses, and must keep them for better for worse, as the thing may turn out: they may be very desirable attainments: I can only say I never bought such in a general way for my own use, or ever will, nor would the dealer for his: he knows better; he buys such for sale, because he knows the generality of his customers will buy none other of him, and of course his interest is to meet their wishes and opinions: his own upon this subject he wisely keeps to himself: he knows, and I know, that a young horse from his stable cannot be fit to do one day's moderate work under at least six weeks from the time of his being purchased. Few persons are aware of this; and even those who are so are often impatient to get their new purchase to work, and

trust to their luck that he does not get amiss in consequence. Hence the great number who get all sorts of diseases soon after being put to work. On this subject, however, more anon.

Very few persons are at all aware of the treatment a young valuable horse has undergone before he gets into the dealer's hands. In the first place, such a horse has never done one day's even moderate work since the day he was foaled. The breeder would not risk his doing it. It matters not to him be he good or good for nothing; he merely wants him to look well by the time he means to offer him for sale; and provided his constitution and stamina are good enough to enable him to be brought to this, it is all he requires or cares about. He has tried him sufficiently to ascertain that he rides pleasantly at the end of *five* miles; he is in no way interested in what he might do at the end of *twenty*, nor will he risk his knocking his legs about or cutting his ankles by trying. Why should he? When he sells him, he does not guaranty to sell you a good horse: he gives a warranty that he is a certain age, that he is sound and free from vice; and provided he proves to be so, he has conscientiously fulfilled his compact with the purchaser.

Now for some months before any of the great fairs, the horses the breeder intends sending there are being prepared for the purpose; that is, by taking no more exercise than is absolutely necessary to keep them in health, and are literally put up to fatten, like any other beast for market, placed in an even and warm temperature in the stable, to keep their coats fine; and by the time they are wanted for sale are made in every way ripe for the purpose. They come out fat, blooming, beautiful in their skins, and of course in the highest spirits, but as unfit for and incapable of a day's work as the pampered child of a lady of fashion, and as sensible of even the slightest variation of the atmosphere as any exotic from the hot-house. In this state they are sold to the dealer, who is forced to nurse them like children, to get them home in safety, in which, however, and particularly in bad weather, he does not always succeed. Supposing they do arrive safely at his stables, as he is quite aware how they have been treated, he

is forced (for a time at least) to keep them in the same forced and artificial state. He knows well enough that by so doing he is laying the foundation for all sorts of diseases; but what is he to do? He dares not change the system, except by slow degrees; and this in a great measure he does, if he keeps any of them long enough; but probably some of them are sold in two or three days after their arrival. Now let me ask, what on earth is an animal in this state fit for beyond being shown in a dealer's yard? Why literally nothing, till, figuratively speaking, he has been taken to pieces and put together again.

Of all the internal diseases to which the horse is liable, and more particularly fat horses, inflammation of the lungs is by far the most prevalent, the most sudden in its commencement, the most rapid in its progress, and the most fatal in its effects. It is to this disease that horses in the state and condition I have mentioned are, more than any other, particularly liable. Once attacked by it, unless immediately and judiciously attended to, two or three days bring on the crisis, which under such circumstances mostly ends in death: yet do and probably will most persons persevere in putting such horses to work without preparation for it. By so doing, they are unjust to themselves, the animal, and the dealer from whom he has been purchased, who in most cases, however, comes in for all the blame whereas it rests solely with the impatience, ignorance (in this particular,) or obstinacy of the purchaser. No horse in the artificial state I have described should be put to even moderate work under about the six weeks I have mentioned before. During this time he should get at least two, generally three, doses of physic, and proper exercise, which, after the first three weeks, should be daily but gradually increased. He should also by the same gradual means be got to bear a stable of proper temperature, and get accustomed to change of weather. His drink and his food should also be changed, and in lieu of the constant hot mashes, hot gruel, hot potatoes, and I know not what other trash he was fattened on, good oats and an occasional cooling mash should be substituted. By the end of the six weeks a large portion of the gross and unhealthy fat with which he was loaded will have been got off, and he

may be put to moderate work with safety. I say moderate work, for let not the purchaser imagine his horse is yet in condition for severe exertion: all that has as yet been done for him has only been undoing what never ought to have been done; consequently he is now only in that state when the proper means of bringing him into condition can with safety be resorted to: this, good and proper food, good stable management, and regular work will effect without farther difficulty or danger. There may be perhaps many persons who may think the precautions I have pointed out as unnecessary, and the danger I have represented as exaggerated; if there be such, and doubtless there are many, let them ask any respectable dealer, or any other really good judge of horses, whether I am so. If they say I am, I will bow with submission: if not, and the advice I have given is acted upon, I shall feel my time, so far from having been thrown away, has been usefully employed.

I stated a few pages back, that probably the dealer might ask something like 130*l.* for the horse he had bought at 100*l.* Now I by no means intend to infer that this is about the average advance he would ask on his purchase: this must all depend on the particular merits of each horse. What may be his average profits on all his horses, nothing but his books can tell. On some his profit will be enormous, and on some a very moderate one; some will only save their price and expenses; by some he will lose considerably, while occasionally, from deaths or accidents, he must lose both cost-price and expenses *in toto*. This very great fluctuation may appear singular to a person not conversant with this particular trade: it is, nevertheless, a true statement of the fact.

It never struck me till this moment that I possessed intuitive genius or talents of the higher order: I am, however, now quite convinced that such is the case, inasmuch as I found out, in some part of these hints, that a horse is not a mahogany dining-table: till he is, the profits on his purchase can never be reduced to any thing like a certainty. This arises in a great measure from the very little time first-rate dealers can bestow in the examination

of each horse they buy. A dealer of inferior grade, who intends purchasing half a dozen horses, can afford to lose two or three days in the purchase of them: and if he saves 20*l.* by so doing, it answers his purpose, and he is well paid for his time, trouble, and the numberless underhand tricks he has made use of to get them at his own price—of which I purpose giving some idea when I speak of this class of dealer. Not so with the large dealer: he purchases perhaps fifty high-priced horses in two days: he cannot afford, on an average, ten minutes to the examination of each horse: his practised eye and constant habit enable him to purchase half a hundred horses, so as, taking them together, they pay him; but he could not stand higgling for a few pounds in the price of each horse, or even give himself time to investigate every minor circumstance relative to each: he buys on a broad scale, and, taking them together as a lot, buys them well; of course some turn out better, some a little worse, than he at first sight thought them to be. Still this off-hand mode of buying pays him; for if he devoted a couple of hours to the getting any one particular horse five pounds cheaper, by this delay he would only gain the five pounds in him, and lose fifty by missing five other horses that he would have purchased in these two hours. I know of no man who generally gives so little trouble in buying a horse, or as a stranger is so desirable a man to offer a horse to, as one of this class of dealers: he sees your horse out; if he does not like him, he makes up his mind at once—he would not buy him at any price, but generally civilly tells you he is a very clever horse, though too big or too little for his purpose; in fact, makes some excuse for not purchasing him, so as not to offend you. If, on the contrary, he thinks him adapted to his purpose, he inquires the price; and if he finds it far exceeds his ideas of his value, he states at once that it is far beyond what he can afford to give, thanks you for the sight of him, wishes you a better customer, and thinks no more about him. On the other hand, if he finds you ask something like his estimation of his value. he tells you what, as a dealer, he can afford to give; and if you do not take it, there is no harm done. He seldom alters much in his offer: if you agree to take it, he gets you to sign a

receipt and warranty, hands you your money at once, and the transaction is ended.

It not unfrequently happens that a particular horse or two are brought into the fair for which an astounding price is demanded. This does not frighten a dealer of high repute: if he really sees him to be what he would call "quite a nice one," price does not deter him: he makes up his mind to have him, and have him he will; twenty or thirty pounds more or less makes no difference in his determination, for with a horse of this sort, it is not whether he expects to get twenty or thirty pounds' profit, but that he intends to make eighty or a hundred by him. He, therefore, often buys him at a price that makes the bystanders stare (if there happen to be any;) he is quite right: he knows of purchasers ready for such a horse at any price he may choose to ask for him the day he gets him home, for when horses get beyond a certain price, their value is nominal. It is, in fact, what certain men will give rather than go without them. He knows this, and it is his interest not to let such a horse escape him: he will probably pay better than half a dozen of his other purchases.

It is the usual practice of dealers when they have bought say a dozen horses, to send them off to some town ten or fifteen miles from the fair. This is done for several reasons: it gets them thus far on their home the day they are bought, they rest better out of the noise of a fair, and it saves considerable expense in stable room; for it is a frequent trick with innkeepers to charge enormously for stalls during any of the great fairs. These horses stand in the town to which they have been sent, till those that have been subsequently purchased arrive, and till the dealer himself arrives also. Here he has them all paraded before him, or, in more dealer-like phrase, he has a private show—to see, on a second inspection, how they look, how they go, whether they appear sound, and in a fit state to go on. And here, if the reader were in his confidence, he would hear something like the following remarks, made on the different horses as they are led out. We will suppose the dealer has a friend or brother-dealer with him, overlooking the lot:—"That's a useful sort of nag, and not much too dear. Run on, Jack; that horse

goes well; that'll do: go in. . . . Something like this is perhaps said of four or five: "Come on, Jack; now I like this horse a deal better than I did when I saw him yesterday. I was very near losing him. I am glad now I did not; he is a better nag than I thought he was; he'll do: go in." . . . "Now here is a horse wants but little to be quite a nice one: I booked him the minute I saw him; run on; *he can go;* he cost a hundred, and cheap at the money: come on." . . . The next alters the tone a little: "Why, Jack, that ain't the gray I got of the parson?"—"Yes, it is, sir."—"Why, I thought him a deal bigger horse; but then he makes a deal of himself when going, and that deceived me: the parson got the best of me: he ain't a bit too cheap, and not a very bad one neither; there, go in." . . . "Now here comes one of the best nags I have bought for some time: I look on him as the best horse in the fair for leather. I gave a good deal of money for him, a hundred and fifty; but he is sold at three hundred.—(N. B., being sold in this case does not mean that he actually is so, but that he will be sold to some particular customer so soon as he gets home.)—I offered a hundred for him last year; he was only a baby then; I like him better now at the odd fifty; there, go in." . . . . "Come on: why that horse is lame. I said yesterday I was sure he did not go level, but the gentleman said he never was lame in his life; I dare say he thought so: he must go back; let him be put in a loose box, and I will write about him." . . . "Ah! here comes one I was sure I should not like. I hated the devil the minute I saw him, but I was fool enough to be tempted by price: I thought him cheap: sarves me right: there, take him away; I've seen enough of him; we'll *ship* him as soon as he gets home to somebody at some price." . . "Here's a horse I gave plenty of money for; but he is a nice nag: I wanted him for a match for Lady ——: she is a good customer, and I mean to let her have him just for his expenses; go in, Jack, and bring out the pony." . . . . "There now, if I know what a nice pony is, there's one; I gave eighty for him; he'll roll over—(roll over means just double his cost price:) I mean him for Lord ——; he won't ride one over fourteen hands, and rides eighteen

stone: he's cheap to him at a hundred and sixty: if such men won't pay, and they want to ride, let them go by the road wagon."

This is a tolerably general sample of the kind of observations likely to be made on horses bought in a fair; and allowing it to be so, the reader will see, that if a dealer sometimes buys too dear, how little chance would a person unaccustomed to fairs have in attempting to purchase there? It cannot be a matter of surprise that the dealer, however good a judge he may be, should perhaps buy one out of six that may not pay him: it is only surprising that he should get so many that do. Let a private individual try to do this, and he will find his average, in lieu of one out of six that may not pay well, will be more likely to be six out of seven that he will lose by. Among the horses I supposed the dealer as having bought, was one for which he states he gave one hundred and fifty, and he is certain of selling him at three hundred. We will allow that one hundred and fifty is a strong price for a dealer to give for a harness-horse, which, so far as he knows, has only soundness, good looks, and action to recommend him, and that a hundred and fifty added is a strong profit: granted that it is so; but it by no means follows, if he does sell him at three hundred, that he sells him at a hundred and fifty more than he is worth, or indeed even at one sovereign more: the value of a thing is what it will sell for. He does, in this case, unquestionably sell him at a hundred and fifty, say two hundred, more than his *general* marketable price among the *generality* of purchasers; but this is not the light in which such a horse is to be looked at. He was not purchased at first for the *generality* of purchasers, but for a particular market—and that market composed of a select number of men of fortune, amateurs in horses, who, to gratify their vanity, taste, or caprice, or perhaps all together, are content to give these sort of prices. The man of wealth and fashion will have his gratifications (no matter in what:) he expects and is willing to pay for them. If his cook is really a superior *artiste*, he gives him a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a-year—pretty strong wages, no doubt: still, if other men of the same rank would be willing to give this cook (*artiste*, I beg his pardon) the

same, that is the man's value among those who can afford to employ him—I again beg his pardon; I should say, avail themselves of his talents. It is just so with the horse: so long as he is kept and used by the same class, so long he is worth the three hundred, and if he changed hands among this class, would bring the same price. Though the dealer had a particular customer in his mind's eye when he bought this horse, and sold him to this identical customer, he perhaps knew of several others who would have purchased him at a similar price. In this case then he in reality sold the animal for no more than his value to the purchaser, though paying a high profit to the dealer.

This brings upon the carpet another page in the catalogue of crimes placed to the account of the dealer, which is, the difference between buying *of*, and selling *to* him. On this subject much more might be said than I intend troubling the reader with. I must, however, remark, as a primary clause of my defence of him in this particular, that it is not a part of his trade to repurchase horses, or to buy them at all after they have been in and about London. We will suppose, by way of one particular case, that the purchaser of the horse I have been lately alluding to, without having any fault to find with the animal, who, on the contrary, we will suppose has turned out to be all he anticipated or wished, still for some reason wishes to dispose of him. The first thing he probably does is to go to the dealer from whom he purchased him, and, perhaps naturally enough, expects he will be disposed to buy him. Now I must first apprize my reader, that a dealer would at any moment just as soon see that gentleman who is represented as wearing those pleasing appendages of horns and hoofs enter his yard, as a horse he has sold, when he returns there for the purpose of being sold to him, particularly a horse of the value of the one described. He knows he cannot in repurchasing do justice to himself, and at the same time give satisfaction to his customer; consequently, to avoid, if possible, giving any offence, or losing his money, he begins (and perhaps with truth) by declaring that his stables are quite full; that he has really more horses on his hands than he knows what to do with; that the season for harness-horses is nearly gone by; that he is

selling off his own horses of this sort to make room for hunters, which are the only horses he intends buying till the spring; that in the spring he would be happy to buy a dozen such as the one offered, but that now he should have to keep the horse and lay out of his money for at least seven months before he could think of even offering him for sale." Now all this is more or less true, though the whole is set down as mere excuses on the part of the dealer; and they are most unquestionably brought forward to avoid entering on the proposed treaty; and it finally ends in his giving what is really the best and most honest advice under existing circumstances, namely, that the horse should be turned out for the winter, in which case he would again come out a splendid horse for the purpose for which he was at first purchased. This advice is, however, almost certain not to be attended to. The real fact is, his owner, as a man of fashion and fortune, was determined to have one of the finest horses in London for his cab: he bought him; his friends had all seen and admired him; the novelty of the thing was over: and a new toy is wanted, for as toys such horses must be estimated. The owner was determined to have a whistle for his amusement; he bought a highly ornamented one at the season when whistles were in demand; paid a proportionate price for it; has blown it till whistles are no longer in demand; and, forgetting it is but a whistle, is greatly surprised to find he is likely to pay rather dear for his music.

Mais revenons à nos moutons. We left the owner strenuously urging the dealer to purchase, and the latter as assiduously endeavouring to get out of the affair. Let us suppose that the owner loses if he sells the horse—on whom should the fault rest? Certainly not on the dealer. If a nobleman or gentleman is content to buy such a horse for his use as is driven by a hundred other noblemen and gentlemen, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty would have been probably the *maximum* price. Such a horse, making allowance for the time of year in which he might be offered for sale, would always command something close upon the same price: but if any person is determined to possess any rarity, no matter of what sort, and afterwards wishes to dispossess himself of it, he must either find a

purchaser among those who are on the look-out for rarities, or make up his mind to pay dearly for his temporary possession of it. The dealer naturally declines buying what he knows he must lose money by; and no blame can be attached to him for so doing. The owner forgets, in wishing to sell his horse, that he partly does so because people of fashion are leaving London, and that he is doing so himself: he forgets, that instead of giving without a murmur, three hundred for this same horse, that he would not purchase him at the time he wants to sell him at even half the original price; he ought to consider that others would feel the same thing, and that the dealer, aware that such is the case, wisely declines burdening himself with an unsaleable commodity. In fact, the dealer should have been the last person instead of the first to have been applied to. An animal of this description once purchased should be sold only to and among a certain circle, till time and use have rendered him no longer a novelty, and bring him to the price of ordinary purchasers, among whom he would probably be sold, re-sold, and sold again without much loss, if any, to his different masters.

I have dwelt thus long on this supposed case, to account for the great fluctuation often arising in the price of the same animal in a few months, which does not arise from any diminution in his intrinsic value, but depends on the situation in which he is placed from being offered to different classes of persons, and to account for the fact that gentlemen do, as they represent, often purchase so dear, and are compelled to sell (comparatively) so cheap. But this is not confined to horses only: it will be found to bear equally on any other description of merchandise. The tradesman must have his profit. If you want to dispose of any purchased article, the least you can expect to lose is the tradesman's profit on it, and the quantum of loss to be sustained depends on the judgment employed in the purchase, and the description of article purchased.

A friend of mine, a very good judge of horses in a general way, went to see a horse for a wager carry a dealer's boy over a monstrous high wall. I accompanied him, was much astonished at the leap, and quite as much that so heavy-headed, ill-made a beast should be capable of the

feat. My friend was so infatuated by the performance, that nothing I could say prevented his buying the brute at a hundred and fifty guineas; and if he intended to keep him to do nothing but jump a brick-wall for the entertainment of his friends, he was worth the money; but for any other earthly purpose, he was not worth twenty pounds, as nothing else could he do with satisfaction to any one who rode him. I met my friend a few weeks afterwards riding the beast, and expressed my surprise at his so doing; but he made a very sensible reply, which silenced me at once: "My dear fellow, I am not a very rich man: I have found him quite as bad as you told me I should, but I cannot afford to lose a hundred guineas, which I must do at the least if I determine at once to sell him: so I ride the wretch till I can find as great a fool as myself to buy him." Fortunately he hunted about till he did find the fool he wanted, and got off with no farther loss than the keep of the animal for a few months.

Having mentioned the folly of my friend, and the risk he ran of losing a considerable sum by pleasing his fancy, it is but fair I should mention an instance of my own, who, being some years his senior, ought to have known better. I went to see a stud of horses for sale at Tattersall's; I perceived that one horse among the stud seemed to attract very great attention, and this I thought was easily accounted for from his being one of the finest horses I think I ever saw. But I found another cause for this general attraction, when I heard he was not only beyond any competition the widest jumper in the stud, but known to be the widest brook or drain-jumper in Lincolnshire, where he had been hunted. He was put up with the rest, and I bought him at a hundred guineas. He was no sooner knocked down to me than I felt I had done wrong. Several others of the same stud were sold at far higher prices, not one of which could any way be compared to him as to looks, size, or breeding: in short, I felt certain he was too cheap to be good. A couple of guineas to the head-groom produced no explanation but that he was a very good horse, the fastest in the stud, and the biggest jumper in Lincolnshire. I hunted him; found him fast enough to go at his ease up to any hounds with any scent; nothing too big for him to

take in his stride, and a mistake seemed impossible, so it was at any thing he chose to try: but he seemed to think it quite beneath his dignity to jump at any ordinary fence; and I should say, during three times I rode him with hounds, he was on his nose with me twenty times. He had another pleasing propensity: if there were twenty little water-drains in the field, I would back him to put his foot into every one of them. I was lucky enough, however, to find a farmer who piqued himself on being the boldest rider in the country where I was hunting, and had on more than one occasion pounded the whole Field. It struck me the widest jumper in all Lincolnshire and my dauntless friend the farmer would be well matched: it ended in my allowing him to try "Lincoln" at a brook that had been considered in the hunt as impossible without a boat or taking a cold bath. The price was agreed upon if the horse did it: he took it and to spare. I drew 50*l.*, taking in exchange decidedly one of the cleverest hunters I ever had, and eventually sold him at a hundred and fifty when fourteen years old.

From these two little anecdotes it will be seen how much the prices of horses depend on circumstances. Had my friend not had patience to wait for the right customer, he would probably have lost a hundred by the wall jumper: had I attempted to sell my Lincolnshire bargain in his own country, fifty would have been his estimated price, though very fast, very good, singularly handsome, and in some respects no doubt an animal of astonishing powers.

I have said that the amount of loss to be expected by a purchaser on selling the article purchased depends in a great measure on the article itself. The facility or difficulty of disposing of most articles chiefly depends upon the utility and general demand for the article in question. If it be one in general demand, it is usually to be got rid of at little more loss than the tradesman's profit, provided it has not been used so as to prevent it being again sold as new: if, on the contrary, it is an article of taste or *vertu*, it has probably been bought at a fancy price; and should there be a necessity of selling this, excepting among the cognoscenti, the loss on the purchase must be necessarily

great: no matter whether a bronze horse or a live one, the principle applies the same. As for example:—

Two ladies go to the same silversmith's—say Storr and Mortimer—as a house of undoubted respectability. Mrs. A. orders dinner-forks, spoons, and ladles, and dessert to correspond in proper proportions, silver bread-basket, and a waiter or two, the amount of which adds up to 200*l.*: Mrs. B. orders an epergne of beautiful workmanship, which comes to the same sum. The forks and spoons of course elicit no remarks from Mrs A.'s friends, being articles of daily use and regarded as common necessaries; while, on the contrary, Mrs. B.'s epergne is pronounced quite new, *recherche*, and in accordance with her general good taste and judgment—(Remember, reader, the three-hundred-guinea cab-horse was admired just as much.) Now we will suppose the two ladies, after a time, wish to exchange their different purchases for other articles of a newer or a different pattern: mark the results. Mrs. A.'s articles cost her about 7*s.* 6*d.* per ounce, and in round numbers we will say they weighed 550 ounces: in exchanging them she would probably lose 2*s.* an ounce, about in money 55*l.* Mrs. B.'s beautiful epergne, which perhaps weighed 100 ounces, is not an object of common demand like spoons and forks; therefore, had it weighed the same, would not be worth as much: but it was in no way sold by weight, and all its beautiful and elaborate workmanship tells for nothing; so this article loses, first at least 12*l.* on its weight of 100 ounces, and the actual value of it as old silver is about 25*l.* Assuredly this is really worse than horse-dealing, and the loss arises from precisely the same cause. 300*l.* was too much to give to please the fancy for the moment in the cab-horse, and 200*l.* too much for the epergne. Neither the dealer nor Storr and Mortimer were to blame.

The dealer often sells horses within a few days after he has purchased; but, on the other hand, he keeps some many weeks, and even months, before he finds a customer for them, notwithstanding he has used all his ingenuity, industry, and patience to dispose of them: yet the private individual is quite surprised and dissatisfied, if, when tired of his purchase, he cannot in a few days get him off his hands without considerable loss. The dealer had patience to wait

many weeks before he could get his price, notwithstanding his extensive connexion and knowledge of his trade: the least then the gentleman can do is to use the same patience, take the same time, and adopt the same means in endeavouring to find a purchaser. This, however, he will not do, nor could he if he would: he must therefore make a severe sacrifice, unless he is fortunate enough to find the same kind of person my friend was for many months in search of when wishing to sell the horse of brick-wall notoriety. After all, however, is said, and the sacrifice made, there is no great cause of complaint, provided he has been gratified by the temporary possession of what he only bought for temporary gratification. He might with as much reason complain, after eating a pine that cost him 14*s*. It is true a pear would have slaked his thirst just as well, but he did not think so: at the time, the pine he fancied, and the pine he would have; the pear was too common for his aristocratic mouth, though he might, like My Lord Huntingtower, have eaten a dozen of the latter for half the price of the former. There is a great satisfaction in serving such customers, and it is really cruel in them to damp that satisfaction by even hinting at the price they have paid.

I have often lamented when a boy that the knife I had bought never, after three days, looked the same as it appeared in the cutler's shop: people will generally find this hold equally with a horse bought out of a dealer's hands: he there looks as he probably will never look again while in their possession; at least, this is the case with the generality of horses. They there see a horse brought to the highest state of perfection in point of appearance that human ingenuity can effect, or to which he is capable of being brought: the stable he stands in is so constructed as to set him off to the best advantage; even his quarter-cloth is put on to show his shape with the most effect; his head-collar is made so as to give a light and pleasing appearance to his head; not a hair in his tail or mane is permitted to lie the wrong way; his very shoes are shaped to give his foot the very best form; when brought out, he is not permitted to stand for a moment, in a disadvantageous position. If he is a fine horse, in order to show how little is

required to show him off, you may hear the dealer say to his man, "Let him stand where he likes, Jem; it don't matter how *he* stands," laying a strong emphasis on the word *he;* but depend upon it the dealer knows perfectly well when he says this that he is standing on one of the most advantageous spots in the yard; and not taking him to the general show-place has its effect on the purchaser's mind: it does not look *dealer-like*, and has an air of carelessness about it, as much as to say, you may buy him or not as you like. We will suppose the customer wishes to ride the horse himself on trial: a private servant would probably call for a saddle, and put it on the horse's back as he stands: the dealer's man knows his business better; he knows that horses never look to advantage during the operation of being saddled, but on the contrary set up their backs, swell against the girths, and put themselves in unseemly positions. To avoid all this, the horse is taken into the stable, and there saddled, care of course being taken that the saddle is put on so as to set his shoulder off to the best advantage. While the ceremony of combing and water-brushing his mane and tail is gone through, he has had time to set down his back, and comes out looking like himself and "all right." We will now suppose he has been ridden, brought back, and approved of: he is then not allowed to stand one minute, but is taken at once into the stable—for this reason, he has been seen and ridden, and has given satisfaction, and he may therefore be considered sold. No advantage could be gained by his being farther inspected; therefore, while all is well, and the customer favourably impressed with his merits, he is taken away, lest by any possibility he may do something to offend, or look to less advantage than he has hitherto done. Now the private individual knows nothing about the necessity of attending to all these minutiæ: it never struck him they were attended to, because it was all done as a matter of course and habit, consequently there was nothing particular in the conduct of the dealer or his man. No orders were given; but it was done: and by this kind of apparently simple routine many a customer is *done* also—I should on second thought rather say *induced* to buy, for in all this really nothing in any way unfair has been prac-

tised. The dealer has, like any other tradesman, set his goods off to the best advantage, and his man only done his part to the same purpose. The man who keeps a muslin and lace shop parades his goods, and his Hyperion-curled assistant shows his lace over his hand. I allow this to be all fair, and the dealer in horses and the dealer in lace are equally honest. The two subordinates are also equally honest, though not equally respectable, for I never can hold that man in respect that does what is not the province of a man to do. The dealer's man does what no woman could do; the other does what only a woman ought to do.

But to return to the horse that has been shown, seen, ridden, approved of, and purchased. A few days after these events, the owner wishes to show his purchase to a friend, and recollecting the imposing appearance of the nag in the dealer's yard, he naturally expects he will look the same now, and strike his friend with the same admiration the owner felt on seeing him. Greatly, however, to his surprise and dismay, he perceives him to cut quite a different figure, barely looking the same animal. He cannot understand this: he sees that it is so, but why it is so he can in no way account for. Had he read the few hints I have given, merely as relating to a very few of the attentions paid to appearances when shown by one who knows something of his business, he would not be quite so much in the dark: still, supposing him to make some use of those hints, he cannot nor ever will show the horse, or any horse, like the dealer. How should he? he was not bred to the trade.

Reverting to the objection dealers have to purchase a horse they have sold, the reader must bear in mind my having before represented the passion most people have for horses quite fresh. Now this perfectly fresh look goes off in a horse much sooner than most persons suppose; and though, provided he has been only moderately worked for six months, he is intrinsically a far better animal for use, and sometimes improved to the eye of a judge from having lost some of his superfluous fat, this will not alter the case: he does not look so new (for new is not an inappropriate term to be applied to a dealer's horse.) This newness does, and I suppose will continue to put a stamp of value

on whatever is sought to be purchased by the generality of mankind. To have the first of a thing seems the great desideratum, whether in a horse or any thing else. The dealer is aware of this infatuation on the part of his customers: he knows the horse is a better and more useful animal than when he sold him, but he knows his customers would not like him as well: he finds them horses; he is not bound to find them sense; and till he or something else does, the new horse will be preferred.

This predilection for very young horses would almost lead to the belief that people imagine that in every five-year-old unused horse they have a right to expect a given quantum of work, as in every bottle of wine they have a given number of glasses full: now if there was any analogy between the certain quantum of work in the horse and the quantum of wine in a bottle, there can be no doubt but the predilection would be judicious. The bottle from which two glasses have been taken is not worth as much by one sixth as the fresh bottle that contains twelve: so if we could be certain that in every five-year-old horse there were twelve years of work, the horse that had been used two years would, like the bottle, be just one sixth diminished in value. But this is not the case: the same calculation in no way holds good between the two objects: but between a horse and a watch something like a simile may be brought to bear, as we naturally expect both to *go;* and so they both do more or less; some go very well, some moderately so, some very badly, while some, figuratively speaking, cannot go at all. The action of both depends beyond doubt in a general way on the scientific manner in which the working parts of each have been put together; and the duration of time that each will continue to go depends on the goodness of the material of which each has been made. If we go to a good watchmaker and pay him a good price, he can be almost certain in selling a watch that will go well, and continue to do so, from knowing the goodness of its materials, and the skill employed in putting them together. The manufacturer of any other article can be equally certain of its relative goodness; but I know of no manufacturer of horses; and until one is found, though our eye can tell us the horse that goes well, we must trust to chance as to

how long he will continue to go: the soundness of his materials can only be found out by trial; and yet such is the perversity or folly of men in general, that though some one has risked this trial, the horse none the worse for it (indeed the better,) and proved to be likely to continue a good and useful servant, it is this very trial that will in nine cases out of ten depreciate him in the estimation of a purchaser.

I think I can now bring the purchasing a horse and a watch in such close affinity as to bear precisely the same on each. We will suppose a salesman (not a manufacturer) to have twenty new watches sent him for sale, all good-looking, but the maker unknown: in this case neither he nor a purchaser can form any opinion of their goodness, nor have either the slightest means of judging of their relative soundness of material: all that a purchaser can do is to select the one that pleases his eye, and that he finds will at all events go at present. We will say ten of these are sold, and at the end of the year, like horses, some have gone well during the whole time; others have continued to go for the same time, but badly; some have gone for six months, and then could go no longer; while some did not go for a week. Suppose the purchaser of one of the two or three that have gone well for the twelve months, and are still going on well, should he wish to sell his purchase, and the same salesman again undertakes the sale of it, we might naturally suppose that every person would take this proved good watch in preference to one of the new ones of whose goodness he must run all the risk. No doubt every man of sense would do so: but depend upon it, nine persons out of ten would prefer a new one, unless the other was to be sold at a greatly depreciated price: and even then most persons would still take the new one, and console themselves with the idea and common opinion, "If I get a new thing I know the wear of it." Do they? If they do, they know more than any other person does: at least, it is so as far as regards horses. Now could any reasonable man expect the salesman to take this watch upon his own hands? or if he did, must he not do so at a very low price indeed in comparison with its original one? The horse-dealer in taking back a horse is placed in the same predicament—in-

deed in a worse, inasmuch as a watch is worn unseen by the public, and consequently has not been rendered common in its eyes; but the horse has. If we are offered a second-hand watch, it is a thousand to one that we ever know its former possessor, or that any one will tell us that the watch belonged to Lord B——; but let his horse be offered for sale, and though my lord had only driven him twelve months, the salesman of him, be he who he may, will be told, "Why, that's Lord B.'s old cab-horse." Any thing that has become *blazé* in London has also become valueless, or at least to a great degree it has become so.

A young friend of mine, while on the peninsula, bought a beautiful and very English-looking milk-white horse, and was fortunate enough shortly afterwards to meet with an exact match for him. Their manes and tails were really magnificent; but he took it into his head to dye them a very pretty light chestnut, with rather a pinkish hue. A lady of very high native rank there fell in love with these pink-tailed horses, and he sold them to her at an enormous sum. He certainly sold them as they were, nor did he say the tails were *not* dyed, but he took very good care not to say that they were; in fact, the question was never asked: if it had, I am quite sure he would at once have said that they were. Some time after the hair began to grow, and of course the tails and manes began to put on a suspicious appearance, but luckily, just in the nick of time, his regiment was ordered home. Of course, the manes and tails after a time came to their own much more becoming colour; they were, after all, a magnificent pair of horses, and the lady had no reason to complain of any thing but the price.

Supposing such a pair of horses, with really pinkish-chestnut manes and tails, fell into Anderson's hands; his door in Piccadilly would be besieged by the *elite* of the *beau monde;* and whether he chose to ask two or six hundred for the pair would matter little. Many, it is true, would not buy them at all, but those who were so inclined would give any thing he chose to ask; and probably, before they had been driven a week, some one would tempt the owner by the offer of a couple of hundred more to induce him to sell them. Let these be driven till the end of the

season—they would have been seen by every one, their novelty would have worn off; and novelty was their recommendation: the owner would probably have become tired of them, and would heartily wish their tails had also been dyed. When he purchased them, perhaps not more than one person in five thousand would have liked them; but now he finds no one will have them at all. Second-hand things of any description sell badly enough; but if I was to rack my brains for a month to hit upon any thing second-hand the most difficult of all others to get rid of, I should certainly say a pair of milk-white horses with pinkish-chestnut manes and tails. Anderson would probably recollect them with many pleasurable feelings: I should imagine he would be the only one who would.

In nearly the commencement of these hints I stated my firm conviction that no gentleman could make money by horses as a tradesman. I farther, in no measured terms, gave my opinion of those who use their position in society as a cloak to their being in fact horse-dealers. This can only last for a time; that is, till they are found out. I have also given it as my impression that a respectable dealer is the best source from which a gentleman can supply himself with horses, and have at the same time allowed that purchasing in this way he will lose by his horses if he wishes to sell them. It might be remarked, from what I have said, that the only inference to be drawn is, that a gentleman must either be a rogue, or lose by all his horses. I do not quite mean this; but I am afraid it comes very near the truth. It must, however, be recollected, that I allude to gentlemen who are not in the sporting term "horse men," who know little about them, merely have them as necessary appendages to their position in life, and as objects of utility and luxury to which they are accustomed. Such men must undoubtedly expect to lose by their horses. Why should they not? They lose by their furniture, their clothes, their carriages, and indeed by every thing; yet they abuse the dealer if they lose by a horse.

Having said that gentlemen in a general way must lose by horses, I will now endeavour to show that there are some gentlemen who not only do not lose, so far as price

goes, but who really keep half a dozen or more horses at very little expense. Mind, I do not mean they make money by them; that is quite a different thing: but they get their show and amusement for a hundred or two a year, which costs others a thousand or much more. This can only be done by men who from practice and decided partiality to horses have acquired a quick eye, good taste, and perfect judgment in choosing their horses—a perfect knowledge of the best stable-management of them afterwards—and, finally, fine judgment, fine hands, a fine seat, and fine nerves in riding or driving them. This is only to be acquired by beginning early: riding must from infancy have been as natural to him as walking, or, with a few exceptions, he will never become a horseman. A tailor may begin at five-and-twenty to first get on a horse, and yet make a capital dragoon: he would never, however, be made (as least not one man in a thousand would) a hunting rider. Look at the difference between the manner and seat of a man who began from childhood, and the school-taught adult; the first steps into his saddle without hesitation or preparation: the moment he is there, you see he is at home and in his element as much as a duck is the moment she touches the water. The other prepares himself for the exploit; then prepares to mount; mounts; seats himself, prepares himself and horse to move; and when he does move, you can see by his riding that it is an effort; and it always strikes me that a dragoon looks (though we know it is not so) as if he was afraid of his horse: he looks artificial; while the other and his horse look as if, like the Siamese twins, they had been born together. A man with these advantages can do a great deal with horses: he is not certainly a manufacturer of horses, but he is in a great measure a manufacturer of hunters, hacks, harness-horses, &c. He really buys the raw material, and makes it into what other people pay a high price for. He cannot perhaps afford to pay three hundred for a horse fourteen or fifteen years old, because he is a perfect made hunter: he knows how to make a hunter, then why should he pay for one ready made? To him the making a horse is as much an amusement as making a picture or a garden is to another: he really makes the horse valuable, and has a right to that

value when he sells him. His good judgment makes him select a young horse that he sees ought to be first rate as a hunter: he takes care to buy him at a price that will do no great harm supposing he finds he does not answer his expectation as a hunter: his size, figure, looks, and action, will probably at all events command what he gave for him —say a hundred; so he is no great loser under any circumstances; for if he, from some constitutional cause, is not good enough for a hunter, he makes him into a first-rate harness-horse: the one that does make a hunter shows him a great deal of amusement for a season or two, and then he is asked to take three or four hundred for him. Men of this known judgment never have occasion to offer their horses for sale: it is enough that he has carried Mr. —— a season or two, as it is quite well known he would not have ridden the same horse ten times if he was commonplace. He has no objection to selling a horse to pay a hundred; it lessens his stable expenses: but he would not punish himself by riding a brute in order to make money. There is nothing in any shape derogatory to the character or conduct of a gentleman in what he does: he is a good judge, a good horseman, a good sportsman: all this tends to the results I have mentioned: he is, moreover, in all probability, a good fellow, or people would have nothing to do with him or his horses. Long may such men ride and prosper! I wish we had more of them.

There are other men who are especially driving men: these can do the same thing by their nags, and perhaps drive their four-in-hand at as little expense as others do their cabs. A friend of mine, whose income never exceeded 2000*l.* a year, always contrived to keep six, seven, or eight hunters during the season, and had his team during the summer; added to which his bachelor *ménage* was in perfect good taste. He had one summer got together four very good goers, and few men could hold them together better than he could. Coming along the road from Hammersmith, he overtook a friend also driving his team, who piqued himself on having fast ones: they had a few minutes' chat, when, to the latter gentleman's perfect astonishment, my friend went away from him and the fast ones with perfect ease. They met an hour afterwards in

the Park, and when they had come side by side, the same result took place. It ended in a deal, and they actually exchanged teams, harness and all, my friend drawing a hundred in the exchange. During the next few days the rivals did not meet again. My friend was driving his new barter, getting them properly bitted, and, in road language, pulling them together. The fact was, three of these horses were beyond comparison much faster than his former team, but the fourth could neither step with nor go with the others. This horse he got rid of, (and more of him anon,) and put in one to the full as fast as the others: they were then one of the fastest teams in London, and he made them step together like soldiers, whereas before they only seemed to have been put together to be in each other's way. My friend now again appeared in the Park, and shortly after was joined by his friend and the notorious team; the same go-by was now given him that he had given a short time before, and doubtless his friend thought the hundred he had given for the exchange was well laid out: but miracles never cease: and who can control his fate? My friend permitted him to get a few carriage lengths in advance; then put on the steam, caught his friend, and passed at a good fifteen miles an hour. Had Tam O'Shanter on the gray mare, Mazeppa on the wild horse, Byron's Giaour on his black steed, or Scott the jock mounted on the ghost of Pegasus, passed, he would have been surprised; but his surprise would have been tame in comparison with his perfect astonishment at the matchless style of going, and the pace of his former bays. But so it was; he was beaten, and beaten hollow by his own horses! True, one had been changed; but this he did not know or perceive. The result ended in their again changing, and my friend again receiving a hundred for so doing.

I said I would allude to the horse taken out of the team: he was a fair goer, but had not harness-action. My friend found this out in half an hour, and immediately drafted him: he rode him, put him into the hunters' stable, and he came out first-rate. Now, here was a young six-year-old horse being sacrificed, and spoiling his companions, from being put into his wrong place. So much for judgment, or rather the want of it! Judgment in horses certainly is

not possessed by one man in a hundred who keeps and uses them, and yet scarcely one man in that hundred will allow or believes he does not possess it. I doubt not many a young city gentleman, who daily drives his Stanhope from Finsbury Square to his little secret establishment in the New Road, fancies he could drive a Dutchman or any other horse in a match as well as Woodriffe, and that he could make him do it in the same time; though half of these gentlemen want a hand for each rein, and a third for their whip, and then they would only be in the way of each other. Let the generality of persons see a horse or horses go well across a country or in harness, they are very properly struck with admiration of their powers; but they seldom give half the credit they deserve to those who drive or ride them, whereas a much greater share of the merit of the performance belongs to them than people are apt to imagine; yet it would be difficult to persuade them that the same horses would not do the same thing in their hands. I was fool enough once to buy a reed of a fellow in the street, who certainly imitated all sorts of birds most beautifully. I thought what a deep hand I was when I insisted on having the identical one he was using, and gave an additional sixpence for it. I certainly produced a noise something between blowing down a key and a penny trumpet, but I never progressed a bit nearer the mellifluous notes of the nightingale.

A nobleman, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, many years since was so pleased by an exhibition of Punch and Judy that he actually bought the stand, Punch, Judy, dog, devil, and all, and sent them to his country seat: he forgot, however, to buy the man! In something like his lordship's error would some men be who I have seen ride after (certainly not with) hounds, if, after seeing Tom Smith in his palmy days sail away on his best nag, they had bought him. There can be no doubt that every man who hunts or rides for his amusement has a right to ride as he pleases, and the sort of horse that best suits him. A perfect Leicestershire hunter will please all perfect Leicestershire riders; but many men have very peculiar notions of the merits of hunters.

I knew a nobleman who hunted in Essex, whom no one

ever saw or suspected of riding over a common wattled hurdle or a ditch as wide as a potato trench; yet he gave long prices for his horses, and had certainly a lot of the best leapers I ever saw—a qualification to him, odd as it may appear, quite indispensable. The fact was, his lordship was a particularly active man, and in his own person one of the best and most determined fencers in England: nothing was too big or too awkward for him: he would jump, creep, or bore through or over any thing, and he and his horse went as straight as birds. The way they did so was this: no man rode harder than he did, and that over any sort of ground, for of this he had no fear; consequently he was always the first, or among the first, up to every fence: when he came within five yards of it, he threw himself off his horse, who took it, and was trained to stop short on the other side: through or over went his lordship after him; got in his saddle as quick as Ducrow could have done, and was off again without losing a second. The stiffest bullfinch would neither stop him nor his horse: through it they went, and as to water, he could jump as wide as any horse.

I have been accused by some of my friends of having advocated the cause of horse dealers too favourably; while others of these friends, though on most subjects men of liberal sentiments, have anathematized me to my face because I have not, could not, nor will not unite with them in opinion that *all* horse-dealers are alike, and, being so, are *en masse* a mass of rascality and extortion.

The simile of a man being in the humour of a bear with a sore head, if not a very refined or poetic, is at all events a very common one; but though many thus make use of Bruin to help them out with an idea, few perhaps have had the chance of seeing the gentleman situated as they describe. Now I have, and a monkey too; and can assure my readers that where the hurt is not of so serious a nature as to call forth compassion, the manner of treating it, and the pitiable *look* put on by these gentry, is the most ridiculous thing in nature. I make no doubt but a man who has ever been embraced by a bear cannot conceive that he can handle any thing with gentleness; but let them see him sitting down and rubbing his hurt head, they will find he does it with considerably more gentleness than many a hired nurse

or many of those young gentlemen who get hospital patients under their hands, when in a hurry to get away to put on a proper tie and add the proper quantum of Rowland's Macassar for a Regent-Street strut.

Some of my friends, from their transactions with *some* dealers, are very much in the situation of Bruin: they have been hit hard, and the place is still tender: they are still rubbing their heads, and are driven half mad, when I only laugh at their bruises. Give Bruin the stick that hurt him, you would see what a mauling he would give it; and thus some of my good friends, having been hit by horse-dealers, want me to give them a mauling also. This (as far as my abilities would permit) I would be as willing as any man alive to do when and where I thought they deserved it; but it is not enough for me that my friend's head is tender, when perhaps the hit arose from his own folly. In this case, I can only recommend him to do as Bruin does, tenderly and patiently to rub on till he cures it; but I would advise him to do what the other will do without advice, namely, not voluntarily to put himself in the way of getting hit again. I am compelled to say this has not been the conduct of some of my friends; and the consequence has been, they got a fresh shinner on the old grievance. When this is the case, they have doubly deserved it, and must rub and growl on: it will perhaps keep them out of farther mischief.

I can bring forward a very beautiful illustration of the folly of a want of caution in the first place, and the still greater folly of expecting to come off scathless in returning to the origin of our first injury. When I was a boy, and about as mischievous as most young gentlemen are, we had among other quadrupeds an immense and most voracious sow. This said sow I used frequently to mount, and on these occasions she would sometimes turn sulky, stand still, and attempt to catch hold of my toes; but when she did go, she went like a devil, and tried to get rid of me, which sooner or later she invariably did; for Allen M'Donough could not have kept on, so no impeachment on my sowmanship. This was capital fun; perhaps it taught me not afterwards to mind a fall from a horse: but one unfortunate day, perhaps the pace had been too good, sowey *shut up*,

turned round and round till she got me off, and was making a charge at me: however I escaped her; and finding her dislike to steeple-chasing was likely to end in something to my serious disadvantage, I never mounted her again. I was beat; had sense enough to know it, and to keep out of harm's way. Thus far I took a hint, as I advise my friends to do; but I will now show where piggy did not, and suffered from it. I have said that Madame Sow was voracious, and so she was; for no sooner was her meal in the trough than in went her long snout, routing to the bottom and from end to end; and instead of leaving the tid-bits with maternal affection to her numerous and interesting family, up she gobbled all, and in truth in one instance gobbled up family and all. Now as my mamma never did any thing of this kind, my feelings of respect and duty satisfied me that Madame Sow's general conduct must be very hoggish indeed, and I resolved to punish her. I had not forgotten at the same time her obstinacy as to steeple-chasing. The next time she was fed, I, in conjunction with the boy who fed her, made her mess so hot as to be one of the most uncomfortable berths in the world for a nose. Shutting up the misses and masters piggies, we let the old gentlewoman out: at it she came, and in went her nose to the very bottom; but out it came quick as a cork from a champagne bottle, accompanied, in force, loudness, and harmony, by a note equalled but not excelled by the pleasing intimation we hear from the steam-pipe of the approach of a locomotive. Round and round the yard she went (how I longed to be on her) till the air had cooled her proboscis. Forgetful of former hurts, in delight at the smoking savoury viands, in went the snout again with the same results. A third time settled the business: she wisely gave it up for a time, but eventually got her supper with the loss of the skin off her nose. This was coming off better than some people, who lose the skin, and do not get what they want at last. Let me then advise my friends in search of horses never to poke their nose, whether bottle, Grecian, snub, or Roman, into suspicious places, or trust it with suspicious men; and above all, if they have got one scald, never to risk another in the same quarter,

notwithstanding Mr. Holloway's assurance that one pot of his ointment effects a certain cure in all cases.

By these very homely similes, anecdotes, and equally homely advice, I have hinted, that, although I do not condemn dealers in horses to lasting infamy as a body, I do consider it just possible that a man may get into bad hands; and I intend farther to show that he may get into the hands of as great a set of scoundrels, composing a part (and a pretty considerable part) of that body as ever disgraced humanity: but when he does so, it is nineteen cases out of twenty his own fault arising either from the vain hope of getting a bargain, or from conceit in fancying himself a proficient in matters that (he finds to his cost) he really knows little or nothing about.

If any one concludes, from what I have at any time written on the subject, that I either consider or have intended to represent horse-dealers as men in whom we may place perfect confidence, the fault has been in my mode of expressing myself, not in my intention. I consider them in no such light. Confidence to a certain degree may be reposed in certain dealers in horses; so it may in certain dealers in wine, and in certain (and that certain comprises a very very few) dealers in pictures; but if a man who is not a judge will go to either and make his own purchases, he will to a certainty be more or less taken in; that is, he will not get the best value for his money given him. If first-rate men in their way, they will not venture to give you an *absolutely* unsound or decidedly vicious horse in face of their warranty to the contrary; decidedly pricked wine for sound; or a known copy for a genuine Claude, Titian, or Domenichino; but you will be all but certain to get as inferior an article of these several commodities as their risk of character will permit them to put into your hands at the price given. They are tradesmen: their object is to make money; and while they do not do any thing absolutely dishonest, their consciences and ideas are like those of many attorneys, who consider nothing dishonourable that is not contrary to law.

I have said that I believed a respectable horse-dealer was in the end, perhaps, all things considered, the best mode by which a man of fortune could supply himself

with horses, and the cheapest—I should rather have said the *least dear*. This I only mean when put in competition with (in the generality of cases) breeding, or personally attending fairs, and supposing him not to be a judge of horses; but I apprize him that what he calls "taken in" he will be, go where he will; that is, he will on an average lose by every horse he buys. I remember I have mentioned the Elmores and Andersons as dealers. I beg, however, it may be understood that I merely did so as men whose names are well known and as among the leading men in their trade; by no means meaning to infer that there are not many entitled to quite as much confidence, and who are in every sense of the word quite as respectable men: in fact, neither with Messrs. Elmore nor Anderson have I ever had one single transaction in my life, either in buying or selling. With the late Mr. George Elmore I have, and can only say, that the man who possesses the straight-forward honourable way of doing business, the courteous and I may say gentleman-like manners and address of him, is a *rara avis* of a horse-dealer. I have no doubt his conduct is hereditary, but, if not, I could not give kinder advice than recommending others to imitate their predecessor.

To show the estimation in which I hold the words or assurances of *dealers in any thing* (consequently of horse-dealers,) I never suffer myself to be guided by one word they say. I do not tell them to hold their tongues; first, because it would be rude and offensive to do so; and, secondly, because they have a right to talk; but with me they talk to the winds. All traders will say what they think most likely to recommend their goods, truth or not truth: my questions to a dealer about his horse are very few, and for this reason: if answering truly would deteriorate the horse in my estimation, I should *possibly* not be told the truth; consequently I am probably only asking for a falsehood; and if the truth would be a recommendation, and I should therefore be told it, I should then be quite uncertain whether to believe it or not. If a man is not a judge of a horse, he has no business going personally to dealers in horses: if he is not a judge of a picture, he has no business to go to a picture dealer: he may purchase of both,

but in the name of common sense let him send or take some one to buy for him who is a judge of what is wanted: and *he* must keep his eyes open; he will want both of them in buying from the most honest trader.

If I want a horse for myself or friends, and go to a dealer's yard, I first state what sort of horse I want, and like, and for what purpose I want him. This looks like business, looks as if I knew what I do want (*Mem.* many people do not,) and shows I do not wish to take or give unnecessary trouble. It certainly by no means ensures my being shown what will suit me; but it ensures my being shown what comes the nearest to it of such as the dealer has. If I do not like his appearance or action, three minutes settles that: I civilly thank him for the sight of his horse, and give no farther trouble. If I do like him, I merely ask, "Do you WARRANT him sound and free from vice?" If he does, I ask his price: if a reasonable one, I try him: if more is asked than I choose to give, I never ride or drive a horse till I get him to or very nearly to the price I make up my mind to give. I never try a horse till I have determined to buy him. Never suffer myself to be talked into putting up with what I see and know to be an objection, nor ever make one without good reason. No respectable dealer is ever angry at your objecting to what he knows to be objectionable: on the contrary, he respects your judgment, however much he may regret his not having found a flat. If the dealer says he cannot warrant the horse because he has a corn, or thrush, or some such trivial matter, let no man who is not conversant with such matters touch him: he would probably get a decided screw. Personally I should not reject such a horse if I liked him in other respects, as I well know and every horseman knows, hundreds of horses could not be passed as sound by a veterinary surgeon that are just as good or nearly so to any one (but a respectable dealer) as if they were. Under these circumstances I take the *ipse dixit* of no man. I might be told he "had a slight jack," was "a little rough in both hocks," but "it was natural;" had a "splint," but "it was only on the bone, and did not touch the sinew;" or many other things of this sort. I listen to all this: but I do not allow my attention to be *fixed* on a grievance that is perhaps in point

of fact no grievance at all. The "slight jack," or the "little roughness on both hocks," would certainly induce me to see that there was not one or a couple of whacking spavins: if I found there was, of course that would end the business; but if I found that in this particular there was not much the matter, or possibly nothing at all the matter, all the dealer could say to persuade me that *this* was *the* grievance would have no more effect on me, than, if I saw there was a failing, all he could say would have to persuade me there was not. I might perhaps rather surprise a dealer who had pointed out to me a splint as a cause of unsoundness in a horse by not minutely examining the diseased part, but by immediately very minutely examining his eyes, watching his flanks, or catching hold of his head, and with my stick *in terrorem* or reality, ascertaining, whether, instead of his being in one respect an imperfect horse, he is not in another a very perfect *bull*—a term not known to every one, for though they probably know the old adage, that though a mare is a horse, a horse is not a mare, they have yet to learn that, though a bull is not a horse, a horse is very frequently a bull.

I do not mean to say any respectable dealer would be guilty of such tricks; his character would be too much at stake: but if, for instance, a man not a judge went to a dealer in horses, or any thing else, and it was known he was going abroad, or where his good or bad word could have no effect, if in making a purchase he did not get, in horse-dealer's phrase, A DIG, I am a bad prophet.

Nothing can be more absurd, nor is there any thing more annoying to a dealer, than for a man who is not a judge of horses himself to take a man with him to look at a horse or horses who fancies himself one without being so. Such a man does not know enough to see the merits of a horse, but is sure (as he thinks to show his judgment) to find fault. With such a companion, a man may look at a hundred horses without buying one: this *soi-disant* judge thinks, by finding fault, he shows how wide-awake he is: the result in nine cases out of ten is, he rejects horses that would suit his friend's purpose, and buys some wretch at last.

Now, on the contrary, if the purchaser is a man that a

dealer knows it is his interest to use well, he in no shape objects to his bringing a sensible, liberal, and thorough good judge with him: he will know that the merits of his horses will be properly appreciated, their imperfections estimated by a proper scale; and if they are adapted to the purpose they are wanted for, they will be recommended to be purchased. It must, however, be understood, that in taking such a judge with you, what and all as a purchaser you have a right to expect is this: you will most probably get a sound horse, and one that is likely to answer your purpose. Price is another thing; and should you not find this horse what you want, you must not expect your friend to be able to get you a hundred for him, though he recommended you to give that sum: he only did so from knowing the horse was as well worth a hundred as any one you could get from a dealer's stable. But, as I have before said, if you buy of a dealer, and then want to sell, lose you must, and lose you will, go to what dealer you may, unless you are yourself a dealer, not because the dealer is unprincipled as a man, but because he *is* a dealer and you are *not*.

I may be asked if it is *impossible* for a man to buy of a dealer without losing money by his purchase? Certainly not. If a man has judgment enough, as I have before expressed it, to buy the raw *material* of a dealer, and then by his fine riding or driving and stable management to manufacture this raw *material* into a superior article, then he will not lose, and may probably make money; but if a man merely buys an article or a horse, and wants to sell that article or horse again, if no better than when he bought the article or horse, lose he must, even supposing he was not imposed upon in his purchase. Men who are really workmen as riders or drivers buy of dealers, because they know that by giving (we will say) their 100*l.* for a horse, they can make him worth twice that sum. Such men, if wanting a hunter, need not go to Tom Smart to buy one; and for this reason: he buys made-hunters, gives an unlimited price for them: these men can make their own hunters, so are bad customers to Tom: but a man who is not a *bonâ fide* workman cannot do better than go to him; he will give him a horse made to his hands: the only con-

sequence will be, he has given 150*l.*, and will charge them on an average perhaps 50*l.* for his judgment in buying; and this 50*l.* a man has a right to pay if he wishes to be well carried, and has not judgment of his own. Pay Tom a good price, I will answer for it he gives you a good hunter, *though he is a dealer*, and was not always what he is now: no man knows a hunter better than Smart; and no man (mind me, as a dealer) will deal more liberally with him. I never bought a horse of him in my life, nor ever shall: I cannot afford it. I have sold horses to him, and a good buyer he is. So much for Tom Smart, the prince of dealers in hunters.

I might be asked by any one willing to pay a good price, whether, if he went to a dealer and said he wanted a very fine pair of carriage horses, and was willing to give a price equal to their merits, he should not get such? I have no hesitation in saying, that if he went to a respectable man he would get a pair of fine sound horses. I might then be asked, if he went and said he wanted as fine a pair of horses as any man in London had, and would give as good a price for them, whether he would get them? I would at once answer him (if he was not a judge,) certainly not. The reply might naturally be, that his money was worth as much as any other man's: certainly it would be, but his judgment would not; consequently, though the dealer would show him and sell him a fine pair of horses, he would not give him as fine a pair of horses as any man in London had (supposing the dealer to possess such:) and why? because the dealer would know he had shown him a pair quite good enough to answer the purpose he wanted them for: a pair of more merit would not be properly appreciated by such a customer, and in fact would be thrown away upon him: but above all, as a tradesman, the dealer would never give a superior article where an inferior one is to be got rid of.

I think I hear a tradesman, or dealer, or merchant, whichever they please to call themselves, in other articles, say, "This may be all very well in a horse-dealer, but we should not consider it *honourable* in *our* business." I *hear* you, gentlemen. I have not said it is *honourable* in the horse-dealer. You say, you should not do so in

your business: though not a very polite man, I am too polite to contradict you: but, be your business what it may, if I want any article in which you deal, and am not a judge of it myself, you will, in accordance with the liberal sentiments you profess, excuse me if I bring some one with me who is, before I buy of you, though I know that "Brutus is an honourable man."

I may now be asked, how the dealer should know that his customer is not a judge of horses? To this I make answer, that most men who are, and are men who will give long prices, are perfectly well-known to all first-rate dealers; consequently, if a stranger enters the yard, they know he is not one of them at all events. But it may be said he may still be a good judge: if he is, the dealer will, in nine cases out of ten, detect him at once. There is a kind of free-masonry among horsemen, as among gentlemen, that enables both to find a kindred spirit in a very short time. Let fifty passengers embark in one of our steamers for only a twenty-four hours' voyage, before one quarter of that time has elapsed it will be found that those who are gentlemen have found each other out, and naturally congregate and enter into conversation with each other. Having done this, if there are three or four sporting men on board, my life on it they also single out themselves. Whatever may be a man's favourite pursuit, some observation is sure shortly to detect it. Thus, let two men enter a dealer's yard, the one a horseman the other not, two or three observations made by each, perhaps the very first made, will show which is which. From this the dealer takes his cue, and acts accordingly. Nor indeed is any verbal observation necessary. Let the two only walk round the stables: the man who is a judge will stop opposite and look at only such horses as are of a good sort for *some* purpose; the other will either indiscriminately look at all, good or bad, or very probably be taken by the appearance of such nags as the other never gave a second look at. Now, though, while this is going on, people may not keep an eye on the dealer, he is keeping his on them, and a watchful one too. This is part of his business. If he is a man *au fait de son metier*, it will be observed, that, however much a dealer may subsequently talk, he seldom

says much on a stranger first going into his stable. He probably touches his hat, civilly opens his doors (if shut,) and follows him, watching, as I have said, every cast of the eye and act of his customer: in short, he *feels* his man before he ventures to make an observation himself: for if, for instance, he was to point out some flashy nondescript spider-legged wretch to a judge, he would turn round and give him a look, as much as to say "You are either a rogue or take me for a fool;" neither of which conclusions it is the dealer's interest his customer should draw. On the other hand, if he was to particularize a really good sort of horse, without such an imposing appearance in the stable as his showy neighbour, the non-judge would draw the same conclusion as the other. So, in either case, the dealer would get into a scrape, and for this reason he wisely holds his tongue till he finds in what way he should employ it to advantage. If from the taciturnity or equivocal conduct of his customers the dealer should still have any doubts on his mind about them, let the two go into a horse's stall to look at him; the thing is settled; the mere manner of doing this decides it. The one, after looking scientifically at his horse, speaks to him, and then walks decisively at once up to his head, and keeps that wary look at his heels and eye as he approaches him which experience has taught him is a necessary precaution. The very "wo-ho, horse," or "wo-ho, my man," as he goes up to him, shows the dealer his customer knows what he is about. He now knows what to do, and what kind of language to hold. But let the other attempt the same thing, he could no more do it in the same way than he could fly: he would (at least such men generally, I may say invariably, do) make his selection out of three ways of proceeding: he would be afraid to enter the stall at all, but stand squinting round the post, forgetting a horse was in the next very likely to resent his propinquity to him; or if he did venture into the stall, he would do so in that hesitating manner that would show the horse he was afraid of him, and induce him to take some very rough liberties if so inclined; or he would (from not knowing his danger) go so suddenly into the stall as to take the horse by surprise, who in return would probably very much surprise the gentleman by his heels or mouth, for his looking

to see if the rack-chain was loose or on the head collar would be out of question. In either of these last cases, I will answer for it he places himself just in that situation in the stall, that, should a horse strike or bite, he is sure to nail my gentleman against the standing, or eject him by a very summary process: serves him right: he was as much out of his place in a dealer's stable as the dealer would be in the Marchioness of Londonderry's drawing room. But supposing so *funeste* a catastrophe not to have occurred, the dealer is by this time satisfied beyond doubt how to treat this customer, who, of course, considers himself quite equal to purchase for himself, or he would not have gone there. He therefore begins something in this strain: "I see, sir, you are no bad judge; you have not picked out a very bad 'un. I saw you looked at all the best horses I have." Nothing but oil runs so smoothly down the back as a little well-timed flattery.—"I say, Jem," says one of the helpers to another, "master's giving him the soap pretty well I thank ye." The soap, however, as Tom elegantly styles it, takes effect, and now, *caveat emptor*, or you will get pretty well *lathered.*

The horse is now ordered out, and we will suppose the other is also out by order of the judge. The proceedings of the two will have been different even while the bridles are putting on. The Muff will probably (in as he thinks a knowing way) say, "Come, none of your ginger."—"Oh no, sir," says the man, "master never allows it." Muff turns round, hums a bar or two of "Ah che forse in tai momenti," or a scena in *La Sonnambula:* while so doing, in goes the ginger, and out goes the horse. "No want of ginger there, sir."—Now the other has given no such directions, but, if he objects to it, has never taken his eye off the horse: so either allows its being done, or prevents it, as he wishes. They now severally take a general and cursory view of the horses, but from very different reasons. Muff looks generally, because he does not know how or where to look critically: he perhaps lifts up a foot, because he thinks he ought to do so, by which he gains about as much information as if he looked into a coal-scuttle. If he desires the horse's mouth to be opened, he learns by this that there is a tongue there, but nothing more. But

let me tell him, he has really, without intending, learned something by this; for though such an idea never entered his head, he might have found the horse had lost part of that. He now, having seen as much as *he* would see if he looked for a twelvemonth, most probably orders the nagsman to mount him, who of course rides him in the way most likely to please, either by letting him go quite quietly, or making him curvet all down the ride or yard. He then desires to ride him himself; orders the stirrups to be lengthened, measures their length by his arm, twists his fingers *en Dragoon* in the mane; motion one, two, three, and he is mounted. He rides, looking at every visible part of himself, for in his opinion a very good reason—to see how he looks—and he then looks at every visible part of his horse. With the investigation of himself, I will answer for it he is perfectly satisfied, and with that of the horse, not knowing enough to be the reverse, if he has been carried easily, he is probably satisfied also. He returns, now Tom's master's soap goes to work again: "That horse will make you a beautiful charger, sir: there won't be many such in your regiment."—"I am not in the army."—"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir, I thought from your riding you was."—(*Mem.* "a civil man this dealer.")—Muff now dismounts: the nag goes into the stable, the gentleman into the counting-house, gives his check, and is lucky if he does not shortly find out that his purse has got one in return to a tolerable stiff amount. The gentleman now walks off, but the nagsman has been watching him—or the *office* is given that he is going. He is allowed to get to the gate, that the dealer may be supposed not to know what is going on, though it was very likely himself who gave the man the signal. Up comes nagsman, touches his hat—"Beg your pardon, sir! the nagsman, sir, if you please!"—"Oh, certainly!" Out comes the purse. Tom sees half-a-crown coming out of that. "You've got a nice horse, sir!"—"Well, I think he is." Out follows another shilling. "I pinted out that horse to you, sir, when you came into the stable: I knew he would suit you:" (another shilling:) "I am glad you've got him, sir,"—(no lie this)—"for though he's as quiet as a lamb, he is a high-couraged horse, and 'tisn't every man can ride him as you can." (Shilling the

third.) Tom sees the purse closing, so, finding soap will do no more, he touches his hat again; in goes the money into his pocket; in goes his tongue into one cheek; and then in goes Tom and two or three companions to the public-house, takes something short, and then goes to see what is to be done with the other customer, about whom he makes inquiry something in this way: "I say, Jem, which way did that covey go with t'other horse? Oh, here he comes; he's a wide-awake chap that, I'll pound him; soap won't do with he."

We left this covey, as Tom in his aristocratic language termed him, taking a cursory look at the horse. I may be asked why *he* takes only a cursory look at him? For a very different reason from that which induced Muff to do the same thing: he only in this stage of the business does this to see how he likes his general appearance, for it would be useless to take the trouble to minutely examine a horse (a thing not to be done in a minute,) and then find, on seeing him move, that he had no more action than a three-legged stool. After therefore having ascertained from his general appearance whether he quite likes it or not, he sees him run: if he likes it, he does so to ascertain whether his action corresponds with his looks: if it does not, he saves all trouble by ordering him in. This order Tom knows it is useless to hesitate in obeying, for, as he says, soap persuasion is of no use here. If this purchaser should not like much the looks of the nag, he orders him to be moved that he may ascertain whether his action is such as to make amends for his want of appearance. For this, he does not, as Muff did, direct Tom to mount him: he merely says (for such men in these cases deal pretty much in monosyllabic terms,) "go on, walk." If this pleases him, or nearly so, he then merely says, "run on." When he has seen enough of his trot, on the horse returning he holds up his hand: "wo-ho." The nag is now placed against the wall: "give him the length of his bridle, and let him stand." The dealer and his men well know what this means, and by this time thoroughly know the sort of customer they have to deal with. They see he is, as Tom says, wide awake: they know he will have his own way, and see the horse in his own way, or not look at him at all. It is true,

that if this horse has been but two days in the dealer's stable, he has been taught his lesson too well not to be kept on the *qui vive*, if wished, by private signals (not very easy to detect,) in spite of the man at his head pretending to coax him to stand still. But, in Tom's phrase, he knows very well that "Wide-awake won't have it;" so still he does stand. And now he examines him in earnest: he looks at him, sideways, before and behind, looks minutely at those parts of his shape and make that indicate the possession or want of powers for the purpose for which he intends him; carefully looks and ascertains whether he stands well and firmly on his legs, and whether they are placed as legs should be: he then examines him as to soundness, not merely to ascertain whether he is sound at the present moment (for the dealer having warranted *to such a man*, the probability is that he is sound,) but he looks carefully to see whether there is any thing that indicates a disposition to unsoundness, as in that case he might be very sound to-day and very unsound in a week's time, without the right to return him. When he takes up his foot, he looks at those parts that are generally the present or future seat of disease: he looks at his mouth, and learns all Muff did by so doing, and a little more: he does not merely look to see if the appearance of the mouth corresponds with the age told him, for he pretty well guesses that the mouth will naturally (or by artificial means be made to) indicate the specified age; but it is to be certain that artificial means have not been resorted to that he looks, and this nothing short of a very competent judge can detect. Should the horse show much unwillingness to allow his mouth to be opened, our friend Wide-awake would examine it with double scrutiny; and if he found no tricks had been played as to age, he would very naturally infer that balling had for some reasons been pretty frequently in use. Having done this, looking at the eyes and coughing him has of course not been omitted. It is not my province to give, if I was capable of it, a treatise on eyes, though I do not think I should quite buy a blind one; and as to coughing, I must make one observation: some horses who have often undergone this process become so irritable in the throat that they cough the moment it is touched; others, from

the same cause, namely, practice, can hardly be made to cough at all; while the thoroughly-sound unpractised horse, on being tried, gives a fine sound vigorous cough, and there ends it: for though a broken-winded one may be so dosed and *set* as to be made breathe like a sound one for many hours, I defy all the lowest thieves of dealers in the world to make him cough like a sound one. All these preliminaries having been gone through, our friend (as I may very appropriately term him) makes his *dernier* examination by lifting up his horse's tail. Now had Muff done this, he would have learned about as much as he did by looking in his horse's mouth; namely, he would have seen there was something there: but Wide-awake judges by the appearance of what he sees there—a something that gives him a shrewd guess as to the hardihood of his horse's constitution. I am not, however, presuming to write instructions on buying a horse: I am only showing the different modes of trial or purchasing between two buyers.

The horse is now ordered to be saddled. Wide-awake hums no scena from *La Sonnambula* or any thing else: here he attends to his business on hand, follows his horse into the stable, *sees* him saddled, sees he shows no reluctance or vice, and on being brought out, and just seeing the stirrups are somewhere about his length, mounts his horse at once, gives him his head, and lets him walk away; tries his trot and canter; now comes back, having while out privately again looked at his horse when left quietly to himself. On returning to the yard, all Tom ventures to say will be, "I hope you like him, sir! you found him a good goer, sir!" The probable answer will be, "Yes, I do not dislike his riding, and he is a very fair goer." This buyer we will suppose also gives his check, but, without waiting to be waylaid by Tom, goes into the stable, and gives his half crown. Tom, however, from habit cannot help the "You've got a good horse, sir," in addition to touching his hat. Tom says no more, being perfectly aware that all he could say would not get a shilling more than he had a right to expect, and what was customary he would get without wasting his breath.

I have merely by the above supposed case endeavoured to give some idea of the very different probabilities there

are of two persons—the one a judge and the other not so—getting what they want at the hands of a dealer. . . . . I must add, *in any thing*—and to show how soon the novice and the judge are detected. That the novice will be detected at once is quite clear; but I will farther add, if a man accustomed to look at horses was to wish to pass for one who was not, I do not believe he could do it; a something, an habitual mannerism would detect him: in short, neither party could do any thing like the other. Such men as the Marquis of Abercorn and Lord Lonsdale would both probably show the same refined manners at their own tables, and be equally at home at a Levee; but the former could no more look at a pack of fox-hounds or a stable of hunters in the same way as the latter would, than the latter's coach-maker could act the part of his noble customer either as host or guest. You could no more tell a man how to act the part of a horseman than you could tell him how to act that of a gentleman: you may tell him not to commit such atrocities as to eat with his knife, wipe his hands on the table-cloth in lieu of his napkin, eat his soup with his spoon lengthways instead of sideways, or to literally *wash* his mouth in his finger glass; but he will not even sit down on his chair like a gentleman if he is not one; nor will a novice even walk through a stable like a man used to do so. Habit must give the air of both. If a vulgar man will thrust himself among gentlemen, he is sure to be detected and shunned; and if a man, unaccustomed to the thing, will go and purchase for himself, he is likewise certain to be detected, and imposed upon. If I have convinced those of this who were not before aware of it, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing I have done some good.

I have only as yet supposed men going to reputable dealers: how people may get off in going to those who are not so shall be a farther consideration; and if my reader will so far honour me, we will perhaps walk together and take a peep into a commission-stable and a public repository—not intending to say any thing in general disparagement of either of the last-mentioned places when conducted by men of probity; but it may do no harm to know and to keep in our recollection what we are exposed

to, supposing (of course only *just barely* supposing) the owner not to be *quite* immaculate.

I left the two gentlemen (each of whom I have been rude enough to distinguish as Muff and Wide-awake) having purchased their horses—we will now drop the *sobriquet*, and in more decent terms designate the non-judge as Mr. A., and the judge as Mr. B., and will suppose each to have had his purchase six weeks, by which time a tolerably fair estimate may be supposed to have been formed of their respective worth after being used in a moderate way. We shall thus see how each of these gentlemen stands so far as regards their prospects in a pecuniary point of view—whether they may wish to dispose of their horses again, or keep them. I do not mean to say the conclusion we shall come to will *invariably* be the case; but I will answer for it that to two men (of similar habits to each of these) in nine cases out of ten the result will be very near the one I shall in this bring it to.

We will not here enter on the subject of grooms, on whose qualifications as stablemen of course much of the well-doing of a horse depends, but will suppose each gentleman to have a good servant. It would be useless to suppose each to have a bad one; for, though it might be quite possible for Mr. A. not to have a good groom, we may depend upon it Mr. B. would not have a bad one; so we will conclude them to be both good: but we may be pretty certain they will not be equally good, for two reasons: first, Mr. A. is of course no better judge of a good stableman than he is of a good horse, while Mr. B. is an equally competent one of the qualities of either. And farther, Mr. A. probably leaves every thing to his groom, or, if he does interfere, his directions as to stable management will probably keep pace with his judgment in buying: so, supposing his servant to know his business, his horses derive no more benefit from it than if he did not. Thus, under any circumstances, they will not be as well managed as Mr. B.'s, who leaves nothing of importance to his groom, or at least not without a watchful eye that it is properly done: so that, had he taken a man from the plough-tail, he must under his eye become a good servant; that is, he will learn to handle his wisp, brush, and duster

properly and like a stableman, and not to spare his labour, otherwise B. would very soon spare him. When he knows this, and knows how to feed, water, and exercise horses as may be directed, he knows quite as much as I ever wish a groom to know. There is another thing, however, he must learn, and this Mr. B. would soon teach him; namely (like a soldier,) to obey orders without presuming to ask why or wherefore they are given. The moment he is allowed to give his opinion, he is spoiled: defend me from a knowing groom! If I was engaging a man, and he told me he could attend horses without a veterinary surgeon, if they wanted one, I should reject him at once. The horses never would be without a ball, drench, or powder in their stomachs! This sort of knowledge may be very well (*in a very limited way*) for a stud groom who has twenty or thirty hunters under his care; but then I should take care that Barbadoes aloes, soap, a few carminatives, some nitre, a little soap liniment, goulard, and a little dressing or hot stopping for the feet, constituted his pharmacopœia. If he began talking of calomel, arsenic, alteratives, absorbents, digestives, sudorifics, &c., the moment he had done, I should have done with him. Let him see that his men under him *strap:* if a horse is amiss, let him report at head-quarters that he is so: I will answer for it my monthly report of the state of my stable is better than that of those who trust to one of these veterinary grooms.

Both horses have now been had the six weeks, so we will have a look at them, beginning with A.'s nag. Being fat when bought, he concluded he wanted nothing but work to get him into condition. Certainly not; nothing but work to get him into bad condition: it has got his flesh off, and he is lighter, it is true; so would a pound of butter be if we exposed it to the kitchen fire: I have no doubt many dealers' horses might be melted down by the same process. I have never tried this, not being an experimentalist, and having an old-fashioned plan of my own for doing it by other means. But others may try it, and should it succeed, I shall have done as much in my way by the suggestion to save time as Brunel or Stephenson by steam. For here we buy a horse long in his coat

perhaps, certainly fat as a bullock: but the time of getting into condition will only be according to the meltinian not Meltonian plan, as follows: viz., to melting twelve hours, clipping ditto; so in twenty-four hours we have a horse in hunting condition. What a bungler I must be! I never got a fat horse from a dealer's stable into condition under half as many weeks. I do not mean to say Mr. A. has been quite so quick in his operations; but I will answer for him he has brought his horse to a most comfortable state of inward debility, and, in point of outward appearance, no bad representative of a Malay-cock stripped of his feather. *Des belles plumes font des beaux oiseaux:* so we are told, and a great many plumes give the appearance of a plump *oiseau:* so a great deal of fat on a horse often stands good in some people's eyes for very little muscle. Take away that fat, we then find we have got the long Malay-looking gawk of a beast I have similarized: but, worse than this, getting fat off by work when the frame is not hard enough to bear it reduces muscle also. So, deficient as the horse ever was we will suppose in that particular, he has been made ten times worse than he would have been by injudicious treatment. There he stands, wasted; what little flesh he has on him soft as hasty-pudding; spiritless from constitutional weakness, and with, in stable language, his belly up to his back-bone: for though a horse blown out with mashes and warm water, and his ribs well covered with fat, may look in good proportion, it may be found, when stripped of this fat, that his ribs run backwards something like the strings of a harp, and may probably be about as long as those that make the high notes on that instrument—a diminution that Bochsa will probably approve for a harp, but which I do not consider quite so desirable in a horse.

Let us now see what B. has been at with his purchase. I will be bound to say A. did more with his in the way of wasting in a fortnight than B. did in a month, though he had probably given him three *q. s.* doses of physic in the time. Here he comes, lightened too of all unnecessary avoirdupois, but cutting rather a different figure — in high spirits from vigour of constitution — his eye like those of the gazelle — I had almost said of the fair Theobald her-

self; his muscles, now relieved from any superfluous appendages, beautifully developed; showing a form that in the horse indicates what that of Mr. Jackson, so well known in the pugilistic world, did in his palmy days in a man — strength, courage, and activity. Yes, as a boy I well remember Jackson the *beau ideal* of a fine man, though not then a young one — of course never a fine gentleman, but a fine fellow, and no small share of the gentleman in him either.

Mais revenons à nos moutons. Here is one horse, in trade language, certainly fifty per cent. of less value than when bought; the other, to say the least, thirty per cent. better; and why? A fine eye with fine judgment saw what the one horse would become; whereas the want of both prevented the other purchaser seeing what the other horse would degenerate into: added to which is to be the treatment afterwards. The different position of these two gentlemen after purchase will show why men who know nothing of what they are about universally abuse horse-dealers, while the man who does know what he is doing does not, but estimates them by a proper scale: he knows, as tradesmen, they will impose where they can. I should deserve to be imposed upon if I went to a linen-draper to buy window-curtains instead of sending my wife, when, though I have heard the names, I do not know book-muslin from lawn. The only excuse I could have for entering the shop would be a pair of bright eyes behind the counter; and then I should get a double refined dig as to price, and well worth the money too: she would sport from the extra five shillings a new riband on Sunday: whether a better or worse, it would be a different heart to mine that would grudge it to her. Now if a horse-dealer gets you into his stable, and you get the worst of it (which you certainly will if not a judge,) he gives it you, as if he considered you a gentleman, to a gentlemanlike amount. But the *master dealer* in jaconets and lenos, or whatever he calls them, entices you in by a Brobdignagian two, and two or three Lilliputian figures afterwards, something in this way, **2s.**$_{2\frac{1}{2}d.}$ —the latter in pencil; and on going into his shop, tells you, on your throwing down six shillings for three yards of *quite new* or *just out*, "Oh, sir, 2*s.*

2½*d.*; but it is not what I recommend gentlemen like you (you will find Tom's soap here also.) I have a beautiful article (a nice article *he* is) at 3*s.* 6*d.*:" so, blushing for being taken in, and laughed at by half a dozen little wicked devils with ringlets shaking at you, you pay 10*s.* 6*d.* for what is worth the price you expected to pay, viz. six shillings. Confound the fellow! Though I allowed myself to be done by the little Briseis with the radiant eyes, I do not bargain for the same in return for looking at his greenish, grayish, half-squinting, wholly suspicious-looking ogles! Besides, there is a meanness in the thing, a kind of low petty-larceny sort of cheating that disgusts one.—Not but that I give him all credit for being willing to impose on me to any amount if he could; but what I hate the fellow for is, cheating for so small a consideration!—That man's soul would never be "above buttons."

To sum up the whole, I allow horse-dealers to be roguish enough: they know that in a general way I think them so; but my bootmaker, tailor, butcher, and baker know I think them so too, and never did trust to their honour; and lest they should bring the joke against me, I bring it against myself. Since the partial abolishment of confinement for debt took place, they won't trust to mine: they are quite right: I began the game by never trusting to them, and, what is more, I never will. One thing I have found from their not trusting me—that at the end of the week two-thirds of every thing do for the same family that used to be booked to my account when my bills were paid quarterly, or, I must allow oftener, half-yearly. Very odd this; for of course these honourables furnished all that was put down in the bills. But if, as some people say, all tradesmen are more honest than horse-dealers, then what out-and-out superfine double-refined XXX rascals all horse dealers must be! As, however, I know this is not the case, why in that case the true case is this: if you purchase with judgment, you will do, buy of whom you may: if you do not, buy of whom you may or what you may, in that case your case will be in the wrong box. We will now bid adieu to A. and B. and their horses, whom I have only introduced to show why men knowing nothing about horses abuse horse-dealers more than they do any other tradesmen.—

The fact is, such men, knowing less of horses than of other articles they purchase, lose more by them, and consequently always attribute their losses to their having been taken in by the dealer in them: but the truth is, they are only not as much taken in by other dealers, because they are better judges of the articles they deal in: if they were not, they would be equally taken in by them.

We must recollect that Messrs. A. and B. are supposed to have gone to a respectable man, who in no way deceived either (no great thanks to him, it may be said, as regards B.:) but no matter; the other was not taken in: the two horses perhaps cost originally the same price in a fair, the difference between them only being, one, like Pindar's razors, was "made to *sell*," the other to use. If you choose to buy a glass-imitation stick as a curiosity, well and good; but if you mean to walk or ride with it, you must not be angry with the shopman for selling it you. B. would probably buy a good ground-ash for his purpose, and inwardly smile at your choice: possibly he did so when A. bought the horse.

We will now mention a *second class* of dealer. By these I do not mean men of more or less honesty than those who fly at higher game: the same principle acts on both. By second class, I mean men who deal in horses ranging from 30*l.* to 60*l.* a-piece. Such men are found in numbers in the more eastern parts of London and the City. These men we may occasionally even now see dressed, as a horse-dealer ought to be, in his single-breasted coat and top-boots, with his whip in his hand; not like his customers, in satin cravats and waistcoats, which give him the appearance of a dealer in such articles; for if he fancies they give him that of a gentleman, he most wofully deceives himself. It draws on him the ridicule of those who merely abstain from expressing their disgust at the imperfect and impertinent attempt at imitation from the feeling that the noticing his dress would be a matter of supererogation, the immeasurable distance between them being such as to render it of no importance. The dealer, however, who has sense enough by a proper appearance, a straight forward but respectful manner, to show he is willing to pay a proper respect to his superiors, will always command that re-

spect from them that is due to every man whose conduct deserves it, be his situation what it may. Mat Milton was never very courteous in his manners; but gentlemen do not want politeness in a horse-dealer: they only ask civility.

An attempt at politeness from a tradesman is impertinence: he might as well take a lady's hand to help her to her carriage. I can mention a glorious bit of impertinence that took place a few weeks since on the part of one of our 1844 dealers. A gentleman went into his yard: the *mille-fleurs* scented hermaphrodite gentleman-dealer was arranging his well-oiled curls at the moment, (quite *mauvais ton* of his customer not to wait till he had completed the interesting occupation,) though he had gone through this ceremony every hour. Instead of showing his stables and horses, this puppy turned on his heels, and addressing his foreman, said, "Mr. ——," (mind the *Mister!*—"this gentleman wants to look at a horse!" To make any remarks on his conduct to such a man would be quite useless: he would turn a deaf ear to all remonstrance. I in no shape mean to say that a horse-dealer would be more respected from his manners being coarse or vulgar, or that his dress should be that of a cow-dealer; quite the reverse: his address may be that of a gentleman, and his dress also, without any offence to any one: but let that dress be appropriate to his pursuits, and if he is fortunate enough to have something of the address of the gentleman, he will not make it more so by attempting the puppy-dandy gentleman, a character by the by now nearly exploded among men of family and fashion: it is, therefore, perhaps not so inappropriate as I at first stated it to be in *certain* horse-dealers in contradistinction. I know no man whose dress and address were always more in character with his pursuits in life than Mr. John Shackell, of Oxford Street; always in good taste: and let any man point him out to a stranger as a *country* gentleman, neither his appearance nor manners would induce you to doubt his being so; and Beau Shackell was always a bit of a Count too, was a very good-looking, not to say handsome man, and *knew it:* but I never saw him sport satin (among his horses at least.) I have known men take a copy of his dress as a riding one, but I never knew an instance of his forgetting

himself so far as to copy that of any one of his customers, and then wear it in his yard.

Let us return to our dealer in proper dress, if such a one is now to be found, or at all events to a man who is not a would-be gentleman. The customers of such men lie a good deal I should say among young city men, who sport their hack or buggy with the knowledge and consent of the governor, and frequently their hunter without. Our dealer, knowing these are safe men, lets them have the latter, and pay for him at their own convenience. This induces the young Nimrod to swear by bell, book, and candle, that Bray (as we will call our dealer) is the best and honestest fellow in the world: so Bray supplies the governor also with what horses he wants. I mentioned the name of Bray by chance, as I might have done any other: but as it is always pleasant to say a good word where one can, I had many years back some deals with a Bray (I mean Aaron Bray) for buggy horses, and no man could have behaved better as to them, nor with greater civility than he always did, and now does whenever I see him. From what little I know of him, I wish he had made a fortune. I suspect it to be rather difficult to say which dealer has; for we must not trust to appearances.

The way in which many people always lose money by buying horses from dealers, whether high or low ones, is of course that they give more than the value of the horses they buy of them. Provided they lose, it may be said it matters little from what cause it arises; but as I always like to look into causes, whether effects are beneficial to me or the reverse, perhaps others may do the same; but, where the effect may be the same, it in no way follows the cause is the same also. In buying a first-rate horse from a first-rate dealer, you give too much, for this reason, he gave too much for him at first for any purpose; but to sell, he charges you perhaps half as much more; so when he is sold to you, in dealer's slang, "he won't want selling again." If you must not lose by him the devil's in it. Be he as good as represented (and perhaps he is,) you gave too much, unless indeed he turns up trumps; but the odds are much greater against horses doing so than cards.

Now in buying horses of second-rate dealers, you also

give too much: but this (of course I speak in a general way) much more frequently arises from the horse not turning out what you expect. A really fine horse, with fine action and in fine condition, cannot be much improved by all that can be done to him; but a rather plain horse with moderate action can be wonderfully altered in his natural appearance when shown; so you run much more risk of being disappointed in such horses after you have got them than in superior ones.

The first-rate dealer's horses, in his language, "want no selling;" they will "sell themselves:" the second-rate dealer's will not, so *he* must sell *them*. The first-rate dealer has only to talk you into *price*, for as to the horse, as he might probably tell you, "you can't mistake him;" now the other has to talk you into price and horse too. Here I am only speaking of young untried horses, and how far the appearance of the two may afterwards correspond with your ideas of them when shown to you. Allow that on being brought home you have given ten pounds too much for a forty-five pound horse: as he is just as likely to be sound as the other, and equally likely to turn out good for the purpose he is wanted, you still have 35*l.* for your 45*l.* Should he turn out but badly, he must be bad indeed if he will not bring 25*l.*; so there is but 20*l.* lost, though you were disappointed in his looks and goodness: whereas should the other look as well as he did, and also disappoint you, the loss will in no shape merely be in proportion. If it would, it would merely be that each buyer lost according to his means and capital: but it would not, and for this reason: the dealer in lower-priced horses is more careful in buying; first, because he cannot afford to speculate so largely on looks as the other, knowing his customers will not; so he gives no more than he knows his horse is worth, and therefore can afford to sell to you at *something like* his value: the other charges you twice what he is worth even if he turns out well. Thus, though, as I have said, the inferior horse may disappoint you the most as to looks on a second inspection, and you see you have paid somewhat too much, the other will disappoint you three times as much in point of his price. Good or bad, in either case you will most probably lose; but your risk in buying an untried

horse of the first class of a fashionable dealer is truly awful, even if he does not deceive you so far as the horse goes. These ridiculous prices have been chiefly brought on by dealers (who have capital) supplying horses on credit: their customers don't care what they give, and, comparatively speaking, the dealer therefore don't care what he gives to supply them. Go into one of their stables, they will not open their mouths under 150*l.* Men willing to pay, and not judges, so constantly hear of these prices, that they really fancy nothing is to be got under; so they give it also: if they will, the dealer is a fool if he does not make them do so.

Let me tell gentlemen also, that in the stables of second-rate respectable dealers they will very frequently find the identical horse they had been asked 150*l.* for standing for sale at 70*l.*, about as much as ever should have been asked for him: not that he is a shilling worse than he was three months since; but he has got into a stable where every customer is not a 150-pounder; nor does its master give quite such unlimited credit: neither does he talk of his champagne to customers, some of whom, being deeply dipped with him, bear with his impertinence (I pity the man who is.) A nobleman taking champagne at the table of a flash horse-dealer is, I conceive, an occurrence more to be "honoured in the breach than the performance;" but a refusal might for sundry reasons be made unpleasant to his lordship: so, as I give him credit for feeling the "performance" unpleasant, it is something like a dose of physic, neither pleasant in the *breach* nor the performance, so the sooner it is got rid of the better. From such dealers as do not advertise "fifty young sound fresh horses from Horncastle fair," we may also get horses of whose merits, when we come to use them, we may judge from their having been at work: so it is our own fault if we are much deceived in them; for though we are not in the hands of one of the high-flyers, we are in those of a respectable man (we mean by and by to have a look at the regular coper who lives by screws.) From respectable middling dealers, numbers of good horses, and good hunters too, are to be got; and if a man wants a horse *to go to work*, he is much more likely to suit himself with them than with the generality of those

who deal in higher-priced horses; for if the latter only get fashionable-looking ones, their object is attained.

A purchaser should always bear in mind what it is that brings horses to moderate prices: it is in the generality of cases one of these drawbacks—want of beauty, want of action, want of soundness, or want of temper; for if a horse is perfectly sound, free from all vice, has beauty and fine action, he cannot be bought of any dealer under a high figure. Still such a horse certainly may be purchased for nearly half the sum of one dealer than he can of another, and for this reason: one dealer has not so many customers who give enormous prices as the other has; so he must sell at less prices, or not *sell at all*. Some ladies fancy they cannot get "a love of a shawl" unless they go to the most expensive house to buy it. The prayers of the sinful are never heard: I have cursed two or three of these establishments for "loves of things" to their hearts' content; but, confound them! there they stand, and while they do I suppose our wives will go to them; and so will certain men pay much more for their horses than they need do, because they also come from a particular establishment.

I have, I remember, in an early part of these "Hints," said that a man knowing little of horses will in the end probably find a respectable dealer the best source whence to supply himself: I say so again; but the term respectable may perhaps bear a different import in different people's minds. I mean, by a respectable man, one who values his character too much to commit acts incompatible with the character of being as fair in his dealings as we may expect any trader to be; but I do not consider respectability involves the necessity of imitating Lord Chesterfield in the colour or tie of his cravat. Cravats at a pound a-piece will not last for ever; nor will a case of champagne. If these are not paid for by the user out of a PRIVATE fortune, they must be paid for by some one else. "What good-natured people they must be who do pay for them!" A man may say, and with truth, he wants a fine horse, and does not know where to get him but somewhere where satin is worn; perhaps he does not know where else to get him. I dare say he does not; but there are plenty of men who do, and a man must be badly off for friends if he cannot find one

who will take this trouble for him. But then the money must be forthcoming; promises or "bits of stiff" won't do for men who will take a reasonable profit, and want their money to go to *market* with; for "bits of stiff" won't do there either.

A friend of mine, who is a very fair judge of a horse, two years since merely wanted one to carry him safely and pleasantly on the road: he rides heavy, is a liberal man, so was willing to pay a liberal price, and he did so (very considerably more than a hundred.) The horse did not suit him, though what the dealer said of him could not be contradicted (for pleasantry to ride is rather a vague and indefinite term, depending so much on ideas as to what is pleasant.) He was immediately changed: money changed hands also, OF COURSE. The new purchase did not suit either; was most civilly (I beg the dealer's pardon for the term as applied to him)—well, then, most *politely*—changed also, and the difference in price as politely taken. This went on till my friend, despairing of getting a riding-horse, and wanting a match carriage-horse, took one, I believe, this time without giving money, and he got a fair useful ordinary carriage-horse. He told me some time afterwards, that, on looking to his memoranda, he had given, first cost and differences of exchange, an amount during the time that made this carriage-horse stand him in a trifle over 600*l*., and he is a man who strictly adheres to the truth. "Champagne for ever!"

I have said that many men are really at a loss where to find a horse if they want him. These are only men who never buy a horse but as they do a dinner-service, namely, when the one is broken, or a change of fashion induces them to do so. If a man is known as a connoisseur in pictures, or bronzes, or books, he is at no loss where to find them; he need not even seek them. The dealers in such articles will take very good care he shall not be; but, on the contrary, will wait on Mr. —— or his lordship the moment they think they have got any thing they can persuade him to buy. So it is with horses. If the Marquis of Anglesey wanted a park-horse or a charger, or the late Lord Sefton a carriage-horse (both as first-rate judges of these different horses as of things that require a more refined taste to be a

judge of)—these noblemen need not hunt dealers' stables for horses. In the first place, the pad groom or the coachman will soon let it be known in the right quarter that my lord has room for a horse: the dealers know to a hair what horse will suit each: they know it would be useless to show or send any other, and they farther know they must not play tricks here: the connexion, they being able to say they supply such men, is too great an advantage to risk the loss of; and, though they know they will be paid a liberal price, they also know they will not be paid a ridiculous one. They know, if a horse cannot handle his legs like Taglioni, the marquis won't ride him; and, unless his pace and action were first-rate, they knew Lord Sefton would not have driven him.

A dealer requires a good deal of tact to act the best for his own interest with his different customers. With some of these his business is to literally SUIT and please them, that they may say they buy horses of such-and-such men, and they have always behaved well and fairly. Now they would not say they were treated fairly if the horses they bought did not GENERALLY answer their expectations; and they would be right in saying so, because they would not, like the bad judge, buy what by nature was inappropriate to the purpose wanted: so the not suiting would proceed from some hidden fault or failing, not from the evident want of judgment in the selection. The dealer knows this, and consequently, knowing that in such cases he has no excuse, is very careful in selling. Such men, barring the risk inseparable from purchasing untried horses, generally do not get disappointed: when they are, they are sensible and liberal enough to blame if blame is due, and not to censure where censure would be injustice. In the event of a horse not answering their purpose, they would send for or go to the dealer, and something like the following remarks would probably take place—"Well, Collins," (we will say Collins as well as any other name,) "that horse does not turn out as well as WE expected."—"I'm sorry for it, my lord:" (in this case he is so:) "I hope you found him as near as I could judge what I told your lordship."—"Yes, I have no fault to find; he is sound and quiet, and goes well; but he is a jade, and, after going a dozen miles, he is not worth a

farthing."—(*Mem.* one of the blessings of buying young fresh horses!)—"I shall be most happy, my lord, to change him for any thing in my stables; or, if there is nothing there your lordship likes, I will look out immediately, and you will perhaps be kind enough, my lord, to drive the brute till I have got what will suit your lordship." He either supplies another from his stable, or hunts for one in others; and in all probability he suits his noble purchaser. Now, though I never recommend any one to change a horse with a dealer when he has once been deceived, in this case my lord did quite right in going back to the same dealer, for he had not been deceived by him: the only deception was in the horse: he had deceived both dealer and purchaser; and such cases must occasionally occur with many young horses, which sometimes beat the best judgment.

In the case I have alluded to, the dealer would not ask a shilling for the exchange (provided of course that his customer takes a horse of the same class:) but his lordship, unsolicited, hands him probably, when suited, a ten-pound note for his trouble and civility. This is as the thing should be: the dealer has made a fair profit, and acted the part of a respectable man, while his customer has not forgotten he is a nobleman.

Now there is another sort of customer that it is the dealer's interest neither to take in, nor offend, *nor suit.* This customer buys on his own judgment; consequently never is, or probably never will be suited till he gets some other person to buy for him. He cannot blame the dealer so long as the horses are sound and free from vice; nor will he of course blame himself: he attributes it all to ill luck. This man is a regular income to the dealer, who of course makes his market of him, and still retains his own character and the good opinion of his customer. These sort of men, like trout, only want a little tickling, and will be had just as easily. Now the dealer understands tickling, so makes sure of his fish, and does him (as all cooks should do their fish) a *nice brown.*

There are, of course, various classes of dealers, descending to the lowest: but we must not seek out *all* there: neither the space any periodical can afford to the same sub-

ject, nor its readers' patience, would admit of this; we will therefore make acquaintance with the low dealer—and a very low and dangerous acquaintance he is. Of these there are various sorts; but I hope I shall not be considered to confound the dealer, who, being low in pocket, can only deal in low-priced horses, and but few of them, perhaps, with the regular organized scoundrel, low in manners, low in pursuits, and still lower in principle. There are many decent and respectable men who can only keep two or three 20*l.* or 30*l.* horses, that are quite as worthy of confidence as their more opulent brethren. These men ride their own horses about the streets, show them to their customers, and often act as useful middle men in finding horses for them, if their own circumscribed means will not enable them to do so from their own stable. These are probably young men beginning with a capital of 50*l.*, or dealers who have seen better days.

The men I designate as low dealers are of various other sorts, of which I will mention, first, the thoroughly low, half pig-jobbing, half horse-dealing-looking vagabond, with a greasy macintosh, a pair of *mahogany*-coloured top-boots, a red worsted comforter round his neck, arriving with his confederate in a wretched gig, with the still more wretched lame, spavinous anatomy of a *good one* drawing it. These fellows are to be seen in every fair. They do not go there like the respectable man, certain to buy if the fair produces what he wants: they certainly do mean to buy if what they want presents itself, that is, if by means of the rascality, bullying, blackguardism, and united efforts of themselves and their worthy coadjutors, they can cajole or bully any one out of his horse for little or nothing, doing also a little business in selling a regular flat-catcher at five times his worth. They are also ready to do any bit of rascality for another dealer, which he, although a rogue, is not open-faced rascal enough to do for himself. To such fellow dealers often intrust the sale of something they may have by them that is too bad to own; yet will you find people weak enough to buy of such fellows a horse for 20*l.* that any one could see, if he could see at all, would be worth 60*l.* if he was half what they represented him to be. A man may be taken in by a respectable and fair-dealing

exterior; but I do not think I ever saw one of these fellows but on whose countenance was written rascal as legibly as we see written Dr. Eady or Warren's Blacking on the Park walls.

These fellows will be seen either bustling about a fair, or planting themselves at what they call "Catch'em Corner," which means some spot where every horse paraded in the fair must pass them. Here they stop every one, and ascertain the price asked for him. Should they be asked 60*l.*, they will laugh outright, ask if the person thinks them fools, or say, "Ask me 20*l.*, and I'll talk to you." This, though they have no idea of buying the horse, they do for these reasons: it can do them no harm; no one knows what an owner *may* take rather than not sell; and they know it does what it is their business to do, throws a damp on the seller's hopes. He had perhaps made up his mind, if he found he could not do better, to take ten or fifteen pounds less than he asked; and, had they talked of forty instead of sixty, he would consider either he asked twenty too much, or that they wanted to get his horse at too little. But to be told to ASK twenty (which of course means that less would be offered if he did) for a sixty-pound nag is such a choker, that the owner (if he is not used to such things) hardly knows whether he or his horse stand on their heads or heels. He cannot conceive any man would have the impudence to make such a remark unless he had seen something radically bad about the horse that had escaped the owner's notice. He is almost tempted to look at his horse's eyes to ascertain whether he has gone blind. Now if one of these worthies perceive any thing of this, though, when he courteously begged to be *asked* 20*l.*, he had not the remotest idea he should get him, he now begins to think the thing, though still improbable, by no means impossible, and as, if he fails, it will cost him nothing, he resolves to "try it on;" and something like the following very refined remark will probably be made to some other worthy: "I say, Jack, I think the gammon fits a bit, don't it?" "Go after Johnny, and tell him I want to show him the Queen's face."

From this moment our respectable acquaintance and his friend determine that they will have the horse, or that he

shall not be sold at all. They certainly cannot determine he shall be theirs, but if they set about it, they certainly will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, prevent his being bought by any one else. It may be fifty to one against their getting him; but if in one case in fifty they do succeed, it is all in their favour, for spoiling the sale of forty-nine horses costs them nothing, and getting the fiftieth is all money in their pockets. Conscience they have none; so the virtually robbing, or, to use a milder term, spoiling the market of forty-nine persons to the tune of hundreds, is nothing in their estimation, if it gains them twenty, ten, or five pounds, ay, or five shillings. But how can they spoil the sale, may be asked? Very easily; and this is one of the hundred ways in which they do it.

People are always more prone to listen to any censure than they are to praise of *any thing*. A bit of scandal always goes down. Ay, blush, fellow man, when I assert that it does so even when scandal is levelled at lovely woman: there is a devilish sort of pleasure mankind has in hearing other persons or their property abused. Rochefoucault was not much out when he said, *Il y a quelque chose dans les malheurs de nos meilleurs amis qui ne nous déplait pas.* He knew human, I might say inhuman, nature; one word said in dispraise will go farther in biassing men's minds, than twenty said in commendation—whether it be in the case of a horse, a woman's character, or Captain Warner's invisible annihilator.

I fully intend visiting a commission stable and repository; but really dealers are such funny fellows, I should be sorry to show them any inattention, which I must do if I leave them too soon. I beg to observe, when I speak of them personally, I never declare more than the truth, or any thing but the truth; but I do not wish to declare the *whole* truth, unless any one wishes it. I only give a mild alterative. If I should find this produces irritability instead of a wholesome tone of body and mind, I have some medicine of a more drastic nature by me that I never administer but in extreme cases, or where it is desired. As to repositories, I shall not forget my promise to *walk into* them.

The worthy pair I have just mentioned having half persuaded the owner, and quite persuaded many others,

that there is something wrong about the horse (for the opinion or even insinuation of a third party will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred go farther in persuading people that a horse has some fault than all the owner can say to the contrary)—they now seek a little adjunct in the servant. If he is a fool, they really do satisfy him the horse is worth little more than they have offered; and then letting him know that a couple of sovereigns will be his if they buy, in no way of course tends to induce him to alter this opinion; and *he* then begins to recommend his master to sell him if possible. Should they, however, find the man has sense enough not to be their dupe, they then try his honesty and bid high; and I fear on this tack they too often succeed. Having paved the way in either case to the assistant offices of the servant, their game is now to appear to have given up all wish for the horse, which one of them, however, keeps a sharp eye on, and also on every one they see even looking at him. Should any one seem disposed to do this, the fellow on the watch accosts him—"Nice nag that, sir, TO LOOK AT! *I* was pretty near putting my foot in it with him."—"Why," says the looker-on, "is any thing the matter with him?"—"Oh no, not for some people; *but* ——" And he walks away, imitating a lame horse. This is enough; the looker-on thanks his stars he was not *done*, and how fortunate he was to have seen that man! The other miscreant, while this is going on, gets back again to Catch'em Corner to see if he can start any fresh game, taking care, however, to pass and repass the owner of the horse as often as he can, to show he has given him up, waiting, hoping, and fully expecting (in which he is seldom disappointed) that the owner will come to him. I think I see the fellow standing with a longish ground ash in his hand, which he either keeps bending about or has it with his hand deep in his coat-pocket. I know the very position of the vagabond. Here he stops every passing horse, with something like the following very pleasant mode of address. If he sees a gentleman on a horse that is not a colt, he begins, in a particularly civil voice, "Beg pardon, sir! what are you axing for the *old* horse?"—Should a servant be on one that looks in good working condition, he begins with, "Now, then, how much for the

notomy? wo, old Step-and-fetch-it: let's look at you"—this of course loud enough to be heard by all by-standers. The chance is, that some friend or other of the dealer, seeing what is going on, gives the thing a lift, and, addressing him, says, "I say, Brown," (or whatever the fellow's name may be,) "are you going to 'stound Smithfield?"—This raises a laugh against both groom and horse. Now, nothing people hate more than to be laughed at. The dealer knows this; so tells the groom to come on one side out of the crowd. Glad to make his escape, he goes.—Here both soap and money are tried on; and, as the groom would almost sell himself rather than be again exposed to the sneers of the multitude, it will be no wonder if he is anxious to sell the horse, which he does if the price is left to him; if not, he does all he can to persuade his master to do so. The dislike to this kind of publicity that most respectable persons have is one of the many engines these fellows work to obtain their ends, either in buying or selling; and many good horses are really sold at half what the owner expected, and many bad ones bought, actually to avoid the slang and blackguardism of these low vagabonds and their companions.

Now we will suppose, what probably will be the result, does occur. The former gentleman, finding to his great surprise (not being aware of the sale of his horse being previously spoiled) that he gets no offers made for him except by friends of the dealer, who have been sent to offer him even less than he did, he goes to the dealer, and talks of taking, say 10*l.* more than he had offered, and 30*l.* less than he (the owner) had asked: but he now finds the case altered; that is, it is represented to be so: he will be told that the dealer having seen more of the horse, does not like him at all, or he has bought two others, which are all he wants: besides, "talking of thirty pounds, sir, why, there's a horse! I bought him (showing one belonging to some friend who is perhaps asking 50*l.* for him) for 18*l.*: he is worth two of this old 'un."—"Very well," says the gentleman, "then you decline him: go home, Thomas."—"Why, as to that, sir, I don't mind buying him *at a price.*" "Well, wait, Thomas."—He now tries the civil, candid tack; "dares to say the horse is a good horse; is sure the

gentleman would not deceive him—(*Mem.* no fear of that!) —dares to say the gentleman thinks he offers a low price; but country gentlemen don't know what sich horses are worth in Lunnun: he couldn't sell him as a sound un to none of his customers, not by no means: he should sell him for a homnibus to his brother, who wanted one; he *might* do a little vork in leather; wishes for the gentleman's sake he could give more; 'twould be better for he and the gentleman too if he could! he has three fivers left; he would give that, but he would as soon be without him." It ends in his getting him: he gives the servant half-a-crown openly—(says nothing of the two sovereigns given before) —then tells the gentleman "he hopes he'll remember his man; says the rule is a gentleman gives double what the dealer gives." The man gets five shillings, half of which goes to the master. Thus this and many other horses are sold, and this is often the result of people unaccustomed to such places going to fairs to sell their own horses. They are detected at once by such vagabonds as I have described: a regular *plant* is made on them, and they are legally robbed of their property, or at least something very near it.

A man who may read what I have described may say *he* would not be so green as to be done in that way.—Probably he might not, but there are hundreds who would; and it is still *possible*, that, had the gentleman not read what I have written on the subject, he might, notwithstanding his confidence in himself, have been done precisely in such a manner. Having had the plot laid bare to him, he thinks it would never have succeeded with *him*. This cannot be proved; so it only remains a matter of opinion between him and me: and though our opinions in this differ, I have put him a little on his guard for the future, I have, if I feel, done him some service, though he thinks, that, like weasels, he was not to be caught asleep. But let me tell him, there are some nice lads among the low-dealing fraternity, and perhaps simple-looking ones too, who would even take the above named watchful animal dozing. I have only mentioned one among the thousand modes of doing the provincials, and I should like to bet any wide-awake friend long odds that if he goes into a fair they will find a moment to catch *him* napping. When they have, he will

perhaps wish he had taken Harry Hie'over's advice, and not trusted to his weasel-like attributes, or fancied himself to have got *au fond de son métier* as a salesman.

I have merely attempted to give a rough sketch of one of the scenes in a fair: it would render these hints too lengthened were I even to give the heads of the various changes to be rung by rascality, all tending to the same result, where the actors are of the same class; and I can assure my friends, at least those who have but ordinary experience in such matters, that on all and every occasion where the deal with such scamps as I allude to takes place, they will be robbed to a certainty. Let them not fancy they can escape, for escape is all but impossible. The most knowing are not always a match for deliberate, and, above all, confederate villany.

The once celebrated George Barrington was on some occasion brought in contact with a magistrate in the latter's private room. On Barrington pulling out his handkerchief, he with it pulled out of his pocket a queer-looking little instrument with a hook or hooks at the end of it. The magistrate inquired its use. On being plainly told it had been made for the purpose of picking pockets, the magistrate jokingly asked Barrington if he thought he could by this means extract any thing from his pocket without his feeling it? He replied, he did not think he could; and the magistrate as confidently felt he could not. Shortly after, Barrington went to the window and began abusing some passer-by on some pretended charge of ill-usage of himself: he (the stranger) of course expostulated: this led to high words: the magistrate came to the window to see what was the matter, and, finding one of the two must be wrong, requested the stranger to walk in, and he would see into the merits of the case; and he left the room to go to the stranger. On his return, he found Barrington gone, who of course did not wish any interview with the stranger, who consequently took himself off also. This was well enough; but, on wishing to see the hour, his worship discovered that his watch was gone too. He now remembered the hook. Barrington, not daring to keep it, returned with it next day, when, if report says true, the ma-

gistrate presented it to him for his ingenuity: if so, he was a trump.

I hope my friends will believe me when I say that a horse in the hands of a certain set is to be made as efficacious an instrument for picking pockets as George Barrington's hooks. They may forget themselves, and be induced (if not to look out of window as the worthy magistrate was) to do something that puts their pockets in quite as much danger. Whether in buying or selling, the only way is to have nothing to do with these gentry: never fancy you can guard against their tricks: they have a dodge at every turn. Nice lads to get a bargain of! Yes, they will give you a bargain, "*with a hook.*"

We will shortly show how these fellows act when a gentleman or any other individual wants to buy; for they will have a finger in the pie here too. I have before said, these scamps do not come to fairs (in the common acceptation of the term) to buy, that is, they do not come to buy a certain number of horses to take away to be sold at a proper and general profit. If they can buy, as I have represented, a horse for a quarter of his value, in which so far as one or two they generally succeed in doing, they buy, and of course do not object to their being sound: but they would much prefer buying what they term a "good screw" at ten or twelve pounds, that would be worth sixty or seventy if he was sound, to buying a sound horse at thirty that in ordinary dealing they might expect to sell for forty. It is by screws they live, and why they do so is easily explained. For instance: a good sort of (what dealers term) tradesman's horse, six years old, sound and a fair goer, is worth we will say forty pounds. This is one of the kind of horses that can be valued as easily as the gig or four-wheel he is destined to draw: take him where you will, he is worth within two pounds, more or less, of that sum: his size, age, looks, and action, will always command about that; but there is nothing in him to command more: every man who knows a horse from a hand-saw can judge his price; there is no flatching in him. Go to Burford's stables; I doubt not among his other horses he will show you twenty of this stamp: he must keep some such among others for his customers. But this is not a

money-making sort of horse: he can only be sold at a fair profit, like a sheep or a bullock. Now this sort of horse would not do for Rascal-dealer at all: he could not get a LOB out of him: consequently he never buys such (in a fair way at least:) he does, if, as I have shown, he can do some one out of him for fifteen or sixteen pounds, not otherwise.

There are horses that no man alive can value—such as hunters, horses of extraordinary beauty, or horses of extraordinary pretensions as to going. Such horses are worth just what different people choose to give for them. These are the horses to bring the profit to first-rate dealers; but, as Rascal-dealer cannot touch them, he must find something else whose value—or, I should in this case say, worthlessness—cannot be easily defined; and this is the *good screw*. What he terms "a good screw" is a horse whose complaint or tricks can be so palliated or concealed for a time as to prevent their being detected (sometimes even by a good judge.) It would be useless my attempting to describe the thousand-and-one ways to which such fellows resort to produce the desired effect: it would fill a good-sized volume; and then the ordinary run of buyers would be still unable to detect them. A man may be told that the conjurer does not leave the watch in the box, as he pretends to do; but if the man sees the watch in the box, locks it himself, keeps the key, and on again opening it finds the watch gone, it only amounts to "How did he get it out?" after all. The truth is, the conjurer was too quick for him; and depend on it Rascal-dealer would be too quick too, notwithstanding all the previous information or fancied knowledge the buyer might have.

Particular shoeing, beaning, (or other ways of producing the same effect,) hot water, stimulants, sedatives, physic, copious general, or local bleedings, rest or constant exercise, tonics, sickening medicine, fatigue, keeping a horse awake for three or four nights and days, will all produce wonderful effects on horses in palliating lameness, bad eyes, bad wind, internal or external weakness, vice, or violence. People will suppose a horse's throat an open sepulchre when I tell them I have once seen as many as six-and-thirty balls popped down a broken-winded one's throat one after the other: it is nevertheless fact: he seemed

to take it as a matter of course. I saw the same horse sold more than ten times over in Dublin in about six weeks; so, as he doubtless got his dose each time he was sold, reckoning by length, he got in time about thirty yards of ball down his throat. Pretty well for the time! If he has gone on ever since, I conclude his inside has by this time become tolerably well lubricated.

I have mentioned sickening medicines, and it might appear to some persons strange that a dealer should wish to sicken his own horse. Well, then, suppose a dealer has bought a thoroughly-known vicious restive run-away brute —to be sold he must be tried; and to be tried, he must be rode. Now it is not so extraordinary he should wish to sicken him a bit. If my reader has ever enjoyed the pleasant sensation of a thorough sea-sickness, I will answer for him, that, hasty or belligerent as he might be on ordinary occasions, he was tame enough then: so I have seen horses so violent that it was next to impossible to mount them, and as difficult to keep on their backs when mounted, rendered so sick and tame that you might have lifted them into a wagon for all they cared at the time; and thus have they been prepared when "the gentleman was coming to ride them." In a few hours the effect goes off, and then, when the gentleman attempts to ride, probably he goes off too. "Very astonishing! nothing could carry him quieter than the horse did yesterday." If the gentleman is only *astonished*, he is very lucky; but he is farther astonished, when, on calling on the dealer, he probably has also gone: so altogether he finds it a very pretty *go!*—The first *go* was wrong in going to such fellows.

But suppose Mr. Rascal does not mean to go, but stands his ground, and takes the horse back: he then brings this violent customer of a horse to his senses in another way, and for a more permanent (but still temporary) period. He ties my gentleman's head up to the rack, which he gives him full permission to look at; if he can derive any nourishment from that, he is at liberty to do so: a man is placed behind him with a whip night and day; this keeps the horse from getting a wink of sleep—the man of course relieved by a substitute. The horse does not find himself particularly relieved by this process, nor is the substitute

behind him and two or three pounds of hay and a little water a very pleasant substitute for good feeding; nor is the addition of his forty-eight hours' vigil any pleasing addition to his comfort. Mr. Horse begins to find this any thing but a joke, and keeps looking round as far as he can to see if any one is coming. Right glad would he be to welcome the very man whose brains he would have tried to have knocked out two days before if he went up to him; but no, there is the man on the stool of reform, and Mr. Horse finds himself on the stool of repentance. He is now well prepared by abstinence for a dose of physic; very sick; no sleep allowed; warm water *ad libitum;* must not be made to look too lanky. By the time the physic has done, and four days and nights of constant wakefulness, with nothing but a little bran and warm water, have passed, with what weakness, drowsiness, and fatigue, there is little doubt of the horse carrying quietly enough. He is accordingly ridden; if any remains of restiveness or vice appear, he gets first a sound thrashing, which he is too dispirited to resist, and then he gets another night of it till he is thoroughly tamed and browbeaten: he is again sold; and probably, though then put on proper feeding and allowed proper rest, it takes some days before he so far recovers himself as to resume his former habits.

Perhaps, from having been thoroughly cowed, he never does become quite as violent as he was before; but restive he will be no doubt. Now what is the purchaser to do? He cannot most probably prove the horse had been restive, while Mr. Rascal will not only swear, but bring plenty of witnesses to swear, he never was; and indeed the gentleman and his groom cannot help allowing that for a week the horse was quiet. If he goes to law and gains his cause, it will cost him a good deal of money and a great deal of trouble; and the chances are that so many witnesses will outswear him. The only wise thing for him to do is to give the scoundrel a sum to take him back, which he will do, as such a horse is an income to him: he is a *good screw*, though not a lame one, and will be sold over and over again by the same party and his coadjutors.

Having mentioned Dublin, and a horse there, I will mention another that I saw sold there, at the different Reposi-

tories and fairs in the neighbourhood, I should say twenty times. The fact was, if he was sold on Tuesday at one Repository, he was certain to be on Friday for sale at another, as the buyer was sure to find him out in an hour after he had got him. He was what is termed "a chinked-backed one;" that is, he had been injured in the spine. Many of these horses will do well enough with no weight on them when going straight along: stop them short, or turn them round quickly, the secret is out at once; but this is of course avoided when shown for sale. The horse I allude to was a very good-looking harness-like horse, five-years-old, and worth fifty if he had been sound: he was in the hands, or at least was most of his time in the hands of one of these Mr. Rascals: he was not only a good, but a superfine screw to him. On one of the various occasions of this horse being sold I was much amused at the fellow's consummate impudence and ingenuity. Some of my readers may have to learn that a horse thus injured in the spine is, in dealer's slang, termed "a German," why I know not: and from this I suppose is bysome also called "a foreigner." On the occasion to which I allude, a gentleman was very properly abusing the fellow —who was an Englishman, much to the credit of my country!—for selling him this horse. The fellow's reply was, first, "Did I warrant him sound?"—"No, you did not: you said you could not, as he had a corn."—"Well, so he has a corn."—"Yes, you scoundrel, but you did not tell me he was broken-backed."—"No, nor he ain't broken-backed: he is only chinked a bit. Did not I tell you he was a *furriner*, and that was why I sold him so cheap?"—"Yes, you did; but what has his being a foreigner to do with his back?"—"Why, every thing: if I told you a horse was a *buck*, I suppose you'd know his eyes warn't right, wouldn't you?"—"No, indeed I should not."—"Why, then, more's the pity! I say, Jem (continued the fellow to some friend going by,) I sold the furriner to this gemman; told him he was one; and now he wants to know what that has to do with his back?"—"Does he?" said the fellow; "let him get on him an he'll know."—"Now," says Mr. Rascal, "you see every body vot knows any thing knows what a furriner means. I didn't warrant him; you harn't got no law nor justice on your side; I wish you luck with

him!" The gentleman looked as if he doubted very much the arrival of the luck bespoke for him, and I doubt not would have sold his expectation a bargain. In short, he did not seem to know quite what to do; but he was likely to be relieved from his dilemma by a man (of course one of Mr. Rascal's friends) coming up to him, and saying, "Why, I hear, sir, you have bought the broken-backed-'un:" (he was broken-backed now!)—"he's of no use to nobody; he can't carry a pound on his back, and he can't draw more nor an empty cart: he's been sold here for three pound many a time. The fellow you bought him of oughtn't to be allowed to come into no sale-yard."—"Well," says the gentleman, "I am taken in, I know; I paid eighteen pounds for the horse, and am willing to lose by him; but he is not so bad as you represent him."—"Ain't he, though?" says the fellow: "just let's see him out." The horse was brought out. "Here," says he to some scamp in the secret, "just run this horse, will you." The horse was put to the best of his trot, turned as suddenly round as possible, and, as it must be with such horses, he nearly fell on his side as he turned, and appeared for a minute or two hardly able to stand. I need not go on farther with the thing than to say, that, as is always done in such cases, a crowd of vagabonds got collected round the gentleman, and to avoid their sneers, coarse jokes, and being laughed at, he was glad to get out of it by selling the horse for three pounds! But, as a finale to his wounded pride and purse, in a few minutes afterwards he saw the fellow riding the horse, who came up to him, saying, "Why, he ain't half as bad as I thought he was: he ain't *all* the money too dear now!"

I saw nothing more of my friend the *furriner* till about a month afterwards, when "a horse, cart, and harness, *the property of a tradesman*," was advertised for sale at one of the Repositories at a particular hour, at which particular hour a horse was driven into the yard at a fair trot straight up to the auction-box, but owing to the crowd and carriages for sale being in the way, this "horse, cart, and harness" could not be conveniently turned round—(*Mem.* we know the horse could not.)—This was of course foreseen; so he was sold standing there, and for cart purposes his action

was no great matter; and it was seen he drew quietly. I think he fetched twenty pounds. I need scarcely say the cart and harness were bought in, having only been borrowed for the occasion. So soon as he was knocked down, he was slipped out of the cart, led *straight* up the yard, and put into the stable, no doubt the purchaser congratulating himself on having got a good horse, the genuine property of a tradesman! Now, although this was all preconcerted —the cart and horse only coming at the time specified— the trot *straight* up the yard, as if done from being late— the cart not being able to be turned round—and the horse being taken straight out to enable the man to run the cart out of the way—all was done so naturally that nothing like deception or any thing particular appeared. This was the last appearance of *furriner* while I was there: probably, if he did not take a benefit there, he has given many a one to others since.

It may appear rather a matter of surprise how such fellows as I have described can afford the expense of going distances to fairs, when, as I have said, they are not certain of always being able to buy. The thing is managed in this way. In the first place, they rarely fail to find a something to lay their hands on; and if they do not, can always pay their expenses by doing a something for respectable dealers which they would not choose to be found doing themselves; and in this case often get a couple of sovereigns from the dealer for selling some screw for him, and frequently a couple more from the buyer for having found one for him: but of course that he is a screw is only found out afterwards: oftentimes never found out at all, unless a very bad one; for if he does his work, it is concluded he is sound; and if in the course of time he cannot, it is supposed that it is something fresh, and the owner only attributes it to ill-luck.

But we will see how Mr. Rascal can help a brother in iniquity without doing any thing *very bad;* merely in fact giving a little *quickener* to a sale. These fellows, as I have said, always have their eyes open for a chance, and in a moment know what to do on any occasion. We will suppose he sees a gentleman looking at any one horse in a dealer's lot: he may not have asked any questions about

the horse, but our lynx-eyed friend plainly sees he is preparing to do so, or has just done it. Up bustles Rascal to the dealer: "Bob, I want that GOOD horse of yours." Now, by his *good* he means to imply in a general sense superior, and of course this *good* would have been equally applied to any other horse among them that had attracted the gentleman's notice. This gives the buyer *in prospectu* an idea that he has not made a very bad choice.—Quickener the first: "Well," says Bob, "what d'ye want wi' he?" The at once recognising the horse meant by the term *good* shows that Bob considers him his best horse.—Quickener the second: "Why, I wants to take him to the gemman what bid you money for him just now; he wants a friend to see him." "Oh! he's welcome to show HE to who he likes; but mind I won't take no less."—Quickeners 4, 5, 6, and 7: out comes the horse, the lip-string properly tightened up: no need of ginger—that was right *before:* some need of the spurs; so in they go *now*, and off goes Rascal, making the best show possible.—Quickeners, enough; for the gentleman, not thinking the horse is being set off to any particular advantage, the intended purchaser not being present (*or any where else,*) he congratulates himself on having seen the horse *au naturel*, as the Frenchman said of the first potato he ever saw, and consequently ate raw—the only difference being, Monsieur did not like the potato at all, whereas Mr. —— likes the horse very much. While the other is gone, Bob shows the gentleman two or three others; praises them more than he does the one he intends the gentleman to buy: this shows he is not anxious to sell *him.* Back comes Rascal; times it to come up just when he has the horse mettled and settled to his best pace: "Now if you like to take a fair price, I have sold him: the gentleman will give the guineas, and no farther trouble."—The quickening is now going on very fast, indeed almost boiling: "I won't take the money, so put him in."—"Why, you'll make three pound clear by him, so let him have him."—"I tell you I won't; I won't stand none of his haggling: he sha'n't have him at no price now: so there! put him in"—Rascal jumps off in a passion, damns Bob and his horse, and swears "he'll never try to sell a horse for him again."

Bob, equally polite, damns Rascal, and tells him "he don't want him to't." Now the gentleman, having no reason to suspect that Rascal knew any thing of his wishes for the horse, really considers he has heard a genuine conversation between the two; and the little gentlemanlike ebullition of temper between them, and Rascal's still surly looks, confirm it: so he thinks he has got what we may term a little *stable information*—about as good and as much to be depended upon as some very cunning people get from racing establishments. The quickening now boils in right earnest: an offer is made; the dealer leads the gentleman confidentially by the arm a little on one side that no one may hear how *cheap* he sells him the horse; taking care, however, to keep within ear-shot of Rascal, who may be useful if any thing goes wrong. The horse is ordered to the Red Lion, or Scarlet Bear, or wherever the gentleman likes; the dealer takes care never to leave the gentleman till he has touched the cash; wishes him luck; gets the luck-penny; and then Rascal and Bob go to dinner: so will possibly the gentleman, after he has seen his horse the next day—*Mem.* "with what appetite he may." Not that I mean it is *certain* he has bought an unsound one: perhaps not: still I will answer for it, Rascal showed him better in a halter than Gentleman will with a bridle. I have, however, only shown how in *one* way a little quickening may be applied. Of course the game is played in various ways, according to circumstances: sometimes a different and the long game has to be played; whereas short whist did in this case.

Now let me explain a little of the by-play that probably escaped gentleman's notice. I have said the dealer took him by the arm (it's a way they have) a little out of the crowd: gentleman thinks it very natural the dealer may not wish every body to know all about his horse (*Mem.* dealers have a great many little *natural* ways with them.) Gentleman will, however, find there is more of the *natural* in himself than in the dealer. Now, the gentleman is quite right in supposing it was not wished that every one should hear the conversation; but the dealer's motive for this was somewhat different from what it was thought to be. It was this: he did not know who might be in the crowd—

perhaps some persons well known to his customer; and then, if things went wrong, they might be brought forward as witnesses of what dealer had said about the horse. For *this* reason he is taken *out* of the way; and Rascal is kept *in* the way as a witness on dealer's side: so the gentleman by these means can bring no witness if he wants one to swear the truth, while the dealer has one to swear any lies he may dictate for him. I will venture to assert, that in nineteen cases out of twenty, where a gentleman is dealing for a horse in any public place, let him turn round, and he will see some Mr. Rascal-looking fellow on the listen; and he may depend upon it he is there for the purpose I have stated. This is only one of their little *naturel* ways of managing things. I have one of my little natural ways too; and one of them is, always to get out of the way of these gratuitous listeners; and, under such circumstances, my reader will do well to get into the way of doing the same thing.

Having said something of these sort of gentry's mode of buying and selling, there is another part of their vocation to be spoken of: this is chopping, or swapping. Now, in good round terms, let me give my reader one bit of advice, NEVER SWAP WITH A DEALER. I do not mean to say but that once or twice during a life (if a *very* long one) a man may get a fair or advantageous exchange, but depend on it, if you take my advice *au pie de la lettre* you will do by far the best and wisest thing. I must mention an anecdote, where it should seem a man did himself a benefit by tumbling from the top of a high flight of stairs to the bottom; still it is an experiment, that, like swapping with a dealer, I strongly recommend my friends to avoid making.

My father and a friend, sitting in a hotel, were startled by hearing a tremendous fall on the staircase: they rushed out, fearing to find some one with broken bones; but no, it was a French gentleman, who had come from the top of the house rather faster than he had intended, by tumbling headlong from it. "Monsieur, vous vous avez fait du mal," said my father. "*Au contraire*, je vous remercie," cried the Frenchman. Another inmate now came and inquired what was the matter. "Oh! nothing," says my father, "but a Frenchman has frightened us to death by

tumbling down stairs, and says he has done himself a great deal of good by it."

So you may by swapping with a dealer: but *don't try it!* Swapping, I believe, is exchanging one thing for another; and this the dealer perfectly understands. A fair swap should be, if two things are of equal value, the giving one for the other; or, if of unequal value, giving or receiving the fair difference in value: this the dealer does *not* understand; at least he won't, which is the same thing to you. The first thing dealer does, and will do under almost any circumstances in swapping, is to draw money. In this particular, I care not be he of the highest or lowest grade,—the fixed principle is the same. I do not mean to say he would refuse to take a horse worth sixty for one worth twenty without boot; but I will pound him he will try to get it. Let dealers deny it if they can (and if they were to deny it to me, it would be of no use)—they in a general way expect to get the horse they swap (figuratively speaking) for *nothing*. In fact, you will hardly get one to swap with you at all, if you have known the price of his horse beforehand: he will be sure then to be "quite full"—"expecting a lot from some fair"—"shall have to hire stables for them."—*Mem.* he would have found room if you had *not* known the price of the horse you want. Now though I am quite sure you could have done yourself no good by the swap had you made it, you may, without suspecting how, have put yourself in the way of selling, I should say sacrificing, your horse by *attempting* the swap, and I will tell you how. Dealer has seen your horse, likes him, and would buy him at (in his phrase) *a price*. We will say he wants a hundred for his horse, and you a hundred for yours, and, as a supposed case, the one is as well worth it as the other. You would give ten or fifteen pounds for the accommodation of the exchange. Here dealer's faculties become again obtuse: this is one of the exchanges he don't understand. No, "this will never do for Galway," as the song goes. Now if he could sell you his at a hundred, and get yours at fifty, it would do. He understands this, but you do not, and he would be afraid to try to make you; so, as he would say, "he could not WORK." But he will though in another way. Now, if,

as I suppose, he likes your horse, and can get him "at a price," and sell you his too at *his* price, he won't have made a bad day's work of it: but supposing he does not want your horse, and can only sell you his, depend upon it his time will not have been lost. He knows you will buy his; so the first thing is to get your horse in his way or out of his way as may best suit him.—(*Mem.* this is another little *naturel* way he has!)—Now to do this, our lately neglected Rascal is employed: he calls at your stables, "has heard from (any one but the person he did hear it from) that you have a horse to sell." Now the way he will *work* will depend upon the hints he has got of your habits, temper, and knowledge of horses: he either "does not care about price, will give any thing for a *nice-'un;*" and then points out fifty things that makes yours a very *nasty* one; or he comes the candid and civil: "does not mislike the horse; is but a poor man; if he can make two or three pounds by him, he is satisfied;" and so forth: or, "he wants him for a gemman what won't buy no horse without him seeing him: will bring the gemman." He does so: "the gemman don't like the horse *at all:*" he persuades him strongly to buy him. We will say the gemman does not buy the horse: "Well," says the owner to himself, "the *poor* man did all he could to sell the horse at any rate:" so Rascal gets something for his trouble. The horse has been tolerably abused by this time, at least so far as gemman dare abuse him, and the owner is left to digest this at his leisure. This is only paving the way for another gemman that Rascal brings; and it rarely happens but the horse is got, and either goes to the dealer's stables who wanted him, or is sold somewhere else. Thus, in point of fact, the swap will be made, not indeed exactly as the gentleman meant, but very nearly on the same and only terms on which dealer would have swapped in his own yard.

Most probably, on the gentleman purchasing the horse he wanted to swap for, something is said about the other. Dealer now takes his cue, and says something to this effect: "Why, sir, your horse was certainly a very clever nag, but I tell you very honestly"—(oh! oh!)—"that if I had chopped, I should have wanted to draw fifteen pounds be-

tween them. I knew you would think that too much; so, not wishing to offend any customer, I declined altogether." The gentleman, smarting under "the trouble the poor man took to sell the horse," wishes he had known what Mr. —— would have taken, which he thinks was very fair indeed, and resolves, if ever he wants to swap again, to come to Mr. ——, and leave the deal entirely to him. He may if he likes; but he will then find Mr. —— has some other little *naturel* way of managing the thing that won't give him *quite* the worst of the swap!

I have endeavoured to give some idea how a certain class of dealers *work*, either in buying, selling, or assisting others in doing so; also the ruling principle of *all* dealers in swapping. I fear, however, I have not done any thing like justice to the talents of our friend Rascal. His ubiquity of presence, universality of information, presence of mind, versatility of invention and manner, with many other virtues all ready at a moment's warning to suit different occasions, are really astonishing, and a good many he does astonish in no small degree. I am quite aware I have not exhibited one-thousandth part of his talents. I did not intend, nor do I intend to attempt to do so; and, what is more, I could not if I did, though I do know something about him too. At all events I know enough to keep out of his hands.

But I will now look at him in another cast of character, and acting in one of those precious pieces of rascality that are carried on to a great extent in London. Reader, you have no doubt seen an advertisement something to this effect:—

"The Property of a Lady,

"To be parted with in consequence of the ill-health of the owner, who is ordered to a warmer climate—

"A pair of splendid gray britska geldings, with full manes and tails, six and seven years old, own brothers and nearly thorough-bred, match well with grand action.

"A beautiful brown Lady's mare, seven years old, thorough-bred; has been regularly ridden by the owner these last two years.

"Also a particularly handsome dun cob, with flowing

white mane and tail, so docile an invalid or child may drive him; has been constantly driven in a low Albert phaeton: invaluable to a timid person.

"The above are all sound; price will not be an object where they will be treated kindly.—N. B. No horse-dealer need apply.—The coachman will show the horses at the rear of No. —, —— Street, —— Square."

Now, as a prelude, let me advise my reader to first always look with a suspicious eye on a horse advertisement. If represented as coming from a lady, eighteen times out of twenty *it's a do:* if ever it is said that the great object is to sell to a person who will use them kindly, nineteen times out of twenty *it's a do.* But if it is said no horse-dealer need apply, the *do is certain.* It only requires a little reflection to convince us such an advertisement is not a genuine one: and to show its absurdity, though it takes in numbers daily. In the first place, a lady, keeping her carriage, saddle-horse, and pony phaeton, must of course also keep a servant's hack: this requires coachman, groom, and helper; the lady probably has two men in the house. Now, is it likely a lady keeping five men-servants would be driven to the necessity of advertising her ill-health and horses? If from that cause she wished to part with such horses as those described, among her numerous acquaintance and their acquaintance she would find plenty to take them off her hands. A beautiful mare, which has carried a lady two years, or a very handsome cob invaluable to a timid person, are not to be had every day, consequently want no advertising. As to finding her horses a comfortable berth, really nice horses seldom get uncomfortable ones. But would a lady suppose any one would bind themselves to her horses for life? If they do not, what would be the use of her sacrificing her money when they might be again sold in a month: and as to no dealer needing to apply—why not? A dealer would not use her horses ill, for his own sake; and as she is not very likely to ask him into her drawing-room, what would it matter to her whether he saw her coachman or not? As to the ill-health, it is astonishing how many ladies are in ill-health and wanting to sell their horses, according to the

papers' account. It is really cruel of these papers to wound our feelings by such statements; I don't say *mine*, because I don't believe them: and what is more, I know that, delicate as the fair creatures are, ladies, like some other things I could name, take a deal of killing: so do their lovers! But should the lady not find a friend to purchase her horses, surely Mr. Tattersall would be a better medium through which they might be disposed of; for no one who knows him could doubt his *exertions* being used to their utmost extent where ladies are concerned.

And a lady advertising her horses really has something dealing-like in it! Now if house furniture and the whole paraphernalia were to be advertised, well and good: we should then, if Mr. Robins was employed, see her horses brought before the public in something like the following modest announcement:—

"Last though not least among the many prizes of inestimable and matchless worth,

THE BEAU MONDE

may here possess themselves of those living specimens

OF REFINED TASTE,

selected for the use, and for some time the happy

FAVOURITES OF THE FAIR;

and as her lovely prototype of old, the then unrivalled

MATCHLESS CLEOPATRA,

was wont, when sailing on the Cydnus, to shine the leading star of her less

BRILLIANT HEMISPHERE:

when these envied animals, these happy slaves, were harnessed to the

CAR OF BEAUTY,

did their fair mistress, by their willing aid, move amid

THE GALAXY OF FASHION."

I rather think there is a trifle of *soap* here, but not the beastly *yellow* kind used (as mentioned) by Tom: no, nor the plain brown Windsor used by my humble self: Mr. Robins has an article for his especial use, in comparison to

which he would vote the best Naples as detestably out of taste as musk or lavender water. Long may he get the best of that and every thing else for his own use, for he is a capital fellow, which I believe all who know him will allow, notwithstanding his extra superfine soap!

When I have the honour to meet my reader next, I hope he will not object to go with me to the stables where these pretended lady's horses were advertised. We will then see what game is playing there, and just by way of curiosity, and perhaps also of getting a wrinkle, take a look at the locality where these nonpareils of horses, "the property of a lady," are to be seen. Now, as we do not consider ourselves yokels of the first water, but men who know something of the world's ways, we will on entering the stable cast our critical eye round, to see how far Rascal and Co. have had the tact or opportunity of putting every thing in keeping with the pretty little piece of humbug they propose carrying on; for it is in the minutiæ of these things this sort of gentry, acute as they are, generally fail; in fact, do not carry the thing through. Perhaps they consider that the man who sleeps with one eye open, do what they will, is not to be had; and that those who keep both on the full stretch, and yet see nothing, will not notice these little discrepancies, as some people look at a picture, which, provided the green "is bright enough, and the yellow golden enough," cannot see the want of keeping in the *tout ensemble.*

I conclude a something of this opinion actuates the manager and actor in our equestrian spectacles, when the attempt at the personification of a sportsman is made to give effect to the song,

"Hie-ho Chevy, this day a stag must die!"

Now (by way of parenthesis) let me observe in the first place, that with gentlemen who don the pink the idea does not suggest itself that the stag *must* die: in point of fact, if he is a game one, they determine that he must *not* die if it can be prevented. If this was not the feeling among sportsmen, I must indeed have been a glorious fool for on one occasion nearly drowning myself and horse in saving one in Virginia Water, and many no doubt will think me

one for so doing. The only plea I can offer *such* folks in extenuation of what they term folly, is, that, upon my soul, I would not have run the same risk to save *them*, and what is more, faithfully promise I never will.

But to return to our "Hie-ho Chevy" friend. However magnificently or classically melo-dramas may be got up now, the moment they attempt to represent a fox-hunter or jockey they utterly fail. Did ever eyes behold a man appropriately dressed as a fox-hunter on any stage? Mine never have. From *Hamlet* to *Crack* in "The Turnpike Gate," as mortals; from Juno to Ganymede, as heavenly bodies—and heavenly little bodies some are who represent them (I have often wished to prove them earthly)—all are well and appropriately dressed. Then why not dress a sportsman appropriately? The non-judges would not like him the less, and the judges would be more interested. Conceive John Kemble as *Coriolanus* bearding the Volscians in a Chesterfield and Wellingtons!

We will suppose a fox-hunter is to come on: let me see if I can come at all near the *thing* by description. First, we hear the cracking of a whip in the side-scenes, quite as loud and continued, but not half as well done as that of a postillion's arriving from Marseilles or any other Continental town: then we are treated with sundry yoyks, or yikes, or yohikes, or some such unheard of, and let us hope never-to-be-heard again, sounds. Gods of hunting! what would old Forester (whose Life has been written by THISTLEWHIPPER as we never read the life of a foxhound written before, and I fear never may see any thing of the sort written again)—what would old Forester say? Why, he would worry the *bagsman*. . . . . But hold hard! here he comes, while his Westminster-bridge cheer is repeated with ecstasy by some scores of "most sweet voices" in the gallery—(*Mem.*, glorious English liberty this.) "Tallyho! there he is!" and a pretty devil it is as a representation of one of the first flight at Ashby Pasture. Why, the very grass would look blue if it saw him there; Kirby Gate would open of itself; and Whissendine run dry to let the apparition have free escape. Now "Hie-ho Chevy," being a Stangate Street fox-hunter, thinks he is acting up to the spirit of his part by putting on the look

and carriage of a half and half hostler and one of the swell mob.

Then for his toggery: his coat may probably be well made—that is, if *he* did not order it, but had sense enough to buy it second-hand in Holywell Street; if on the contrary, depend on it it will be a rum one. Why then, as poor Brummell said, "my dear fellow, do you call this thing a coat?" though, after this observation being made, he might not derive the same advantage I did from a waistcoat of mine not pleasing this once leader of ton. I was going to dine with him: he scanned my dress all over: I conclude he thought it bearable till he saw my waistcoat. "My dear fellow," says he, "you must excuse me, and let me take a liberty with you. I cannot dine and look at that waistcoat: it is a mere body-case. I should fancy old times were returned, and my dinner was dressed by some wretch who cooked when people eat roast beef. I must positively hide it." He took me to his dressing-room, and made me admissible by giving me one of his own, making mine play the part of under-vest. Poor Brummell! *sic transit gloria mundi!* I was quite a young one at the time, but had I been forty he would have done the same thing.

Now "Hie-ho's" hat—I did not *begin* with the head in this case, no matter why—if he wishes to be "warmint," he sports a shallow, a regular Jonathan, which he conceives looks like "going a-head;" or, if he thinks his friend Mr. Lutestring (who alvays ires a orse to see the Easter Monday's turn-out) knows how to do the thing, he gets the loan of his identical hunting hat; and a very smart hat indeed it is, with a full yard of inch-wide satin riband as a check-string.

His tie—he thinks he must not show a white, because *Dominie Sampson* does in "Guy Mannering," (so does Jem Robinson, but he does not know this;) nor must he sport a black, because *William* does in "Black-eyed Susan:" he might see such a thing at Barkby Holt and other places; this he does not know either: not by-the-by that I think black looks well with a hunting coat, but many first goers do: a blue or green with a white dot he could not bear, because the bird's-eye is sported by fight-

ing men; so *this* must be low: he therefore takes one, relying on the taste of his ladye love, and which quite accords with his own: he exhibits his bit of silk, a peach-blossom ground-light green crossed-barred, with scarlet and blue transverse stripes. This *is* a tie! I should tumble off if I got on a horse with it on.

Now for his waistcoat: the bare mention of a plain buff kerseymere would sicken him; a narrow stripe would annihilate him at once: no, no: his *is a waistcoat*—Wellington-blue satin, checked with amber and crimson stripe. This looks warm and comfortable, consequently fit for a hunting waistcoat! "Very like a whale!"

Now his unmentionables. Why things should be *unmentionable* that modesty causes us to wear, I know not: they say ladies introduced the term—*quære*, what do they consider the mentionables? I must learn this. However, he wears the unmentionables—so may ever those be who manufactured them—unless positive orders were given for tourniquets for the nether parts. But the artist, knowing good *stiff* corduroy is not famous for its yielding properties, has very wisely left them quite easy at the knees, thus giving his customer's very much the resemblance of those of an ostrich, who is, I conceive, not celebrated for symmetry in his legs and knees: but to remedy this, a full allowance of riband is permitted to tighten the knee-band, leaving still sufficient to hang to the bottom of the boot-top.

Now as to tops. "Hie-ho Chevy" certainly would have sported the moveable sort, but as he never means to soil them, it is no matter. Where or how he got the boots altogether Heaven knows! there are not half-a-dozen men in London who *can* turn out a *top-boot*. He certainly did not get them of any of these; and as I trust there is but one who could make such a pair as his, I admire his indefatigability in ferreting him out. It is true the tops are as white as putty-powder and pipe-clay can make them; and as the lower parts were blacked and polished off the leg, and had the finishing touch on, the polish is really good: he has heard a sportsman's dress should be easy (in this I quite agree with him;) so he carries it to his boots, which are made with a nice easy calf to them; but, to pre-

vent their getting down, they are held up by a strap taking all four of the knee buttons; so they hang like a travelling carpet-bag hung up by one handle.

Then the Brummagems: it certainly has been the style for years to wear them drooping on the heel (why, I know not, if they are intended for use;) but friend "Chevy" does more: he has his under-straps made particularly short; so, from letting the spurs droop "*a la mode*," they look like a pair of Yeomanry formidables, with an extra length of shank to them.

I think we have now dressed him. Then the ease with which he wears his harness, and harness it is to him; for a man unaccustomed to wear top-boots and breeches moves as much at home in them as I should in the dress of a Deal boatman; but such as he is, there he is.

Prelude of horns—during which "Chevy" takes the accustomed walk backwards and forwards: all singers do; so do the leopards and panthers in Wombwell's cages. The eleven-months-in-the-year inhabitants of London are satisfied they have seen the *beau-ideal* of a fox-hunter, and the *fac-simile* of the Marquis of Waterford, or some such an out-and-outer. Ye Gods! the Marquis dressed to mount Yellow Dwarf like *such a thing!* "Name it not in Gath," still less in Melton.

"Chevy" now sings his song, and if he would leave out the "halloos," and keep his *enormous* whip quiet, he would doubtless acquit himself well in this part of the business. Having done so, the manager treats him to a ride, and his hunter is led on. *He* does not come on as Captain Ross's Clinker would have done, sneaking along as if he was ashamed of himself: no, you *hear* "Chevy's" hunter coming; and when he does come, there's fire for you! If the Noble Marquis I have mentioned should happen to be present, he would see no common brown horse with a scanty tail like Old Harlequin; no; here is a beautiful piebald, with a tail large enough (when short ones were the go in the Market Harborough country) to have tailed a whole field. Of the *tailing* there would be little doubt if "Chevy" was there. But I can go no farther; the hunter produced is a choker for me, a regular stopper; so we will return to the horses advertised.

If we were endued with the curiosity some folks possess, instead of going to the stables, we should go to the house-door and make some inquiries: but this would be as injudicious in our case as going behind the scenes would be at new pantomimes; it would dispel the illusion at once; for there we should probably be told the family were out of town, but that the stables were let for a month to Captain, Major, or perhaps Colonel Somebody, and that the *pro temp. Chargé-d'Affaires* at the house knew nothing of any horses advertised for sale. This proceeding would be well enough if we merely wished to learn if the advertisement was genuine; but as we are satisfied on that point, and merely go to see how the thing is done, it would be unnecessary. It may be asked whether the advertisers have no fear that such inquiries may be made? In one sense they do fear it; in another not at all: they fear it, as those who do inquire will not become their victims, but from no other cause, for few persons would think it worth their while to go and abuse the *soi-disant* Major or Colonel as a rogue and a swindler: you could not have the satisfaction of calling a blush to his face, and all you could get would be a bullying from him and his: and as to exposure, could you expose him to nineteen parts of the population within the Bills of Mortality, provided you leave him the remaining twentieth, he would find gulls enough among them to serve his turn. These fellows do get abused, exposed, threatened, warned off, turned out, and a hundred other things: their plot does often get smoked; and sometimes the place gets too hot to hold them. What then! they go somewhere else, and *cœlum animum non mutant;* so they up and at 'em again, and *Mr. Green* does come at last. These facts have flashed across our minds as we walked up the Mews, and we are quite prepared to draw our conclusions (were they not already drawn) from the cut of the attendants and the stable altogether. If they were the stables of a lady or gentleman, we should be received by a respectable man as coachman, groom, or at least helper, or perhaps by all three. Their proper and civil demeanour would show they were what their appearance bespoke: they, or he, would without hesitation state their employer's name, how long they had had the horses,

from whom they had been bought, how they had been used, why they were sold, and at once state their prices. If one or more were approved of, they would offer to lead them out, and would probably be authorized (if the horses *did* belong to a *lady*) to refer you to some gentleman who would give you any farther information. Then the stable,—if that of a lady or gentleman, it will have a used look about it, clean and well done, but every thing about it would show it had been long inhabited; the beds tidy and comfortable, but nothing remarkable either way—neither plaits behind the horses as a show-off on the one hand, nor any appearance of neglect, as if one man did the whole business, on the other. The thing would be all in keeping: the horses would wear the same clothing (at least as far as pattern;) those and the head-collars would show they were made by the same person; so if we look into the coach-house and harness-room, if there is one, we shall find harness of all sorts, saddles, bridles, girths, spare clothing, spare parts of harness, bits, &c. hung up all round.

Now had Rascal and Co. had the precaution to carry on the thing so well as to have got together all this, unless we had called at the house, I allow I should be a little staggered on opening the stable door, and have thought it possible I had condemned the advertisement somewhat hastily, and should perhaps go far enough to make some inquiries as to its being genuine. But the moment we open the door, as the thing is here done, no inquiry is necessary. The moment the latch is lifted, or a knock made at the door, we hear a bustle. This proceeds from the horses, which are up to the very mangers at once as quick as "attention" ever produced a simultaneous movement in a company on parade; and farther, from the very bad imitation of a respectable servant in the fellow who is to play that part, having nothing to do but to keep watch, jumping from off the corn-bin or from the side of one of the horses' beds, where he was in a kind of lie or sit "at ease" position from which the "attention" aforesaid calls him as quickly as it does the horses. If this should happen to be a really knowing fellow, he either tells a long tale, and a plausible one; or, as this is attended with some danger, from fear any

discrepancy may arise between what he may think proper to say and what (when he comes) the Major or Colonel may say, he represents himself as only the helper; the coachman is out (of course;) but the said helper is quite AT HOME, though "he does not know much about the horses as he has only lately come;" but the Major or Gentleman, will be here in a few minutes, as he always comes at — o'clock. Of course he does come immediately, as he would at any other hour, being always in ambush in some public-house that commands the Mews: if not, he has some one sent to let him know when any one goes to the stable. Now our friend Rascal does not take the principal character here, for they could not make the greenest of the green mistake him for a gentleman, or a Major (unless it might be a *ci-devant* Major of the Venezuela Brigade:) no; Rascal takes the lower characters in the by-play, and here enacts the part of Quickener again (in some character) if he is wanted: but the principal is some scamp, who was probably a croupier at some low gambling-house till he was kicked out of it, or no better on the turf till no one would bet with him, having varied his avocations by a little general swindling, occasional horse-dealing, playing bully to some fair demirep, and probably not refusing a watch if it chooses to jump into his hand. Still, as gentlemen throw themselves at times into strange situations in our little Metropolitan Village, he has seen enough of them to get a certain knowledge of dress and address, which lasts till something occurs to draw him out. Then the knowledge he has of words, and the multitudinous selection of epithets he possesses, brings out the lowest abuse distilled from his lips, about a thousand above proof, and he stands confessed the ruffian, the bully, and the blackguard. Now, as the great part of the principals in these sort of advertisements are composed of such fellows, it is no matter of surprise that so many are victimised by them, and that those who are not should not wish to contaminate their name by bringing them to account, and thus they escape.

Major, on coming, desires one of the horses to be brought to him at Long's, Miller's, Mivart's, or some other hotel that in ordinary cases stamps Aristocracy on its patrons.— This farther shows he has authority to act. He does not

notice the strangers but by a distant bow, and this he makes like a gentleman. On your mentioning your object in coming, his quick eye has scanned you well while he was issuing his orders, and he then regrets his poor friend's state of health, speaks of her horses as all that can be desired in horses; and if he sees this take, he will tell you you are welcome to see this or that horse or horses at the door.—If he does, take it as no compliment, for depend upon it he would not volunteer the thing unless he fancied that he saw a something about you that induced him to think you will never electrify the world by your maiden speech in Parliament—in short, he does not consider you *la huitième merville du monde.*

As myself and my reader are now supposed to be the persons looking at these horses, we will not allow that Major did *offer* to show them out, but that we *requested* it might be done. So far as I am concerned, I trust that neither my manner nor appearance have induced him to think me quite a rogue or quite a fool. My reader I am sure he considers beyond suspicion; but I do hope and believe he sees a something about us that leads him to fear the thing WON'T DO.

Now, while my reader is playing with the Major by seeing a horse out (for in *our* case the play is in our hands,) I will just reconnoitre a little, and first take a peep into the corn-bin. I will bet a "pony" I find a few oats in a sack: right; it is so; and a few cobwebs in the corner of the bin—very unlike horses having stood here the last two years! Any signs of carriages having been here lately? No: no recent signs of occupation.—Harness? no; but there is half a truss of hay. In the stable is one saddle, a good one, and a bridle for the Major, or any one wishing to try a horse, and another for the Major to accompany the gentleman, besides a side-saddle, to show the mare had been used to carry a lady. The make of the latter shows me, or rather awakes my suspicions, that no woman of fortune would use it, and that consequently the beautiful dark brown mare never carried it. As a guide to this, I take the liberty of looking at the *pannel*, when (the Major was not awake here) I find *chestnut* hairs on it.

Quite satisfied, I shall now join my reader, who I find

enjoying the Major's distrustful appreciation of him, and his fear that the hoaxer in this case is the party hoaxed. I now cast an eye on the beautiful lady's mare, and no great judgment is probably required to cast an eye on the whereabouts the screw is loose. Major perceives at once the game is up, and says, "Perhaps, gentlemen, you have seen enough of the mare." As far as our powers in the laconic avail us, we jointly call them up for his service, and the "Quite enough, Major," is quite enough for him. He finds that for this turn he is, as he would say, *down upon his luck;* and now "vamos por Dios," cry I, or perhaps this Don may give us a few "vivas" of the wrong sort.

I have now given my reader positive proof of a system of which I had only before apprized him by words. I trust he will be very careful (from what he has seen) how he ever attends to such horse-advertisements, and that when he does (or if he does,) he has got a few hints that may be useful to him. In return, I only beg his best indulgence for my humble efforts to interest him in what I may in future submit to his perusal.

We will conclude that Major is not always so truly unfortunate in his customers as he was in our case, but that he finds some one to buy either the valuable mare or one of the grays. What then? In a day or two the purchaser of course finds out the secret, or is told of it; and as he is *minus* some seventy or eighty pounds, he seeks Major for a restitution of it: he finds the stables, no doubt, but all he can learn of Major is, "they wish they may get him," for he left without paying for the hire of them. But if it is supposed that he has for one moment balanced in his mind the separate advantages of an emigration to North Canada, the United States, New Zealand, or Australia, it is doing him great injustice: the Major is no recreant, not he. If the purchaser will only have patience for a week or so, I dare say I can put him on his *drag;* but even then, he has so many well known earths open, it would be difficult to *run in* to him: and suppose one did, fingers worse bitten would be the only result: but if the finding him is really wished, the following will point out our line of country to the "meet."

"To be sold, the property of a gentleman, the following superior hunters, that have been regularly hunted with the Kilkenny and Garrison hounds:—(a fresh one, as a heading.)

"1. A bay gelding, by Napoleon, dam by Ivanhoe; equal to great weight.

"2. A gray gelding (*Mem. the* gray gelding now a hunter,) by Freney, dam by Master Robert; remarkably handsome, and a splendid fencer.

"3. A brown mare (our old friend,) by Blacklock, dam by Welcome.—This mare, from her magnificent fencing and racing speed, would make a tip-top steeple-chaser.

"4. One of the best 16-stone covert hacks in this kingdom.—(*Mem.* Cobby.)

"The above are all sound, and the owner can be treated with. To be seen at his stables, Red Lion Yard, (some) Street, Bloomsbury:"—or, perhaps, Golden Square, for such places are some of the haunts of these advertising gentlemen.

Tally ho! Go hark together! hark together! hark! that's it! the hunted fox for a thousand! "Oh, the top of the morning to you, major," for it's him sure enough, but now *plain* Mr. O'Reilly, with just a *teste* of the brogue and lots of the blarney. Faith, Major, you do it iligant! But now, having found him—*cui bono?* You could get nothing from him but his skin, and that you are not allowed to take. He will prove these horses are not his, so all you could do would be to send or get him sent to prison—mind, you paying for the gratification of so doing, IF you can do it. The gratification, however, at best would be but small, and his chagrin would be also small: he would be quite at home there, and get indulgences that some poor fellow, sent there for purloining a loaf for a famishing family, would not have money or interest with the worthy functionaries in charge of him to obtain.

But let any sensible man look at this advertisement, and reflect a moment, he may save himself the trouble of going: the incongruity of the thing must strike him. Is it likely a gentleman who had been hunting with the Kilkenny and Garrison hounds would bring horses from where they were known to London, where they are not?

The members of those hunts, and the gentlemen who hunt with them, must have changed their nature very much from what they ever have been, if they let really good hunters escape them. Then, of all places, Bloomsbury! If I wanted an attorney—I might look there for him: or, if I wished to find a piano or dancing-master, (a cheap one,) hot rolls, or (now) hot potatoes, I might go to the purlieus about Golden Square for them; but for a hunter, I should as soon look for a zebra at Almack's. Yet people do go! Well, it's all the same to me whether they go or not: but they will not find it all the same to them.

We have seen quite enough of these sort of gentry; but really the ramifications from their genealogical stem are so varied and extensive, that I really believe all the honest men in England could stand under the shade of one of these noble denizens of *their* forest; and here comes a collateral branch.

This is one of those meddling sort of gentlemen to be found in London, and particularly in every provincial town in England where the horse trade is carried on extensively enough to make it worth their residence. We will call this gentleman Mr. Meddler, and a mighty meddling troublesome fellow he is, a perfect pest to dealers and repositories, about whose stables he is always to be found more or less. Now, whether Mr. Meddler designates himself an agent, or what, I do not know, so I will call him a peripatetic salesman. His business (or at least what he makes his business) is, to know the appearance, qualifications, and price of every horse standing in a dealer's stable, or in those of any public establishment for sale; and this by hook or by crook he will know, how much soever the master of either stable may wish to prevent him. But he knows a great deal more than this; for he makes himself acquainted with every horse for sale in the neighbourhood, and also with every person wanting to purchase one for any given purpose; so that he can very often, nay generally (if he chooses to do so,) find a horse a master, and a master a horse, to suit each other. Now this looks like a very useful fellow; *mais le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable;* nor is this very useful fellow on the whole so great an acquisition to a town as some people think him. If his

business consisted in saving people the trouble of looking for horses by informing them where such a horse or horses as they want are to be found, he *would* be a useful man, and no one would grudge him his guinea for his trouble (if they chose to employ him;) but he does not wait for this; he *will* have a feeling in every horse for sale in the town and neighbourhood, or he will use every exertion in his power to prevent its being bought, however good he may be. Having a hand in the sale of a horse is his bread, consequently it is his interest to prevent any one being sold in which he has not a feeling.

I forget now upon what occasion it was, but when Cardinal Richelieu was once personally examining some unfortunate fellow touching some treasonable practices he had been guilty of, he asked him what had induced him to venture on such things? Now the Cardinal was not the most urbane or just the sort of man one would by choice select to be examined by on such an occasion, nor was the milk of human kindness so redundant in his composition that there was any chance of its overflowing; and thus, forming (a second) milky way. The poor culprit knew this: so without any circumlocution, plainly and simply replied, as his only excuse, "*Monsieur, il faut manger!*" This to some men would have been at least an extenuation, and the force of the homely argument would have been allowed. Not so the Cardinal: "*Je n'en vois pas la necessite*," says he. Cool, one would say, and by no means flattering: but the Cardinal, like horse-dealers, had little ways of his own, not the most agreeable to those who offended him; and I doubt not could look grim enough in his fool's cap. Not being particular, I must say I should prefer an evening's assignation with a little *chaperon rouge* we have seen of later date.

Now Mr. Meddler considers it *is* quite necessary to eat, though the Cardinal did not; and eat he will, and well too, whoever pays for it. It may be wondered how such a man gets the sway he does in these things; but it is easily accounted for. In London his powers are very limited, there being such a host of horses and customers that he can know but a small proportion of either, and strangers are constantly coming in; but in provincial towns he knows every body,

and every body knows him, as well as they do the market-place; should any stranger arrive, Meddler's modesty will not prevent him making his acquaintance and volunteering his services; nor does he suffer a fresh horse or two to enter the town without ascertaining all about them. Thus it is seen that nothing of this sort can stir without his knowledge. Every one who knows him knows this, and therefore applies to him for information and assistance, both of which he can afford, and will if he is paid for it. This is all fair enough we will say—"the labourer is worthy of his hire," is an old saying, and quite a true one if we apportion the hire to the services he renders us; but I will show where Mr. Meddler frequently is not worthy of his hire.

We will suppose any one had applied to him to find him a horse of a certain sort for a certain purpose. Meddler knows one or two, as the case may be, exactly suited to the purpose. Now the horse being so is certainly a consideration with Meddler, but a very secondary one. The first is, to *whom* does the horse *belong*, and will he *pay* him for selling him for him as much as he pleases to think he ought to get? If "yes," the purchaser is immediately taken to both horse and owner: if "no," he will not be taken; but, on the contrary, if another, who Meddler knows *will* pay, has a horse not half so well adapted to the purchaser's views, to him he will be taken; for, mind, being well paid by one party will not suit Meddler: no, he must be paid by both, and paid well. His business therefore is to take his employer where he can do the best for himself, not where he can do best for the employer; and thus he is not always the safest gentleman in the world to trust to. I have rarely employed one of these meddlers, preferring, as Liston said, to "mix for myself." Many people know to what this refers, but as many do not, I will mention it.

Before Liston got so high in point of engagements as he afterwards most deservedly did, he had his daily pennyworth of milk taken. This got at last so very rich of the water that Liston could stand it no longer; so next morning he made his appearance at the door with two small jugs in his hand; the milkman, supposing he wanted an extra allowance for some purpose, filled the one with the usual

quantity, and was preparing to fill the second, "No," says Liston, "I have brought that for the water; now take back this mixture, and give me half in quantity of *milk;* I will mix in future for myself." Now, like Liston, whenever I have applied to a meddler, although I paid him for his time, I still choose to "mix for myself." I perfectly well knew it would depend on circumstances as to what horses he might choose to inform me of, and well know he would not tell me of every horse he thought I should like: still he would tell me of some, and thus save me trouble, and as I never should be guided by what he said, he could do no harm. I made use of him, as they say the lion does of the jackal; but after he had found the quarry, I always begged him to stand aloof, and leave me to decide how far it might suit my appetite. He may (properly appreciated) be made a useful scout, but he is not to be trusted as a counsellor. Thus much for private individuals employing meddlers; let us see how far they affect dealers.

As I have in other places said, the ill word of any ignoramus or malevolent fellow used against a dealer or his horse is sure to be given implicit credit to, and many a good horse is lost by people attending to such fellows. If Mr. Meddler would content himself with taking any person to a dealer's yard when he knew he had a horse in his stables to suit the customer, the dealer would of course be very happy to see him, and would pay him handsomely for his trouble: but there is something in forced interference repugnant to one's feelings, even when no harm is meant. I think a pheasant kept to a day, and done to a turn, a capital thing: but I know I should kick confoundedly if a man attempted to ram a leg down my throat, drum-stick and all; so, though the dealer would willingly pay any meddler for what he sold for him, he does not wish to give him the command over all the horses in his stable, and a feeling in every one sold from them: but this is what Meddler wants, and therefore will, and does, in some way abuse every horse attempted to be sold without his interference: in fact, he wants to trade on the dealer's capital, and have a certain share in the profits of each horse, though on an average he is only the means of selling one in ten. The consequence would virtually be, that the dealer must wait till Mr. Med-

dler sold his horses for him, or give him a feeling in any one he takes the unwarrantable liberty of selling himself. Bravo, Mr. Meddler! a very modest way of constituting a little partnership, for it amounts to that. This I rather think is a little more than the dealer can afford: it is an attempt to make him swallow the pheasant's leg with a vengeance! But if he refuses so large a morsel, he may fully calculate on Meddler's using his most strenuous efforts to (as he would term it) *choke off* every customer that enters the yard. One plan would be this. I have said he is always hanging about to see what is going forward: he is not always seen in the yard; but is enough there to know every horse in it, and somewhere about his price. Well! he sees a gentleman looking at one there. Knowing the horse, he knows at once the description of animal wanted: he does not of course openly interfere in this case, or even suffer himself to be seen if he can prevent it: he has had a glimpse of the horse from the street, and that is enough for him. The gentleman leaves the yard: if he has so closed the bargain as to be unable to be off it, or, as Meddler says, to be choked off, Mr. Meddler has lost his chance: but very probably the customer may not have quite done this: my life on it Meddler trots after him. "Beg your pardon, sir, I saw you looking at a horse in ———'s yard. I know the horse very well; he was bought (so and so:) I don't wish to interfere, I'm sure, *but* I know a horse would suit you exactly: he belongs to a PRIVATE GENTLEMAN" (or TRADESMAN, as the case may be.) He takes the customer to see the horse or others, if he can persuade him to do so: in fact, having got hold of him, he never leaves him if he can help it; and thus takes a customer from the dealer, and, farther, secures one for himself. Thus are these sneaks the bane of dealers. It is true they may order Mr. Meddler not to enter their yard; but then, in certain situations, by making such a man an enemy, his tongue can (and it will not be his fault if it does not) do an incredible deal of mischief; so the dealer is forced to bear the nuisance, and manage as well as he can, by from time to time throwing a sop to these Cerberi.

At fairs you will be sure to find Meddler: he is either taken there by, or goes to meet, some dealer from a dis-

tance: the dealer is aware Meddler knows the horses of value, or at least a great part of them, likely to be there. Here he is useful, for he saves the dealer trouble and time, and can probably give him the history of many he looks at. Here he does not make it a *sine quâ non* to be paid by *both* parties, though in most cases he contrives to be so; for the dealer buying a number makes the day's work a good one to Meddler, supposing he only got what he gives him, and he would be afraid to play tricks with this employer; for though this dealer, not having suffered at home by Mr. Meddler's interference, is very good friends with him, and treats him to his dinner and bottle of wine, he knows how to appreciate him, and mostly uses him as a useful tool that he knows dare not turn its edge on *him*.

At Repositories and public auctions Meddler is again met. To a Repository he is a positive curse, for the owner of it must either pay him, or he will indiscriminately abuse *every* horse *there*, for these of all places Meddler detests the most. The dealer is culpable enough in his eyes for presuming to sell a certain number of horses without him: what then must be his absolute loathing of a place where such numbers are sold without him? He hates its very walls; he knows he cannot be always paid here, for it would look rather odd to any person, on being paid for a horse sold there, to find, in addition to the regular commission, an item, "Paid Mr. Meddler 2*l.* commission." The customer might be uncourteous enough to say, "Who is Mr. Meddler?" The owner of the Repository might feelingly enough say, "Why, he is the devil:" but I do not think this would satisfy the customer. We shall, I am sorry to say, have occasion to mention Mr. Meddler again, as I now propose to do myself the honour of introducing my reader to Repositories.

I have been obliged, in accordance with what I proposed in commencing these Hints on Horse Dealers in general, to dwell for some time on the acts and habits of the lowest of the low, and to carry the thing out, to quote their sentiments, language, and expressions. I fear the task is not yet quite complete: it will, therefore (if only for a time,) be a relief to get into a respectable place,

and to meet a respectable man. I shall therefore begin by taking my reader to Osborn's—"Harry Osborn's."

We may be now supposed to have arrived at a spot where we have Gray's Inn, Verulam Buildings, with sundry other buildings and courts (all inhabited by gentlemen of the law,) to our right—(quite right to leave them there) and the Repository on our left. Some person may say that I have brought my reader into a very pretty dilemma; for, turn which side he may, he has a very fair chance of being *done*. What might be the result of turning to the right I cannot say; but by taking the other turn, I will answer for his coming out unscathed. Besides, there is another thing to be considered: if he should not like this place, he need not go there again—a *sequitur* not always to be relied on by those who pay a visit to the other. "*In medio tutissimus ibis*," they say: now, if we did this, we should run plump into a brewery; and really I am not certain, that, if we were tempted to take a solution of *cocculus indicus*, it would be altogether so safe an alternative. "*Quanti vivono in questo mondo alle spicie di questo e di quello!*" This may be applied to all three places; so we will at once turn into Osborn's.

Reader, do you see that elderly person in a plain frock-coat, with a pair of shoes, or boots, whose soles would create wonder even with a Folkstone fisherman? That is Mr. Henry Osborn—in the vocabulary of his old customers, and many very old customers he has, "Harry Osborn"—by whom, if your appearance and address proclaim you a gentleman, I will answer for it you will be received with the deference due to your rank in life; or if they denote your being merely a respectable man, you will be treated with the attention and civility due to a customer. —(*Mem.* no light blue satin cravats worn; no champagne *talked* about, though a bottle might be routed out on occasion.)—Osborn does not call himself a gentleman; but, I tell you what, he will very soon judge whether his customer is one or not.

I think I am justified in calling this the first commission stable in England, for two reasons—I believe Osborn was the first who devoted himself *exclusively* to this branch of the horse trade, and that he has in *this* way sold more

horses than any other man in existence. I am not going to write a panegyric on Mr. Osborn: but so far as I know of him—and I knew him, and he sold horses for me, and to me, when I was a mere boy—I can only say, were I in London, and wanted a horse, to him *I* should go; and I believe, greatly to his credit be it said, the greater part of his old customers who have left him have left the world also.

Having shown my reader a Repository where I consider the business is carried on as fairly as the nature of that business will allow—for, in road phrase, a little "*shouldering*" will creep into the best regulated Repositories—I will endeavour to show what might be done in one where a man intends to *do*.

All persons who are not amateurs of horses are much more suspicious of those whose business lies in that way than those who are; but, unluckily, their suspicions are seldom directed to the right point: so, not knowing what to guard against, these suspicions do them no good. The chief apprehensions I have heard people express in sending a horse to a commission stable for sale are, first, that he will be cheated of his proper feeding; and, secondly, that the owner of the stables will keep the horse unsold for the advantage he derives from the livery expenses. Nothing can be more futile or groundless (in a general way) than both these apprehensions; not from any honesty on the part of the owner or his subordinates, where either or both are inclined to be tricky, but from other causes. With respect to the feeding: this is done by the foreman, who, in large establishments, generally goes at the regular feeding hours with a corn-barrow to the different stables: here he gives to the man or men, according to the number of horses, a feed for each. Thus the foreman cannot cheat the horses without the knowledge of the strappers; and he values his berth too much to put himself in their power; for if he did, he would soon become under them instead of their being under him. As he dare not keep back corn for his *own* advantage, you may depend upon it he would not do so for that of his master, unless directed by him to that effect: and this he would not be, for then he would have it in his power to expose his employer. So, even supposing the whole lot—master, foreman, and strappers—

to be rogues, the fear of each other in this particular keeps them honest. Now the strappers—the generality of whom I give full credit for being quite disposed to pillage both master and customer if they can do so with impunity—if they could carry the corn home in lieu of giving it to the horses, there is little doubt but they would do so: but the horses are seen feeding by other eyes, as well as those of the man directly in charge of them; so he *must* give them their feed: and supposing he did crib a portion from each, oats are a bulky article in proportion to their value, and could not be conveyed away in any quantity. A few to feed a rabbit or hen or two is the most that could be got off: and supposing this done, the quantity taken from six or seven horses could never affect them. The customer has another guarantee against his horse not getting his feeding. These helpers always look to getting some little reward if a horse is sold or taken away, provided he looks as if he had had justice done him; and this they are quite sure they will not get if he looks the reverse: so, depend on it, they would be more likely to rob their master of his corn than your horse. There is one way in which he may come off second best; but if he does, it is your fault; so I give you a hint that may be useful.

If you are known as one who gives a shilling, or not any thing, where half-a-crown would be advantageously given to a helper, so sure as your horse is a horse half his oats will be cribbed from him and given to that of some one who pays properly. Pay properly, and you need be under no fear of any want of attention to your horse. Under all circumstances, pay servants, not lavishly, but liberally: it is not only justice, but economy in the long run. I have never been in the habit of keeping horses at livery unless for a day or two, or if sent for sale; but whether in these cases or at inns (where I was known) I always found my horses made as comfortable as in their own stables, whatever other people's might be. Even a shilling *extra* will do this, and it is a very cheap mode of preventing coughs, colds, and cracked heels.

Now for the other apprehension, of a horse being kept unsold for the sake of his livery. This is a thing rarely done; but when he is so kept, it is for a much more ras-

cally purpose than the paltry consideration supposed. No, no; if you are intended to be robbed, depend on it it will be done to a much larger tune than a few oats, or the five or six shillings per week profit on the livery.

We will suppose a person has been unfortunate enough to send a horse to a Repository for private sale where the master (who we will call Mr. Nickem) is as great a rogue as you could desire: of course, the result would depend a great deal on who sent him there, and how far he knew and was known to understand how to guard against any tricks that might be wished to be played him. We will, however, suppose in this case the horse to be sent by some one knowing about as much of Nickem's practices as the generality of persons do of those of many of the Repositories for the private sale of horses. In large provincial towns there is also often a weekly sale by auction: now this is really a very great *convenience*, as it affords the seller the choice of being done privately or publicly, and effectually by either mode.

But before I proceed farther with Mr. Nickem and his Repository, I must make a little digression, in order to answer two more observations I have heard made as complaints against the owners of Repositories; for let every man have justice at all events. The one is, that you can never get them to tell you what they think your horse is worth or likely to bring: the other, that they will not tell to whom the horses or any particular horse belongs that may be standing with them for sale. This, I grant, looks like a want of candid, fair, and straightforward conduct; in fact, looks like a little hocus-pocus, that causes suspicion with the inquirer. It is quite true that the observation is a correct one; and equally so, that, till it is explained, it has a very suspicious look. Doubtless this concealment is frequently made for nefarious purposes, but not always: in fact, except in particular cases it is necessary, and that necessity arises more from the fault of the customer than the salesman.

We will suppose a gentleman takes a horse to show any owner of a Repository: we will suppose the owner values him (as a middling price) at sixty: he asks Mr. — what he thinks the horse is worth: we will just see the predica-

ment Mr. — would put himself in if he gave his opinion. If he stated that he considered the horse worth more than the owner did, the latter would be afterwards disappointed, and consider himself ill-used if on farther inspection it was found the horse would not bring that sum; indeed, he would most probably consider some chicanery had been used towards him: and if, on the contrary, the salesman valued him at less than the owner (and which in most cases he might very fairly do,) he would be set down either as a bad judge or a rogue; and very probably the owner would at once ride away, hoping to find a more promising market. Now, though a good judge will go very near the mark as to the value of a young sound fresh horse in a fair, it is not generally this description of horse that is sent to a Repository: on the contrary, they are mostly horses that have been used, and their value depends chiefly on their merits: consequently a horse of this sort may, when he comes to be ridden or driven, be worth ten or twenty pounds more or less than he looks when merely a cursory glance is taken of him. If a horse looking worth we will say forty pounds is found on mounting him to go away (in stable phrase) with his knee up, can trot at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, and goes over the stones as safe and firm as on the high road, such a hack is worth a hundred to many people, and would bring it: whereas, if, on the contrary, he went shoving his feet along as if he was trying whether the stones were slippery or not, twenty pounds and a cart is his value and place: in fact, there are many who, like me, would not accept him as a gift. This is not to be ascertained by a horse being merely rode up to a stable door; though a keen eye will form an opinion even by this, and probably will be to a great extent correct. But we are not to suppose that any man will take the trouble to try your horse merely for the pleasure of giving you his opinion of him, and which would very likely be that he is a brute. It might be very candid to tell you so, but it would not be business, and, tell it as civilly as such a thing could be told, the only consequence and thanks that would arise would be, the horse would not be left for sale; and a man cannot afford to pay two or three hundred a-year for premises merely to show you

how candid he is. In nineteen cases out of twenty, therefore, a man is quite justified in declining to value a horse brought to him for sale. The owner ought to know his value: if he does not, when he comes to be shown to the public, that will very shortly enlighten him in this particular; for though this man or that may not be a judge of such matters, the public is, and a very good one.

Now we will see why it would be injudicious to state to whom horses for sale belong. Owners very frequently do not wish this to be done, for various reasons; but if they did, and the salesman was to tell this, the consequence would be, what I dare say the generality of persons never dreamt of—he would be lucky if he got his commission on *half* the horses he sold. It may be said that gentlemen will not be guilty of ungentlemanlike acts. To this doctrine on a broad scale I fully subscribe; but I must also say there are a great many who will. Besides this, all the horses sent to a Repository are not sent by gentlemen, nor are they all gentlemen who treat for them: consequently, unless a salesman knows his customer very well, in justice to himself he must take care that he does not give the opportunity for such things taking place with him. I will answer for it that Osborn would tell me (and doubtless many others of his customers if we chose to ask him) to whom any horse belonged, unless desired not to do so: nay farther, if I wished to purchase a horse in his stables, and more was asked for him than I thought he was worth, he would tell me, (for he has done it)—"I am not authorized to take less than I ask you; but he belongs to Mr. So-and-so: if you like to go to him, you may, and if he chooses to take less, I can have no objection." But before he would do this, he would know his customer, and feel quite certain no mean advantage would be taken. Depend on it he would not do this by a stranger; and, what is more, would take still greater precaution in doing it to many he *does know*.

It seems very natural a man should wish to learn all he can of a horse he wishes to buy; and this induces many persons who do not intend any unfairness to ask to whom he belongs—not by-the-by that I consider the owner as a certain source of correct information on the subject; in

many cases quite the reverse: still, to get to the owner seems to many persons the great desideratum, forgetting, that if the salesman's interest in selling a horse is three pounds, probably in point of convenience or money the owner's is three times as much: consequently, he has three times as much interest in deceiving the buyer; and if a purchaser expects an owner to tell him the faults or any faults of his horse, he expects a great deal more than I should.

This, however, does not explain how a salesman is likely to suffer by being, as the purchaser would wish, candid; but the following case does. A. finds out by some means that a horse standing at a Repository belongs to B. A. has been asked, say fifty pounds; away he posts to B. tells him he has been looking at his horse, and is disposed to buy him; that he has offered thirty-five, which has been refused. Now if the salesman had sold the horse at forty, B. would have received thirty-eight, so A. and B. lay their heads together, and conclude the bargain by B. taking thirty-seven. This is only one pound less than he would have got had the horse been sold by the salesman at forty: so the liberal pair concoct this little arrangement between them. B. sends for his horse home; of course says nothing of his being sold; merely pays for keep, and thus, although he was sold through the connexion of the salesman, and from being seen and shown at his establishment, he is thus done out of his commission. I hope, nay I do not doubt, there are many who would think that few such underhand fellows as A. and B. are to be met with: this is, however, very wide of the fact: for the truth is, not only are A. and B. to be met with, but we may go on to L., and find personality to answer to each letter. This, being about the middle of the alphabet, brings it to what I say, that by letting buyers and sellers meet, the salesman would lose half his commission: so the man is obliged to give ambiguous and evasive answers to prevent himself suffering from the meanness and avarice of those from whom one might expect at least fairness of conduct: but so in truth it is.

Another trick is sometimes played a salesman. Some fellow, half dealer and half gentleman, brings three or four horses to a Repository for sale: he takes care to ask such a

price for his horses, that it is next to impossible for the salesman to sell them at it. If he does happen to do so, well and good: in that case he would get his commission; indeed, he could not be kept out of it: but at any thing like a fair price he will not; for it is managed in this way. The owner, or his man, are one or the other constantly by the side of the horses; consequently not one can be shown without those worthies knowing all about it. The horse is liked, but the price asked by the salesman precludes his being sold by him. But the owner gets at the gentleman, who of course does not trouble himself about the salesman's commission, and thus buys the horse of the owner, who agrees to bring him to the purchaser's stable; he gets paid for him; and here again the salesman is done. If the owner thinks there is a probability of his being found out at this, all he does is to take his other horses somewhere else; so even Nickem is *done* sometimes. It may be said no one pities *him*, nor do I, for he does other people often enough; but it accounts for why a salesman, whether a rogue or a respectable man, evades letting people into the knowledge of to whom horses belong; and this is all I intended to do.

We will now return to the supposed case of a horse being sent to Nickem to sell. The reader must bear in mind that we are now sending him to a man who, from the moment any horse comes into his clutches, sets out with the determination to get all that can fairly or unfairly be got out of him for his own benefit; and to do Nickem justice, he is no petty-larceny rogue; he will not descend to rob your horse, though he will ascend pretty high in the scale of ingenuity to rob you. Now there is no great ingenuity in robbing in a common vulgar way; but to rob so as to avoid suspicion, and even to induce your victim to return and be robbed again, requires no little tact, and this is Nickem's *forte*.

If (which is the general mode) a horse is sent to a repository by a servant, with a note stating his particulars and price, the first thing Nickem does is to cast an eye on him, to judge a little what degree of trouble he is worth; that is, not whether he is to be treated better or worse, but what quantum of chicanery it seems probable it will be worth while to employ against him, or rather his

master. If a common twenty or twenty-five pound brute, that is about worth the money asked and no more, he is merely put up in the stable, takes his chance of sale (and he really gets a chance,) for Nickem would say of him, in reference to his not coming in for his share of roguery, about the same as the man affectionately said to his wife, who fondly remarked the difference of his conduct to that of his neighbour, who thrashed his rib about three times a week, "I do not think *you* worth it!"

We will, however, suppose the horse brought to be a clever nag, and eighty is asked for him: Nickem thinks this a price he can get for him; he by no means, however, intends to do so; that is, while the horse belongs to the present owner, and here is a case where a horse *will* be purposely *kept unsold*, though not for the advantage of his livery profits. No; if Nickem can get him himself, by nominally selling him to some coadjutor for sixty, he expects to make twenty; if for fifty, thirty; and of course, if he is to be had for forty, just that sum would go into Nickem's pocket short what he may be forced to give his friend if he employs one: if not, he pouches the whole. Now this is better than livery, or saving a bushel of oats worth three shillings; and men have been placed in such situations, by a regularly concerted plot, as to be willing to take such a reduction as forty in eighty, ay, and will again, and thank Nickem too for the trouble he has taken. "The horse has been unlucky certainly," says the owner, "and I lose a great deal of money by him; but neither you nor I can help that." Certainly the owner cannot; but I rather opine Nickem could have *helped* it, and by not doing so has *helped* himself pretty handsomely.

With such a horse, on his arrival the first thing to be done is to get him out of sight till Nickem has privately thoroughly overhauled him. This is very easily done by putting him in a box: two men are immediately set about him, clothes and bandages brought, lots of warm water, &c. The groom, on going home, represents all this, and Mr. Nickem's having ordered him into a "capital box after his journey." The master is of course pleased with this.—"It was very careful and attentive of Mr. Nickem!"—*Very!* This is the beginning of slaying "the innocents."

The horse being put up, groom gets half-a-crown to get his glass of brandy-and-water after his journey; so he is made *comfortable*, as well as his horse; and as by this time the nagsman and he have become acquainted, he goes to make himself *comfortable* also; and while they are doing this, nagsman, (who does not want to be told his business,) sucks the groom's brains, and learns all he knows about the horse, and any others in his master's stables.—There is then a considerable shaking of hands, groom takes his saddle on his back, goes off by coach, and the horse is left like a boy at school, the difference being, however, that the boy often learns very little, whereas the horse will learn a good deal: the master also (if not in the higher branches of education) will get a lesson so far as pounds, shillings, and pence go. The coast being now clear, the next morning, before any customer comes in, Nickem has the horse out, sees his paces, examines him minutely as to soundness, and gets the nagsman on him; if a hunting-like horse, or represented as one, sees him over a fence or two, and the bar, and also in his gallop: if he is stated to be a harness-horse, he sees him in that: if he is not so represented, but he considers as a harness-horse he would sell well, he has him carefully tried. Even his behaviour while the harness is being put on will show to an experienced eye how far he is likely to go quiet: if he seems good-tempered, he is just put into a break; a hundred yards suffices: Nickem now knows what the master does not, namely, whether he is likely to make a harness-horse.—This in some horses puts on or takes off twenty, perhaps thirty pounds in their value; and this is all done without any exposure to servants. True enough, they know quite well what game is going on, but their place is too good to lose by talking: and if they did, what could they say farther than that "master had tried the horse in every way!" If even the owner caught the horse under this trial, a lie would be ready cut and dried for him: Ude could not turn out an omelette *aux fines herbes* half as quickly as Nickem could a dozen *plats* of well-dried, highly-spiced, and seasoned fibs: "'tis his vocation, Hal!" "He was seeing him in harness for a match for a gentleman who would buy him in a minute if he seemed likely to take to harness:" or, if he

was being leaped, Nickem "intends to write off immediately to a customer now he can safely say the horse leaps well: he always wishes to sell gentlemen's horses as soon as possible, so he likes to see what they can do: he can then take upon himself to recommend them." This the owner cannot deny is very fair, proper, and indeed conscientious in Nickem. *Very!*

Nickem having learnt pretty nearly all he wants about the horse, he must now learn all he can about the gentleman, and see how far he is likely to go quietly or be obstreperous in the harness he intends to put on him. He plies him as to price. Probably Nickem's opinion is asked, and possibly his advice. This advice will of course be given as best suits his own interest. Before, however, he gives in this opinion or advice, he puts in a feeler something in this way:—"Why, sir, the price to be taken of course remains with you, and depends a good deal upon whether you wish the horse sold as soon as possible, or whether you are disposed to hold out for price, as in that case we must wait till the right customer comes; and also whether you are determined not to sell under a certain price; or whether you have any objection to him, and are determined not to take him back: but in either case, you know, sir, it is my interest to get the most I can, for the more you get, the more I get; so it is the interest of both to get the most we can."—"Humph!"—(*Mem.* I say humph:)—the owner said, "Of course, Mr. Nickem."

Now this said feeler, with the acute sensibility of touch that Nickem has, brings out more than enough to show him the present determination of the owner. I say *present*, because a few days and a few tricks very often alter these sort of determinations amazingly. Of course various means are employed to bring this about, varying according to circumstances. In this case, we will suppose a medium kind of determination in the seller. Nickem has persuaded him he ought to take less than he asked; and it is left that the seller is willing to make a considerable reduction rather than send the horse back. But this reduction does not amount to perhaps more than one fourth of what Nickem wants, so a beginning must be made to bring this about. We will instance one way of beginning. The owner and

Nickem see the horse out together. In this case he is not shown so as to make his master more in love with him than he was: in short, he never saw the horse go worse. Nickem looks in so peculiar and attentive a way at the horse's going, that the seller is induced to ask his motive. Before he gives an answer (so delicately tenacious is he of saying an unpleasant thing, and so feelingly alive is he to the interest of his employer,) that he says to his man, "Go down again, Jem: give him his head; go five miles an hour; that'll do; stand." He now looks at one foot, then turns to the owner: "I beg pardon for not answering before, sir; has this horse ever been a little tender on this foot?"—"No, never, Mr. Nickem; there cannot be a sounder horse!" "Oh, I'm sure of that, sir, from what you say; but I can't fancy he goes *quite level* now." This is feeler the second, and gets a hint how the seller will take any thing of this kind: but it does more than this; it just leaves Nickem in a situation to be able hereafter with a good grace to confess his mistake, or to prove the correctness of his eye and judgment: in fact, to make the horse a sound or unsound one as he pleases. Not wishing at present to alarm the owner sufficiently to cause him to fear his horse is not in a state fit for sale, he now says—"I see that the shoe presses a little hard on the hee!; I have no doubt but that is all. I will get his feet nicely put to rights: they will look all the better for sale, and I have no doubt the horse will be all right immediately. I will see it done myself."—(*Mem.* no doubt of that!)—"Put a poultice on that horse's off foot, and I will get his shoes altered first thing in the morning: go in.—No occasion, sir, to make every body as wise as ourselves: we'll set him to rights, never fear!" Some people might think that if a shoe really pinched, the sooner it was off the better, and would have it off immediately. I should, and so would Nickem in such a case: but then the owner might be inclined to see his horse's foot pared out himself. This would not be so convenient; though even then the thing might be managed *right*, and would be, unless the owner was pretty conversant with the anatomy of feet.

Nickem has really done a good deal of business in an hour. He has got ten pounds taken off the price of the

horse as a beginning; he has found out that the owner does not wish to get him back if he can at all help it; added to which, he is requested to let him know what offer is made. This, if Nickem does not go to sleep, is ten pounds more off. He has raised something like a doubt of his perfect soundness, has got the opportunity of ascertaining this for his own *private* satisfaction; has the means of keeping him sound or making him an unsound one; and has put the owner a good deal more out of humour with the horse than he was when he left his stable. Now this is doing business: some particular and illiberal people may also call it DOING customers. This is in fact the grand dish that calls forth all Nickem's talent: the spiced and seasoned fibs are merely little side-dishes, adjuncts, and sauces, required to make the whole look well, and are as necessary to form his *chef-d'œuvre* as the claret is to stewed carp. A really *well-done* customer is a glorious dish, always to be found at Nickem's table; and, what is better, instead of costing money, puts money in his pocket. French cooks serve up glorious dishes: but I apprehend on rather a more expensive plan.

Nickem having thus put matters *en train*, it will now be advisable to wait a bit, and let the customer cool a little. Nothing cools colts or customers more than "*standing on the bit*," provided we do not keep them long enough at it to ruffle their tempers: and finding no offer made, or at least not one near the mark, is also as great a cooler to a seller as the patent powders are to ice-creams, claret, or champagne: the two refrigerators make them all just fit to be used: in fact, to be *taken in*. After a few days, a letter is sent to the customer, post-mark (we will say) Brighton, something to this effect:—

"Mr. Nickem,

"Sir—From the very strong recommendation you gave me of the bay horse I saw at your Repository on Wednesday, I am induced to make you an offer for him. If the owner is disposed to take fifty pounds, you may give it for me. This, considering he is not a horse of any known character, I think is his full value. I am, sir," &c.—Signed (of course) *any body*.

This additional feeler, considering it only cost a shilling to a guard to put it in the post-office, is not an expensive one, and is sent, accompanied by a note from Nickem, giving it as his opinion "that it is not quite what he should recommend being taken, as by holding the horse over he is satisfied he should get a better price."

This holding over, though it has cooled the customer, now, like the bit, from having been kept some time on, begins to make him restless and fidgety; so, after reading *Any body's* letter, he first d—s the horse, then his ill-luck, and (almost) the Repository: but most particularly and especially the dealer from whom he bought him. "Nickem did, in fact, tell him he had given too much!" He resolves to send his groom for the horse: then comes the after-thought of the trouble, inconvenience, and expense of this, added to the doubt of his being able to sell him at home. Then, in favour of taking the offer, comes the homely adage of making the best of a bad bargain. This is not always to be done; for he has got hold of Nickem, and Nickem of him. Now, Nickem is a bad bargain; and it does not seem likely he will make the best of him. Again, if the horse is sold from home, no one knows for what he was sold. This is really a consideration, and a great one; for though being conscious of our having done a foolish thing, is bad enough, it is still worse that our neighbours should be conscious of it also. So down he sits, takes his pen, d—s that (though on another occasion he would have merely changed it,) and then tells Mr. Nickem "that though fifty pounds is a miserable price for such a horse, as he has been so unlucky to him, he had better take it at once to *put an end* to farther trouble." God help the man in his innocency! for there is a little farther trouble in store for him yet. By-the-by, who keeps the key of this store? I do not know; certainly no one with any parliamentary interest, for, indeed, serving out troubles to the world is no sinecure.

It may now be reasonably supposed that Nickem, having got the horse to fifty, would be disposed, nay content, to have him: not he; have him he will, but why give fifty even, if forty will do! "Ridiculous!" some people may say: "is it to be supposed a man is to be farther gulled,

and that, thinking fifty pounds a *miserable* price, he will take ten pounds less?" Yes, he will, and probably solicit Nickem to take him at that; and we shall soon see *one* of the ways by which he will be made to do so.

Reader, did you ever hear of "*manufacturing a corn?*" Probably not; but I have, and I dare say should have had the thing tried with me, if I had not always perfectly well known whether any horse of mine had corns or not, and never left it to any one to determine the fact for me. But as Nickem now finds it judicious to manufacture one, the reader will learn all about it. Nickem has perfectly satisfied himself long since that the horse was sound, and had he been offered at any time fifteen or twenty pounds more than he was authorized to take for him, he would have done so and pocketed the balance:—(how this may be done without detection I shall by-and-by explain; sufficient for the present transaction is the evil thereof:)—but not having been offered this, and resolving to have him, forty is the price determined on: so now we will manufacture the corn.

The smith is sent for. Nickem does not compromise himself to him, as you will see. "Take off that shoe: I am *afraid* this horse has a corn." Off comes the shoe, and the searcher is applied. "Take down both heels pretty well, so as not to disfigure the foot too much: there, now try this heel; I am sure it is very deep-seated. Go on: ah! I was sure of it. There, put on his shoe." The smith perfectly well knows what all this is about; but *he shoes for the place*, and knows it is as much his business *not* to make remarks, as it is to make horse shoes *and corns* when either are wanted.

The owner is now written to, to say his horse is sold at fifty, Nickem regretting he could not do better. The owner thanks God *he is gone* at all events, though the price was bad. Now this philosophy and thankfulness is very proper and grateful; but *he is not gone;* for the next day the seller receives—"Sir, I regret to say your horse has been returned to my stables, not having answered the warranty of soundness given when sold. I send you Mr. —— the veterinary surgeon's opinion. "I am, sir," &c.

"I certify I have this day examined a bay gelding, brought

to me by Mr. Nickem's foreman, and find he has a corn on his off-forefoot, and is consequently unsound.

"TIMOTHY TURNEMBACK, V.S."

I fear the gentleman's feelings of thankfulness will be somewhat diminished by this, whatever his philosophy may be. He determines personally to see into the thing —that is, as far as he can, which will not be very far after all.

We will leave the gentleman preparing for his journey, and consider a little the ins and outs of these corn cases, for they are of very frequent occurrence. Now a corn is really the neatest, the least cruel, the most certain, and least to be disputed mode of making an unsound horse I know of. Veterinarians may give you a long account of the nature, cause, and effects of corns; but in examining a horse, there is no need for this: *there it is*, and that is enough. There is a red mark; a corn is a red mark: and whether that has been produced by pressure, bruise, or by having cut so near the sensible part of the foot as to show the same thing, it returns the horse, and that is all Nickem wanted. It may be asked whether a Vet may not be able to tell a *manufactured* corn from one produced by ordinary causes? This is not my business to answer or interfere with. I have only shown what I meant—that corns *are* made, and horses *are* returned in consequence of them.

We will say the gentleman has arrived, and expressed his astonishment and chagrin very vehemently, and very *naturally:* Nickem has also expressed his chagrin very *artificially:* he has not expressed his astonishment, because this is the time to remind the gentleman of a little observation made by Nickem at the commencement of the business, and kept in reserve for use when wanted. Nickem now thinks it *is wanted;* so says, "I am not so much surprised as you are, sir, at the horse having this corn; for if you remember, I told you when I saw him out, I thought he did not *run level.* When I had him shod, I did not like to cut his foot too much down to examine it; but when the veterinary surgeon did, he saw it directly. I am sorry to find I was right after all. I wish we had had him examined at first: it would have saved trouble and time."

"Well," exclaims the owner in despair, "what is to be done now? I suppose we must sell him without warranting him."—"I will do that, if you please," says Nickem; "but it will be a great loss and pity: had you not better take him home?"—"Home!" cries the thoroughly tired-out-customer: "no; I'll sell him at something; will you buy him, Mr. Nickem?"—Nickem declares "he never buys a horse brought to him for sale; he always avoids *that*, if possible."—"Well," cries the owner, "can you send for any one who *will* buy him at once?"—"Why," says Nickem, "*there is* a man likely enough to buy him, but I must tell you he is a confounded rogue. Would you like to speak to him?" The owner would just now speak to the Old One, if he thought he would buy his horse. Nickem opens the ball with, "Mr. Meddler, I have sold a very fine horse for this gentleman, for fifty: he has been returned for a slight corn; will you buy him?" Meddler shakes his head: "No, thank you, Mr. Nickem, I lost enough by the last horse you persuaded me to buy of a gentleman."—"Well," says Nickem, "but we must take off a five-pound note."—"Yes," says Meddler, "you must take off a good many if I buys him."—"Nonsense!" exclaims the owner, now joining in: "come, what will you give for him?"—"I'd rather not make an offer," says Meddler. By dint of persuasion, however, Meddler at last says, "Well, I'll give five-and-twenty, and no more." He then walks off.—"I told you, sir," says Nickem, "he was a rogue; but I got a gentleman out of his horse last week by selling him to the fellow: so I hoped I could you; but I believe he did lose ten pounds; so he is worse than ever now."

"Come now," says the gentleman, "you can get out of the horse better of course than I can: do buy him yourself. What can you afford to give me?" After many objections, a good deal of sympathizing with the owner, &c., Nickem says, "Well, sir, if you really so earnestly wish it, I am not like Mr. Meddler; I don't think so much of the corn as he did: indeed I should think very little of it if I had not seen the horse go a little tender when I first saw him out with you. I will take him off your hands at forty pounds; and if you can bring any friend who will

give me the forty back, he shall be very welcome to him!"

I think my reader will allow I have been as good a prophet in this as VATES. I have seen so many tricks of this sort, which have always ended very like this, that depend on it my supposed case is very near the mark.

Having described *some* of the transactions carried on in *some* repositories, and brought forward Mr. Nickem in the principal character of the piece, which may be either farce or light comedy to the actors and audience, but partakes a good deal of the tragic so far as the author of the representation is concerned; and who, in contradistinction from authors in general, does not feel himself under any great obligation to the performers for playing their parts so well: in fact, though he was told all was done that could be done for his *benefit*, it was himself who was *done*, and his benefit was, as I fear such things often are, no benefit to any one but the lessee of the premises. Let us, however, in charity, hope, that whatever Mr. Nickem's deserts may be, he will be off the stage when we expect the *drop scene!* Our own cup of iniquity is full enough: let us, therefore, if the business of the stage demands *him*, mercifully direct the call-boy, wherever the culprit may be, to seek him on the O. P. S. This shall not, however, deter us from being on our guard against his usual cast of character. To assist my reader in being so will be my attempt in the following pages.

I alluded to Nickem's managing to sell a horse for a much larger sum than he intended to hand over to the owner, and at the same time so to arrange the transaction as to shield himself from blame, even should the fact come to light: but, before I explain this, justice demands an observation or two on the subject.

Whenever any one attempts to expose the tricks and nefarious practices of any particular business or class of men, he should be particularly careful not to allow it to be supposed that what he shows *may* be done, and certainly is done in *some* places, is the general practice in *all*, or that what *a Nickem* may do is to be expected from every man filling the same situation in life. There are doubtless many men of his avocation of great respectability, and in

whom we may implicitly trust. We *may* never be so unfortunate as to meet with a Nickem: if so, I allow a knowledge of his manner of managing affairs would be of little service to us: but, speaking as liberally as experience will allow me, I do think the odds are nearly even that we *do* meet the prototype of friend Nickem: so the odds go in the same ratio that information on this subject may be useful. To be able to judge, by certain signs and appearances, of the propinquity of danger, is a mighty useful sort of knowledge: it does us no harm where no danger is nigh, and does us a great deal of good when it is. I remember being quite of this opinion once under the following circumstances:—

I went to spend a week with a friend in the New Forest during the hunting season, so of course sent my horses down. He was located in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst: a more beautiful country cannot be; that is, for those who like sylvan scenery; better hounds need not be; and better sportsmen or a more pleasant gentlemanlike set of men I never met in any place, and most delighted should I be to meet them at any time: but I must allow I should prefer that time being from April to October, as, during the other months, there are hounds going in other countries, and I have an intuitive dislike to knocking my brains about against the limbs of trees, breaking my horse's legs or shins against stumps of the same, or tumbling into holes and bogs. How those used to these things avoided them as they did, I know not; but this I do know, ten minutes made me acquainted with them all, a degree of intimacy quite unsolicited on my part. We found; pug went off just as I would always wish to see him go; (that is, in a country where I could ride.) I thought I could do so there; and, as Pat says, a pretty Molly Hogan I made of myself from entertaining such an opinion. Chance gave me a capital place at the find, so of course, as a *fresh* man, I took care to get a good start. A splendid open glade was before me, a good-looking country in the distance, hounds going with a burning scent like a hurricane, myself on a thorough-bred that could, when asked, run a bit on the flat—what could a man ask for more this side of heaven! The horse I was on cared nothing about the pace,

and I only thought, if this was forest-hunting, no man need wish for any other. I had heard of bogs, had been in one occasionally with the King's hounds, but those were black, ungentleman-like *looking* traps; not so the beautiful sward I was racing over. Presently I heard, "*Ware bog!*" behind me; "hold hard!" It never occurred to me that I was the party warned, and the pace was too good to look back. In a few strides I was up to my horse's fetlocks; in a few seconds more up to his girths, with the pleasing conviction that if there *was* a bottom it was a pretty considerable way to it. Seeing a wide expanse of the same delectable green sward before me, that I now, to its heart's content, cursed for its treachery, as Daniel O'Rourke did the black eagle; and moreover, not knowing how far it might last, I imprudently tried to turn my horse round; but a regular Hampshire chaw-bacon, with more sense than myself, called out, "Lay the whip into 'un, and coom straight out." Now, the laying the whip into 'un could only affect the head, neck, withers, and loins of my horse, all other parts being secured from such a visitation by the New Forest hasty-pudding. The spurs, however, went to work, and no small share of resolution on the part of my nag brought us through, both blowing like two grampuses. People may say that, professing myself a fox-hunter, and not more nervous than my neighbours, my first thought should have been which way I could again get to the hounds. Candour compels me to allow I made no such inquiry; but I *instanter* made another—"which was my way home!" With all appendages on me I usually ride about 11st.; I think I rode home thirteen at least, allowing for twenty-eight honest pounds of bog-adhesive mixture. I looked black enough then, and my friends told me I looked blue enough when they met me at dinner, till their hospitality made me take sundry bumpers to their continued and my better success. Success to them! I would get into another bog to meet such companions.

The next day I considered I could suit the country to a tittle; so I mounted a mare I had, though not at all one of my sort, for she was just fast enough to drive a wheelbarrow; but you could twist her round on a cabbage leaf, and as to fencing, nothing a quadruped, from a Hendon deer to

a Skye terrier, could get through or over in size or intricacy came amiss to her. We had another glorious find: the varmint came almost under my mare's nose. At such a moment no true enthusiast in fox-hunting can be, or ought to be, in perfect possession of his sober senses: it is maddening. I had, however, sense enough to know that nothing but getting first start would do for "sober Mary:" so off I went by the side of the first two or three couple of hounds, and, without any gasconade, I verily believe I lay with *them five hundred yards;* but soon I lay by the side of "prostrate Mary," for galloping over some dry ground covered with leaves, and consequently in perfect confidence of no bog being in the way, in went Mary up to her breast in a hole, and I on her neck peeping into her ears, I suppose to inquire what was the matter. But, by other research, I found we had fallen into the rotten cavity of the roots of a former large tree. Poor Mary and I got on our legs, shook our feathers, but it was "no go:" she was lame as the tree itself, and the strain and bruise of the muscles of the fore-arm spoiled her forest hunting: so I had to resort to the bumpers again to keep the steam up that evening.

Determined, if possible, to see a run in this country, I did what I considered would ensure my so doing, and to this purpose resolved to take as pioneer next day a gentleman who knew every inch of the country; but there is a wide difference between making resolves and keeping them. A most impenetrable fog came on a few minutes after we had found. I could see my van-guard for fifty yards before me, but no more. How he gave me the slip I know not, but I all at once missed him, and in his place found myself on the bank of an impracticable brook; heard the hounds running a-head; and there I was as much at home in point of knowing my locality as I should have been in the Ukraine. Our good stars order every thing for the best. I had an appointment in Northamptonshire; so I left the next day, or, as the New Forest was the grave of one so high as Rufus, I dare say it would have also witnessed the demise of the humble HARRY HIE'OVER.

It may be asked, what on earth has HARRY HIE'OVER's tumbles and mishaps in the New Forest to do with people's

transactions with a Nickem? Perhaps nothing *quoad* the two occurrences, but a good deal in showing the advantages of information and being put on our guard; for had I known that New Forest bogs looked sometimes like a well-kept lawn, I should not have been half smothered in one: had I known the lower parts of trees were left to rot in the ground, I should not have ridden, like a Tommy Noodle, where I could not see *terra firma;* and had I known the country like my pioneer, I should, like him, have got to the hounds, and had a good day's sport afterwards, instead of being left staring at a river, and, like the babes in the wood, unwitting how to get to my mamma, or, perhaps, more like a stray bull, kept bellowing till a countryman came up, to whom I was glad to give half-a-crown to put me in the high road.

If this is not thought illustrative enough of the advantages of knowing our danger, and the symptoms of its approach, I will suppose a case. A gentleman has been kicked out of his gig, and has squatted himself by the road-side, philosophically rubbing his shins, and casting his eyes on, or rather after, his horse, which has made off with a portion of the vehicle at his heels; thus gratuitously informing the public that in his case (as in most of our comforts in this life) there is still a something left behind. Now had this gentleman been told that the object of the kick*er* is to get rid of the kick*ee* and the vehicle from behind him, he would be quite aware that such a finale would by no means contribute to his interest or comfort. This would rouse his suspicions, keep him on the alert, and prevent his going to sleep. This is something got by information, useful though not pleasant: but if we give him the farther information, that *before* kicker goes to work, he will wriggle his tail, and when he intends beginning in earnest, will bring it close to his rump; in that case, at the first wriggle, if he is a wise man, he will trust kicker no farther; he will get another horse; or, if he is forced to drive him, he will put on a kicking-strap that he cannot break, pull him on his haunches the moment the tail begins again; and if he is a coachman, and has nerve, will lay the whip on his ears, or in road phrase "take an ear off."

So with Mr. Nickem. I point out what he possibly in-

tends doing, and some of the modes that prelude his kind intentions. The reader is, therefore, aware there may be danger, and learns the symptoms of its reaching him: so he can either change his customer at once, which would perhaps be the wisest plan, or if his convenience makes him use him, put on the kicking-strap at once the moment he begins wriggling, and pull him also on his haunches. Depend on it Nick will have discrimination enough to find out that some one holds the reins of his conduct who will not be trifled with, and who will be quite likely to "take an ear off" *him* if he begins any of his nonsense; but with such a man he would know too well to (as he would probably term it) "try it on."

We will now see how the selling a horse for (say) eighty, and handing the owner over sixty (this of course *minus* keep, commission and sundries,) is to be effected.

I have shown how a horse is to be got down to a certain price by a regularly concerted chain of iniquitous practices. In that case Nickem bought him; in this he does not; but has still by other manœuvres got the owner to consent to his being sold at a less price than Nickem knows he shall be able to get for him; or perhaps—from some dislike to the horse, the being obliged to leave the neighbourhood, or from a variety of causes—the owner may offer to sell him for less than he knows he is worth: here a Mr. Meddler will again come into use.

Now, in these cases, the chance of detection of course depends a great deal on whether the horse is sold to remain in the neighbourhood or not; and still more, on whether the *seller* is remaining there, or going away, or abroad. If the latter, he is lucky if he does not get "a dig" to his heart's content. If he is likely to remain, more caution is necessary, and he may get off with half his skin instead of being regularly flayed: but in either case, Nickem "makes assurance doubly sure:" he won't give a chance away. Do not suppose you will be able to detect him in any act of rascality he may commit; he will be too deep for you. nor suppose he will even allow a trap to be laid for him; he is too deep for that too.

This reminds me of an old country gentleman who came to London: he had heard a great deal of the handy prac-

tices of pickpockets, and thought if he could but detect one, what a story it would be to take to Green Goose Hall! His good lady, Mrs. Oakapple, would hail him a second Munchausen; the windmill exploits of La Mancha's knight, that had whilom expanded the eyes of the expanding Oakapples, junior, would sink into insignificance before the hardihood of their stalwart pa, who had taken a *live* pickpocket! But no such glorious triumph awaited the laudable efforts of the venerable Oakapple. Out he sallied, and having heard that a well-known print and caricature shop (or rather the pathway in front of it) was the arena where many blue bird's-eye fogles had been abstracted, away he went to the scene of action, his nerves strung to deeds of daring, if daring might be necessary; and, feeling quite certain that whatever any pickpocket might be *up* to, he should be *down* on the pickpocket, he left a good long corner of his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, and with (as he thought) an apparent careless look, sauntered before the shop ready for a grab if the trap took. Now mice we know have a predilection for toasted cheese, so have pickpockets for handkerchiefs; but they won't always nibble, and it required a neater hand than friend Oakapple's to bait for the latter marauders. Judge his astonishment and mortification, when a knowing-looking gentleman walked up to him, looked him full in the face, and, pointing to the decoy wipe, clapped him on the shoulder, saying, with a derisive smile, "It won't do, my old cock!" Old cock! what a term to be applied to the head of the Oakapples, a Justice of the Peace, and Lord of Green Goose Manor! Defeated, outwitted, and beat at his own weapons, he could only look all he would have done; then buttoned up the decoy tight in his coat-pocket, determined that, as it was not taken as he wanted, it should not be taken at all, and off in high dudgeon he moved homewards: but pickpockets, like Nickem, have various little ways of doing business. Our worthy friend had not proceeded many paces homewards, growling that his handkerchief had remained in such security, when, to alleviate his chagrin on this subject, whop came a hand on the crown of his hat, down goes the hat over his eyes, and while the decoy flew out of his pocket, away went his watch out of his fob; but, horror of

all horrors! what did he hear? — "It *will* do *now*, old cock!"—On getting his hat to its proper elevation, he only saw half a dozen blackguard urchins grinning around him: he merely stopped to shove up his hat, that from its broken lining had nearly blinded him: he effected this, when, "It will do now, old cock," from the said urchins, sent him, (regardless of mud,) to the middle of the street, where he plunged into a cab, perfectly satisfied that he did not quite know *all* that might be taught him. In fact, if a man means to get among knowing ones, he must live some years and be pretty wide awake before he can venture to say of and to himself, "You'll do now, old cock!"

It will *not do*, however, unless I now return to Mr. Nickem; and I will place him by supposition in about as awkward a position as possible, and one that it might be thought difficult to get out of. If he succeeds in doing so with credit to himself, instead of being detected, we must allow he had taken a few more lessons in "wide-awake-ism" than the Lord of Goose Green Manor. Now, the term wide-awake-ism is rather a long one: I allow I certainly never heard it used in a drawing-room, nor is it to be found in Johnson: it is a little manufacture or compilation of my own, of which I am rather proud, and for this reason. Although there is a most mortifying falling off from the talent of the worthy lexicographer to my own, still no half dozen words he ever wrote or used can convey just the same meaning. (I dare say, however, he never intended that they should.) If I wanted to convey an idea of the ridiculous, I would suppose the scene between the Dr. and any man who had told the former that he was *wide awake:* still to be so is useful sometimes; so it will be seen it was to Nickem.

He had, no matter from what cause, got leave to sell a gentleman's horse for sixty: the gentleman was leaving the place to go abroad, and had taken his place in the mail for that purpose. All this Nickem knew was to take place: so a bungler would have made no preparations for any *contretemps* that might occur; when, as will be seen, there would have been, as sailors say, "the devil to pay, and no pitch hot:" but let what could occur, Nickem was, like *Lothario*, "equal to both, and armed for either field."

The horse was reported sold: the gentleman came for the balance of his sixty pounds: now, though the keep and commission came to a round sum, Nickem thought, as the gentleman was going away, he might as well try for a pound or two more: so says, "I was forced, sir, a little to exceed your directions, but I thought you would not like to lose the sale of your horse for two pounds; so I took fifty-eight: if you object to it, it shall be immediately taken out of my commission, as of course I had no right to exceed your orders; but I did for the best." The gentleman, with the liberality of one, replies, "Oh no, Mr. Nickem; I do not wish that: pay me the balance, and I am satisfied: you were quite right, as I must go this afternoon." So far nothing could be better. If the gentleman was satisfied, Nickem was perfectly so: and thus we may suppose the matter concluded. We have seen how Nickem has behaved, and acquitted himself while it was all fair weather: let us now see how presence of mind and properly-taken precaution will serve him when a storm seems likely to burst on his devoted head.

The gentleman, while they were changing horses at the first stage, happened to see another on his lately sold nag, and, as a man naturally might do, went up to his old servant, patted him, and said to the rider, "You have bought a horse lately mine: I congratulate you on your purchase; he is an excellent horse: I am glad to see him in such good hands, and as from going away I was obliged to sell him so much under his value, I am glad a gentleman has got him."—"I like your horse exceedingly," replies the purchaser; "but I think I gave as much as his fair value for him."—"I assure you," replied the first owner, "I gave ninety for him six months since, and consider him worth it, and you have him at fifty-eight."—"Excuse me, sir," said the purchaser, "I gave eighty guineas for him."—"Eighty!" cried the former: "and did you buy him at Nickem's?"—"I did," says the purchaser.—"Then," replies the seller, "you must allow Mr. Nickem is neither more nor less than a robber and a scoundrel!"

"Now, sir!" says the coachman.—"No," replies the gentleman, "I shall not go on."—"Right!" cries the guard—*exit* mail.—The gentleman orders a chaise "directly."

—"Hostler, if you please, sir."—"Porter, sir, if you please."—"Go on, boy:" and now *exit* post-chaise.—"The French swore terribly in Flanders," says Corporal Trim. (I dare say they did, for I have heard them swear pretty well in their own country,) but that was with a kind of shut teeth grating *sacre* sound, quite unlike the fine round volume of sound with which the oaths came from the mouth of our vengeful gentleman: the chaise could not hold them, so he opened the windows, and they escaped on each side like soap-and-water bubbles from a boy's tobacco-pipe. The current of air one might think during the ten miles might have cooled the gentleman, but it did not, or his anger. The curses bestowed on the well-known Obadiah were tolerably particular and multifarious; but they were few in number and mild in import to those fulminated against the culprit Nickem. He was to be exposed, prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law, thrashed; (only some doubts arose on the practicability of this latter mode of vengeance;) but in his own yard he should be convicted before all present: in short, what was not to be done? But, ah, what simple circumstances often turn aside the greatest resolves! Up came the smoking horses to Nickem's gate, out jumped the gentleman, swelled by the pent-up passions he prepared to give vent to. There stood the supposed convicted felon, but with no apparent conscious feelings of fear or repentance in his countenance, no downcast look, no visible trepidation of manner: he saw the gentleman coming: the bland and seeming honest smile of Nickem, though it made no difference in his irate customer's resolves, lowered the heat of his passion from 110 degrees to 50 of Fahrenheit: so he spake temperately. "Pray, Mr. Nickem, how do you account for your conduct respecting my horse?"—Nickem: "In what way, sir?"—Seller: "Why, I met the gentleman this day who bought, and gave eighty guineas for him, when, as you know, you told me you sold him at fifty-eight."—Nick: "I don't wonder at your being angry, sir, at all; I have been out of humour with myself ever since I sold him: I sold him to as great a vagabond as any in town; and you might just as well, and much better, have had the eighty guineas as him: but you shall see I am not to blame. Mr.

Meddler," says Nickem (addressing the latter, who I need not say was always as much at hand as Nickem's whip,) "do you *happen* to have the receipt about you that you took for the chestnut horse ?"—"I don't know, I am sure," says Meddler; "if I hav'n't, I have it at home." His well-used pocket-book comes out, and out of that (after a good deal of *apparent* search) comes a paper:—

"Received of Mr. Michael Meddler fifty-eight pounds for a chestnut gelding, warranted sound, sold for Thomas Tobedone, Esq.; for N. Nickem, GREGORY GO BETWEEN."

"That is satisfactory, certainly, Mr. Nickem," says the gentleman: "then it appears the horse was sold twice?"—"Just so, sir," says Nickem: "this fellow had not the horse two hours before in comes the gentleman you saw, and he stuck him for eighty: of course I could say nothing; he had a right to get what he chose after buying the horse. If I had been lucky enough to have waited, I should have got it for you. I could have knocked my head against the wall. I did not like to mention it to you, as it would do no good; and as I know how I felt, I thought it no use to annoy you by telling you of it!"

Where are now all the convictions, the law-proceedings, the threatened exposures! There is the proof of as fair a transaction as possible. The gentleman even feels it due to say something in extenuation of his doubts of its fairness, and ends by saying in part apology, "You must allow, Nickem," (no Mr. now—we don't always *Mister* honest fellows,) "it did at first *look odd!*" Nickem allows it did look odd: the gentleman was not aware of how many odd things are done in *some* repositories!

The wisest, and indeed the only thing our defeated friend can now do is to go and make himself as comfortable as he can for the evening, and again take his place by the next day's mail. Having discussed his cutlet, and being now placidly taking his wine and an olive, he takes out his pencil and tablets, and just makes out the Dr. and contra Cr. state of his account so far as relates to this said horse. Nickem does the same thing, the statement of each being about as follows:—

T. TOBEDONE'S ACCOUNT.

	£.	s.	d.
To difference between £90 and £58 in price of horse	32	0	0
Paid Nickem commission	2	18	0
Keep three weeks	3	3	0
Removing shoes (*Mem.* never removed)	0	2	0
A diuretic (never given)	0	1	0
Nagsman and helper at Nickem's	0	12	6
Mail-fare forfeited	2	0	0
Chaise 15*s.*, boy 3*s.*, hostler 1*s.*, porter 1*s.*	1	0	0
Loss	£41	16	6

NICKEM'S ACCOUNT.

	£.	s.	d.
To difference-money paid for, and price sold, Tobedone's horse	26	0	0
Commission	2	18	0
By ball and shoes	0	3	0
Profit three weeks' livery	0	18	0
	£29	19	0
Paid Meddler £5	5	0	0
Net Profit	£24	19	0

"This will do for me," cries Nick, rubbing his hands: he is right; and it will *do* for the gentleman if he only goes on in the same way. But by-and-by we will try to put him in a better. We may in all cases guard against a rogue to a great degree: in many, we may effectually do so: but though a man may be a man of education, sense, and talent, if he pits himself against a thorough-paced rogue, on the score of *detection*, in nineteen cases in twenty, the practised low cunning and self-possession of the latter will beat the other hollow.

I have mentioned the manufacturing of corns as a part of the business of such an establishment as Nick's. I can assure my readers that the manufacture of letters and notes to suit particular occasions, and represented as coming from different persons, is quite as frequent a practice. The executive part of this note and letter department is carried on by the clerk, occasionally assisted by a "Mr. Meddler," of course under the control of Nick, who would not commit himself by the chance of a letter of his own writing being brought against him. The clerk values his berth too much to talk, though perhaps an honest man himself, whose conscience often rebels against what he is made to do. Besides, though it might be proved he *wrote* a note, it might not be easy to prove he was *directed* to do so: and as the weakest generally go to the wall, Nick would be too strong for him; so the result of any babbling on his part would only end in his being at once turned out, and stigmatized

(from want of proof of the reverse) as an ungrateful scoundrel: so he is, in racing phrase, "made safe."

As for Meddler, Nick's first object in patronizing him is to get him in his debt: he therefore is a tool, a mere slave in Nick's hands: if he dared speak, he would be laid by the heels, as Pat says, "in less than no time;" and probably he would be subject to an action for defamation; in which case his general character not being likely to be any strong advocate in his favour, he is quite aware he could have no chance: so he is "made safe" also.

Never therefore let a seller or buyer be misled by letters shown him: they are as much to be depended upon as are the same things *sometimes* manufactured by *some* dealers. If we have to do with a respectable man, we want no such *attempted* corroboratory evidence: if we meet a rogue, a letter shown by him is just as much proof of truth as his word or his oath, and these would be no proof at all. In speaking thus plainly, I do not feel any qualification necessary, as I only allude to *some* dealers and *some* repository-keepers, and quite as much to *some* tradesmen of *any sort*, but particularly, however, to *some* of the **2S. 11***d.* sort I before alluded to.

I have only in one or two instances ever particularized (in what I have written) any individual or establishment, unless where I felt I could indulge in the pleasure of doing so in terms of commendation. When I have done otherwise, the persons mentioned or alluded to deserved much more than I said of them. I had a hint given me some time since, that a definition of the characters of the different leading horse-dealers in London and the country would be acceptable to the public—I think it right to say this hint did not in *any way directly or indirectly* emanate from the worthy publisher of the SPORTING MAGAZINE—but it would be an ungracious task, and one I should be very reluctant to undertake. Whether I may ever mention the names of some that I consider worthy the confidence of the public would be another affair. If I was a vain or ostentatious man, I might be tempted to do *this*, as those gentlemen might in return immortalize my name by jointly purchasing a second-hand mile-stone to be erected to the memory of HARRY HIE'OVER; that is, *if* they could

find a spot of ground sufficiently waste to get permission to put it up.

I have mentioned my dislike to *particularize* persons and places unless in a perfectly commendatory way. But I wish my readers to be satisfied that all (and of course ten times as much as) I have stated *may* be done in repositories *I know* has been done; but I by no means wish to indicate *where*. The *supposed* cases I have stated I have *seen take place*.

So long since as the year 1825, I was ordered to a certain part of Her Majesty's dominions where there was and now is one of the largest repositories known. I was stationed there eleven years, and having plenty of time on my hands, I was every day, and sometimes oftener, in this establishment. It was a lounge. I have, moreover, bought there and sold there; and being always interested in those pursuits, and keeping my eyes and ears open, and particularly my mouth shut, I soon got *au fait* of all that was going on. This eleven years' investigation was a pretty good apprenticeship; and a close inspection of what is done in other similar establishments since has made me a match for many people: but with all due and proper humility, I allow I might very possibly still be *done* by Nickem, though, like many others in unequal contests, we would have a tussle for it.

To show there is a fair chance of myself as well as many others getting an occasional "stick," I will mention how one occurred, and how I got out of it. The owner of the repository I now allude to was one of those few men of such imperturbable good humour that nothing could ruffle it, let him do what he would—and certainly some very funny things he did do occasionally. However victimized a man might be by him, the moment you came face to face with him, his own honest-looking and good-tempered one disarmed all attempts to be angry with him; and a thorough good-natured and good-hearted fellow he was in the main; but he could not help *doing* you: it was with him a positive monomania: he could not be happy unless he did. People knew he would, yet for the life of them they could neither keep away from him, prevent his doing it, nor be angry with him when he did. The way he kept

his customers together was this. He did *you* to-day: you grumbled at the purchase: there was no hesitation or excuse made on his part, but he said at once, "Send him back, I'll get you out of him:" and so he would. He would give you "a dig" to-day, and give some one else a double-distilled one to-morrow to get you out of it. The last he contrived to give to somebody he did not care about, or to some green-horn who he could talk into believing he had done him a favour. I had had so many deals with him that I thought he would not attempt or wish to *do me:* but the "ruling passion" once (and I must say only once) was too strong for him.

I went to see a gentleman's stud sold. I saw a very fine brown horse that struck my fancy. I went up to our friend of the sunny smile, and asked about the horse. He was all and every thing I could wish. "Is he sound?" said I, "and what may I bid for him?"—"He is sound," said Sunny, "and buy him at any thing under fifty." He was knocked down to me at forty-eight. I followed my purchase into the stable, liked him much, and he was apparently as sound a horse as I ever saw or handled. After the sale, I went to the stable to get him saddled to ride him home. I now saw he had a *favourite* leg or foot that he was nursing under the manger. I guessed the truth at once, and saw that he was lame in walking out of the stable. It is true he was sold without warranty, but I bought him on Sunny's word, and I determined he should make it good. Not choosing to expose my purchase or myself before some hundred people, I gave him on mounting a kick with both heels, and cantered him out of the yard. The next morning I found him, of course, as lame as a tree. I got on him, and cantered him into as I had out of the yard, dismounted, turned him loose, and told Sunny, "there was his recommendation; I would not pay for him, would not lose by him, and, what was more, would neither pay for keep till he was sold nor commission on his sale." Sunny only laughed; accommodated an officer with him who was going abroad, and positively offered me a profit on the price I was to have given for him, which, of course, I refused to take. He never played me a trick afterwards. I could not be angry with the devil, even had I lost by the transaction:

but I did as I have recommended others to do by Nick—I brought him on his haunches at once, and always kept the kicking-strap on: but he never attempted even a lift afterwards with me.

There is another department in similar establishments that is productive in *various ways* of a much greater source of profit where a larger business is done than people may imagine. In such a one as that I have alluded to, the legitimate profits of these were not less than from six to seven hundred a-year; and where five shillings is charged for putting in harness, and breaks are out, perhaps, ten times a-day, the profits may be easily conceived. I mean, by what I designate legitimate profits, the fairly trying and breaking horses to harness: what the illegitimate profits may be it is impossible to calculate, as they depend on circumstances. By illegitimate profits, I mean trying horses in harness without the knowledge of the owner; the contriving to make a horse go quietly at one time that is a devil incarnate at others; and *vice versâ*, making a horse disposed to draw quietly appear and in fact be the very reverse—all of which little funny tricks are to be managed, and are managed, as may suit different occasions. In short, there is no branch of the business of a repository in which in *some* places a little *chiselling* is not made use of.

I have shown where it is very much to the interest of a Nickem to *privately* ascertain whether a horse left with him for sale will go in harness or not. It may be easily conceived when it is desirable to make a vicious one go steady; this is, of course, when he is to be got off. When it is equally desirable that he should not go quietly may require a word or two of explanation: but to be able to effect this, a thoroughly practised breaksman is required. Now, a man may be a very good coachman, though know very little of his business as a breaksman; but the latter cannot be fit for his business unless he is a first-rate coachman; and he requires much more than this: he must perfectly understand the habits and tempers of young horses, and, indeed, of all horses: he must have a clear head, quick apprehension, good temper, great presence of mind, strong nerves, strong but light hands, know every contrivance to thwart the intentions of violent horses, and the mode of

soothing timid ones: he must be able, from habit, to judge at once by the manners of a horse what he is likely or is preparing to do: in short, to judge at once what sort of a customer he has to deal with. If he is all this, and, moreover, a civil, sober, and honest man, he is worth any wages he can reasonably ask to a respectable dealer or repository-keeper. He must be all this to suit Nickem (leaving out the honesty,) for, to suit him, he must be as great a rogue as his master: he must know by a turn of the eye of that master whether a horse *is* to go quietly or the reverse: he must not always even wait for this: he must have quickness enough to judge by the circumstances of the case what he is to do, as well as be equal to do it; and I can assure my reader, to do it is much easier to talk about than to perform. But in case he should see a horse of his own tried in harness, and that he may be able to judge whether all is being done as it should be, I will give him the best information experience enables me to do on the subject. He will then, should his horse *not* go quietly, be enabled to judge whether the fault is in the animal, or arises from ignorance or design in those about him; that is, supposing the method I point out to be correct: of that others must judge, but I do not think I am very far astray.

When a horse is tried for the first time, it is the usual practice to put him in double harness—I always try him first in single, for reasons I will hereafter give; but this horse we will suppose to be going into the double-break, and that we have time to do what we wish. Having been always fond of this sort of thing, I have, of course, broke many to harness for my own use, ten times as many for my friends, and, by dint of patience and perseverance, have seldom been beat even by the roughest pupils. Where there are breaks, break-horses, breaksman, and help at hand, what I should do, expect, and, indeed, insist on being done with a horse of mine, would be this. The horse should be harnessed *in* the stable: this prevents him shying from the harness when being put on him. An open collar should be put on to avoid shoving one over his head and eyes to alarm him: the harness is then very gently put on his back: the crupper, of course, unbuckles at the side, so as to allow his tail to be easily placed on it, and let down by degrees:

this being done, the horse is to be turned round in his stall, and, with his winkers on, put on the pillar reins: he thus feels the harness, and gets accustomed to the winkers, which, of course, make every object come suddenly before him. After standing for a time, and reconciled to the feel of his new trappings, he should be led out, and let feel them hanging about him: then trotted, that he may also feel them more sensibly. When he is reconciled to this, and while he is being so, the break is got out, the break-horse in it, and placed in a situation, if possible, where a plunge or two can do no harm. He is then to be led up to the break, the breaksman having first ascertained, if he did not know before, what sort of a mouth he has. This may be judged of by laying hold of the cross-bar of the bit. The horse's own side of the driving-rein should be on him, so as only the coupling-rein is required to be fastened when he is put in. In forty-nine cases out of fifty, the driving-rein should be to the cheek with a raw or young horse, but sometimes, of course, even to the lower bar. On putting him alongside the break-horse, great caution is necessary to prevent him touching the break hastily: the breaksman stands at the head of his horses to give directions and see how things go on: one man is ready to pole-piece him loosely up, while, at the *same moment*, another puts on the outside trace; the inside one is not of the same consequence, as the horse is now secured. A man now takes the breaksman's place, caressing the young one: if he is very restless, let him lay hold of his ear. The breaksman jumps up; his break-horse, if he is a good, quick, and powerful one, which he should be, either takes the break off quite gently, or will pull off Mr. Recruit, whether he likes it or not, as the breaksman wishes. The gentle mode, except with a very refractory customer, is *always* the best, the latter being a kill-or-cure sort of business. A man runs alongside the young one to encourage him, and to keep his shoulder against him if he hangs too much out of harness. The pupil should be allowed to trot along without feeling either pole-piece or trace, till he begins to wish of his own accord to get forward; he may then be allowed to do so. So soon as he has become a little steady, a mile is the most he should be driven, or his shoulders will pro-

bably be scalded. This would make him shy of facing the collar again, and prevent a lesson next day. On coming home, the greatest caution is required in taking him out.

The coupling-rein and inside trace must be first undone: then the pole-piece and outside trace, as in putting to, and care taken he does not touch any part of the break in going off. If this is done, very few horses will do mischief to themselves or any thing else.

Having got home safe with our horse in double harness, we will now put him or another in the single break. Of course the same routine as to harnessing must be gone through: he is brought with his driving reins on at their proper place on the bit; the break is to be placed where it can be easily drawn off: not up-hill, or on a thick straw bed. The horse is to stand till he is quiet: the break is then quite noiselessly to be drawn up to him, and gently let down on him. Three men are quite necessary to put him in; that is, two, and the breaksman at his head. The traces, belly-band, and kicking-strap must be got on as quickly but as quietly as possible. The gentleman is now caught, and with three men about him he cannot hurt or be hurt. One thing I forgot to mention, which should never under any circumstances be omitted in trying a horse in single harness; I may indeed say in double. A common flat-headed hempen halter should be put on under his winker-bridle, the rope or shank of which should be passed round and tied in a knot on the cross-bar of the bit. With this held by the man at his side, and a good pair of reins, there is little fear of a run-away, a thing most of all to be dreaded. The horse being in the break, the driver takes his place quietly; no touch of a whip, no cl—k even, to start him; one man is at his side with the shank of the halter in his hand: another, with one hand on the shaft and the other on the step-iron, is ready to ease the break off the moment a sign from the breaksman shows it is time to do so. When it is, the man at the horse's head moves gently on, leading (not pulling) the horse forward; the other pulls, but by no means forces the break after him. If the horse hesitates, let him stand till he is inclined to move; when he does go, let him walk away, the man at his side keeping hold of the halter; at a proper time coax

him into a trot, the man still running by his side. When he goes quietly, let this man gently fasten the halter shank to the D of the hame, and leave the horse's side. He then quietly gets into the break, and the drive goes on. Should the horse stop, which is likely enough, let him stand: he will very shortly want to go *somewhere*. Let him, if it be possible, take any road he likes: no matter which way he goes, provided he draws the break after him; he can easily be turned when going; but of all things, in harness or out of harness, avoid a fight with a horse till the last extremity. It is always a risk, and should be avoided. Our horse is now going gently, so we will take him home and get him gently out of harness.

Having attempted to show what should be done to make a horse go quietly, I will shortly show what I *know* is done to prevent his doing so. When this is the order of the day, as it requires a man that knows his business to make a restiff bad-disposed horse go quietly, so I can assure my readers a good deal of knowledge of the thing is required to make a good-tempered one appear the reverse; but it is to be done, even while the owner is looking on, and (unless indeed he knows as much as those employed about the horse) it will be done without his detecting the means used. It requires, however, quick fellows and workmen to do it, just upon the same principle, as that no half dozen men knowing little of music could, for the life of them, make half such horrible discord as the same number of perfect musicians. Discord, indeed, the former would treat us to, but not *such discord* as the latter could make, if they chose to try. Why? because the same want of knowledge that would prevent the former making harmony, would prevent their making *the most perfect* discord.

We will try shortly if we cannot put our horse's temper out of tune.

I suppose that in my general intercourse with the world —by world I mean mankind—it has fallen to my lot to meet with about the usual varieties of tempers incidental to my fellow-men—that is, good tempers, bad tempers, infernal tempers, and intermediate tempers. There are some tempers so even and serene, that nothing short of ill-usage,

injustice, or insult, can turn them from the even tenor of their way: others, that the slightest contradiction causes their owners to *play porcupine* at once, a habit that would be mighty pleasant in a wife, if the possibility existed of ladies showing temper. Then there are tempers that partake so much of that of the dark gentleman of horn and hoof notoriety, that, do what you will, they are not to be pleased or conciliated, who, as it is beautifully and figuratively expressed, "get out of bed the wrong end first." (Quære, what end is alluded to?) If we could suppose any thing so improbable and monstrous as a lady thus emerging from her couch, I can imagine an *end* on which, if presented, *a very very leetle gentle tap* or two might be allowable, as the only kind of pardonable or to-be-dreamt-of corporal punishment to be tolerated—a mode of correction by far more manly (and agreeable,) both to the one who administers it and the one who receives it, than the brutal idea of "the stick the size of a thumb," allowed by a judge, who could never have tried my plan; for if he had, and did not prefer it, he must have been a very bad *judge* indeed, at least in such *little* or *large* matters (as the case might be.) Then there is the intermediate temper, which I consider belongs to such as are pleased enough when every thing is done to please them. From what I have seen of men, I consider the last as very tolerable and bearable tempers. We are bound in this world to do what we consider will be likely to be pleasant to each other in a reasonable way; and all I should ask of a companion would be to be good-humoured when I did so. I do not mean, if I cut off a man's ear, and he grumbled, and then if I took off a piece of his nose, and he grumbled worse, that I should have any right to say, "do what I would, I could not please him;" but I do think I should not ask too much if I required good-humour when I did what ought to please; yet I have often found my expectations in this disappointed. Now, I do what I can to please my readers. It may be that they may say my endeavours in this are analogous to the taking off the nose, because taking off the ear did not please: if so, the best thing I could do would be to take *myself off*, for the fault would not be in the reader, but in my bad judgment as to what is likely to please.

Horses have their tempers as well as men: there are vicious, violent, and sulky tempers; but justice to animal creation induces me to say, that in all domestic animals, the bad tempers bear no proportion at all to the good; and farther, I am quite certain, that, comparing horses with men, I estimate both fairly in saying that the proportion of bad tempers in men to those in horses, are ten to one in favour of the latter. In point of goodness of disposition between the two animals, the proportion, I am sorry to say, I consider much greater; for there is not one horse in a hundred that would attempt to hurt or annoy man, unless he first hurts him; and very seldom even then, unless fright makes him do so. Now experience convinces me there is not one man in a hundred that will hesitate in hurting or annoying the horse, if interest or even convenience induces him to do it. I fear a very little more interest or convenience would render him not very nice about hurting or annoying his fellow-man. But I allow I am not one of those who look on the august figure of man with all that veneration this said august personage generally considers himself entitled to: I am not exactly of the opinion of the poor Indian,

> "Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company?"

but I do consider that no greater right was awarded to me to ill-use an animal than was given to the animal to ill-use me. But we are not now on the subject of ill-using animals. I am only going, as I proposed, to show how, by a succession of annoyances and rascally manœuvres for mercenary motives, the temper of a fine and well-disposed animal may be roused to violence. Pray which is the greater brute in this case? I am afraid the august personage is not the more respectable animal. He certainly is the greater rascal: but without any absolute ill-usage, we will, as I proposed, put the horse *in* harness and *out* of temper. *Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed,* &c.

We will suppose a Mr. Nickem, for some reason, wishes it to appear that a horse is not likely to go quietly in harness: we will say he wishes to buy him, which he perhaps might not be able to do if the owner thought the

horse likely to make one for harness: we will also suppose Nickem is quite satisfied that the horse, if properly treated, will go quietly; his worthy assistants know this too; and they also know, if they allow him to do this against the wishes of master, that master would very soon find other assistants that would not: so of course the thing is settled. As the owner would not permit his horse to be ill-used before his eyes, the effect wanted must be produced by means that will not be detected by him, or at least not by one owner in fifty: if he should happen to be the fiftieth, who does know *all about it*, he is no customer for Nickem; for should the former put on his *wide-awake hat*, Nickem may put on his *nightcap*.

Having seen a horse put in harness that is wished to go properly and quietly, we will just see the difference of treatment with the one that is not to go so. The horse is first led from the stable to where the harness is hung in the yard. This a person might suppose is only done for convenience sake, or that it was thought a more safe place than a stall from there being more room.

A plain round (not open) collar is put on, taking care it is full small for his head, so that there may be plenty of shoving to get it over his eyes. Nine horses out of ten are alarmed at a halter being passed over their head for the first time, even if it is gently done: what must one be when his eyes are really hurt by a tight collar? The horse naturally runs back to avoid it, probably against some obstacle behind him, and thus he is twice frightened in the onset. The owner probably ventures to remark, "That collar seems rather small for my horse, does it not?"—"Oh dear, no, sir; if it was larger it might scald his shoulder: large collars always are sure to do it." This is true enough, but open ones can be buckled to any size (the owner perhaps never saw one:) so, after the horse has been shoved about sufficiently, the collar *is* got on. Then, instead of putting on his winker-bridle, to prevent his seeing the harness about to be put on him, his halter only remains: my life on it, he shies at the harness. He is then well halloo'd at for this, and of course more frightened by that. He is now restless and on the *qui vive*, watching every movement. "He'll be a rummish customer, I can

see," says one of the fellows: and now, to show they all think so, the bridle is put on, curbed tight, the harness brought, and, instead of being gently laid, is *thrown* suddenly on his back: this of course produces a plunge; the man at his head cannot suffer himself to be knocked down and run over—(*Mem.* all the better if he was)—so he gives the horse two or three severe chucks back with a tightly-curbed powerful bit: back goes the unfortunate horse, hits something again behind him, again rushes forward, when he gets again punished for doing this. The harness is now to be fastened, if it has not in the scuffle fallen off. The fellow who is to put on the crupper approaches the horse to do so as he would an enraged tiger; lifts up his tail at arm's length, then jumps out of the way, as much as to signify that he had a narrow escape with his life. The "terribly violent brute" is, however, harnessed: the fellow leads him on, pretends he has trod on his heel; this is an excuse for an (apparently) necessary snatch at the horse's mouth again, which, with the harness hanging about, produces another bustle, and makes the bruised mouth still more tender. The horse is by these means worked up to a frenzy, and in this state is brought up to the double-break: but instead of this being done as it ought, he is let, indeed made, to run against the roller-bolt. This, likely enough, induces him to kick at it. The fellows now all shake their heads at him. "I'd jist as soon you driv him as me, Jem," to the breaksman; who, to show what a fine fellow he is, replies, "if they gived him the devil, he'd drive him: he ar'n't sure he hasn't got him now." The horse is now shoved against the pole: this induces him to fling himself on the outside trace. Here is another fright and bustle: the harness holds him, it is true, and the only chance is his hurting himself. The pole-piece is put on so short that if the break-horse attempts to take him off, the collar comes so suddenly on his withers, that he feels as if he was going to get his neck broke: he of course resists, hangs back, gets a smart stroke of the whip, plunges forward, and now the sore mouth tells; for the moment he feels the bit, he again hangs back, and, not improbably, throws himself down. Seeing the present state of the case, the owner most probably desires his horse may be taken out of harness, quite satisfied he is

not likely to go: if so, Nickem's end is answered. If the owner wishes him still farther tried, he is pulled, pushed, and whipped out of the yard *somehow*, should the owner go with them, by making the break-horse thwart every inclination of the other to do right; and the unfortunate pupil being punished under the pretence he is trying to do wrong, he is set down as incorrigible. If the owner does not go with his horse, he is driven and brought back, two fellows running by his side, pretending to be out of breath from their exertions to keep the *vicious brute* from breaking every thing to atoms. The horse, on being taken from the break, naturally rushes away from it frightened to death, and thus corroborates the statements of those who went with him, that "of all the devils they ever saw, he was the worst;" not forgetting to hint, that after their violent exertions a little refreshment in the shape of drink would be acceptable. Thus in this world are often the innocent sacrificed and the guilty rewarded; and thus I fear it often is where man and man are concerned when power and villany have only justice to oppose them.

Supposing Mr. Nickem has succeeded in purchasing this *made*-vicious horse, the owner is surprised to see him a few days afterwards going in harness as quietly as his natural good temper would have made him do at first, if he had been permitted to do so. He expresses his surprise, but is told "they never had so much trouble with any horse; did not think they ever should have made him go," &c.: Nickem "does not think any man but his breaksman could have done it:" so it ends in the gentleman losing heavily in the sale to Nickem: Nick nicking it pretty largely in the sale to some other gentleman who wants a particular steady horse for harness; and Jem substantiating his own words that he would and could drive the devil.

It is not merely in such places as I have represented that it is sometimes convenient to make a horse appear likely to be troublesome to break, either to drive or ride: those gentlemen yclept horse-breakers are quite awake to the trick, whether employed at a repository or elsewhere. Horses are broken usually for a certain sum, sometimes by the lessons. Now, if it is seen that a horse is likely to be easily broken, the owner, after a couple of lessons, would

think that a little practice and gentle usage would render him all he wanted: this would not do for the breaker's purpose; so, as in the other case, he must be made troublesome: and should a specified sum be agreed upon before he is tried, the more violent he is made appear at first, the greater merit in the breaker in making him steady: so he gains the same vaunted character as Jem for devil-driving.

There is another little item or two on the profit side of the question to be remembered. If a horse loses flesh while breaking, it may be attributed to his own violence and temper; so it is not the usual custom of these gentry to pamper him with too great an allowance of oats of 40 lb. the bushel, so they make the livery profit very like 10*s.* per week. Then it is quite right young ones should be used to crowds: so after a horse is quite tractable, many a half-crown is made by mounting or driving (some one they can trust with the secret) to a fight or a fair. If the owner sees it, the breaker has had him there to make him quite *steady* before he leaves his hands!

Let me tell owners another thing. In some repositories (but certainly never in respectable ones) many a man is mounted for a ride, who, if seen, is *riding the horse on trial*, or trying to ride. I can mention an instance. One of these on-trial fellows had a horse out, and it was known he would not be back for some time: the owner unexpectedly and unfortunately (for the Nickem of the place) came in. A fool or an honest man, if he had been induced to do wrong, would be taken aback on such an occasion: not so Nickem: the gentleman was told at once "his horse was sold and gone," and that the next day he might have his money. He came, but the money did not: "the horse had shied, thrown and nearly killed the gentleman; but supposing he did recover, Nickem would lose one of his best customers: the gentleman was a capital horseman, but no one could sit a horse that reared and fell backwards."

No man can deny the truth of the latter truism: it is a summary sort of ejectment of an unpleasant occupant of the back, which, if horses were oftener to adopt, would be much to their advantage, and not unfrequently give society a fair chance of reaping advantage also. Besides, it would save a vast deal of trouble in plunging, kicking, &c.,

which does not always succeed: the retrograde manœuvre always does. People, like horses, often take a great deal of trouble to do that which might be done by some more simple process. I have seen a terrible scuffle made to get a troublesome fellow out of a house: this is bad taste and bad tact: how easy the thing is to be done! Put the poker into the fire (if it is not there already;) wait till it is a fine glowing white heat; present it within a foot of the to-be-ejectee's nose, quietly and in a courteous manner follow him, keeping your poker at the charge (no charge will be required;) my life on it my gentleman makes off in any required direction.

This reminds me of an anecdote of a servant of mine: it may on a similar occasion be useful to ladies, so I will mention it. My wife had once been so long tormented by a milliner as to trimming a bonnet, that she determined to have it home finished or unfinished: she sent a note to this purpose by George (Old George as he was called,) acquainted him with its purport, with directions not to return without the bonnet. On handing in the note, a written answer was handed to him: Old George knew a bonnet could not be contained in a small note, so demanded the former as an accompaniment. He was told to "go about his business"—this, to do him justice, was a useless order, for he never neglected it.—He considered his business in this case was to get the bonnet, and have it he would if any human being could get it. This his mistress well knew, and this he took upon himself verbally to let Mademoiselle know. He then quietly sat down in the passage: he was of course ordered out: Old George only grinned a ghastly grin (I never knew him laugh.) He was threatened with expulsion by some man to be called in: Old George only grinned more ghastly than before, for he was one who would have made most men grin who had tried this with him. He was at last told to "sit there till he was tired:" he only grinned at this either. Now George (whenever he could indulge in it) was a smoker: not one of your small Thames smokers; no, he was a regular Great Western, Great Liverpool, nay Great Britain herself, and always went provided for a cloud. Presently Mademoiselle and half her coterie came running down.

There was Old George quietly but energetically puffing away, nearly invisible in the dense cloud, which had ascended, as a hive of bees, he had fairly smoked them out. Words were useless, excuses equally so: he "only waited for his missus's bonnet." To send it home unfinished was annoying to Mademoiselle, but the smoke was *intolerable;* so of course the bonnet was produced, and Old George gratuitously gave one of his best Sunday grins by way of a *dormez-vous bien, Mademoiselles!* Poor George! if I were to direct any man how to be most faithful and most honest, I would advise him to take thee as his model: a grateful master offers this small tribute to thy memory.

I must confess I have made tolerably free hitherto with Master Nickem, notwithstanding I had the law of libel before my eyes; but like many men *professing* heroic feelings, I am heroic when no danger threatens; for who is Nickem? If any man or men choose to stand up and defend him, why then I say, "Bucks, have at ye all." Honest men will not: they will say, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." Poor Nickem! sometimes, like the never-to-be-forgotten pack of Osbaldeston, with the immortal (would that he was!) Squire at their side, we have rattled thee along at the pace "that kills;" when at others, like the old Southern Bluemottles of Dorking or Leatherhead notoriety, true to the scent, we have followed thee through many of the doubles thou hast made in any particular chase we have alluded to: but where the shifts of all sorts of game are combined in one, I know not the kind of hound adapted to the sport; so I will not promise a "kill:" all I profess to do is, to give an occasional burst: so here goes to "hit him off" again.

I have mentioned before that some Repositories have a regular auction once or twice a-week. These at times are like the addenda or appendix to an author's work, when used merely to make out a book at the expense of the reader; when at others, like the codicil to a will, producing greater effect than all the preceding seven skins of parchment put together. Also like an outrigger, ugly to look at, but useful when roads run bad. Or like a unicorn team, awkward to drive, but not to be despised when the

option would be a heavy-loaded coach and pair. Now to do Nick justice, he is not disposed to be a slow coach: in truth, he goes over some ground rather too fast; and I have been showing some of my readers how to put the "skid" on without hurting their fingers. If they incautiously *burn* them in taking it *off*, any little boy, who gets threepence a-week from the coachman for doing it, will teach them better.

If I understand the term, "auction," it was originally meant (that must have been before the Flood) the putting property up for sale to be really sold to the highest bidder. I have no doubt but that, if property of any sort was sent for sale in the true spirit of a sale by auction, and proper time given to acquaint purchasers of such that it was *bonâ fide to be sold*, such property would, in the *generality* of cases, bring its fair value; but if three or four hunters, however great their merits might be, were sent to be sold even by Mr. Tattersall, if they were *unknown horses*, of course they would be, figuratively speaking, given away. Why? Not because auctions are bad places to sell horses at, but because hunters are sold for their merits, and of course people will not bid for merits that they do not know exist. But supposing (may it never happen to such men!) that Lords Wilton, Waterford, Maidstone, and many others, were induced to give up hunting, let *their* horses be sent to Tattersall's, they would bring all they were worth (perhaps more:) they would bring their value, because their relative merits as hunters are as well known as those of Dickey Misfortune as a pedestrian, or Euclid, as a race-horse. They often bring more, because men who buy such horses do not merely consider what the horse is worth, but what they choose to give to get him; and when such men thus compete with each other, the price is sometimes astounding; and if such horsemen and such riders as I have mentioned and alluded to could be brought to the hammer, the prices they would bring would be a *little more* astounding still.

Unquestionably a fair auction is where things are to be sold, and positively sold, to the highest bidder; and if *dealers* in the property on sale could be excluded, this might be done: but while they form a part of those who

attend auctions, *it cannot*, at least not in a *general* way. If dealers would fairly bid like other persons, their money is as good as that of those other persons; but this they will rarely do; they are a *clique*, a *community*, that hang together, know each other's object, and combine to bring it about: so, if property was always put up for unreserved sale, what between their hints, their advice, their ridicule, and their bullying, half the company would be deterred from bidding at all; and as dealers would not bid against each other, property would be all but left to their tender mercy. Dealers will often say they give more for horses at an auction than any one else there: I know they do, no thanks to them: they do this when they are *commissioned* to buy for any gentleman: they will then employ each other to oppose each other, and this produces several good effects to them: it makes the public think there is no sort of combination among them; it holds the dealer who buys the horse harmless, whatever he may give, as he can say (nay prove) that D. of such a place, E. of another, and F. of a third, bid nearly the sum he gave; and he, and all of them, always wish a gentleman to pay enormously for any thing he buys that does *not* come out of their hands, as well as *what does*. Let any one watch the dealers when a horse is at auction: a bid is made; he will see all their faces turned immediately *from the horse* and *to the company:* he will see them peeping and peering about, standing on tiptoe, all on the alert. This is to see who bids, for the *who* makes all the difference. If a dealer has bid, and they know he wants the horse for *himself*, they are not only still as mice, but my life on it they walk away, as much as to say "We would not have him at any price;" and a word or quiz, loud enough to be heard, leaves the horse nearly in their brother dealer's hands. If they find he has got beyond the price their chum intends to give, and they find a gentleman or gentlemen (as they would say) "sweet upon him," back they all come, and run the horse up: as the next best thing to throwing him into the hands of one of themselves is the making a gentleman pay for daring to buy of any one else. It may be asked if they never get caught in their own trap, and get a horse knocked down to them at more than his value? Certainly some-

times they do, but very seldom; for they generally can judge pretty accurately by circumstances how far they dare go in their bidding. When, however, they do get caught, it is no great matter: the loss (*if any*) is borne among the *clique:* so it is a mere nothing to each, and eventually it serves *the trade.* If two or three or more dealers know there is a horse to be sold that would, "*at a price,*" suit each of them, do not flatter yourself (if you knew this) that your horse, or rather yourself, will get a better price on that account; you will in fact get a worse; for it then becomes the *personal* interest of all these to prevent it. He will be bought by any one of them *fixed* upon, and then be resold by a kind of private auction among those who would have been disposed to bid for him. Nor is it in the power of any auctioneer to totally prevent this combination among the trade, try what he will. No man endeavours to do so more than Mr. Tattersall: he is always ready to show dealers every *proper* attention, civility, and accommodation; but his interest, his character, and it is only doing him bare justice to say his principles, make him at all times hostile to any thing he thinks looks like combination among them to the injury of gentlemen. If he had not done this, the "Corner" would long since have been deserted by them, instead of being, as it is, and has been for more than half a century, the resort of all the aristocracy of this kingdom, and that of others (when here) who make horses one of their pursuits. This would render any panegyric on Mr. Tattersall or his establishment quite useless on my part, if I wished to write one, which I in no way contemplate. I mention the establishment among other things: I have no earthly interest in what I say of it. It is true I have been known to Mr. Tattersall from a boy (though not as HARRY HIE'OVER;) but I never received a favour from him in my life, and dare say never shall. It has moreover happened I never had occasion to sell or buy half a dozen horses in his establishment; and certainly never bought as many by auction in London in any other: but I think my estimation of Mr. R. Tattersall is pretty near the mark, when I say I should as soon suspect him of making a guinea by any means that could be construed into bordering on what was dishonourable, as I

could conceive him neglecting to make it where it was to be got in a perfectly honourable way. I think I could scarcely prove my perfect conviction of his integrity more strongly.

Mr. Dixon's Repository I have been in perhaps a dozen times, never but once on business: it is quite out of my beat when in London. I once attended the sale of a friend's horse there, received every civility and attention, and the horse was sold in a satisfactory way. Here ends my knowledge of Dixon's. Mr. Robinson's I never was in in my life. Aldridge's "wot was," I once bought a horse at, and on that occasion, and also once at the King Street Bazaar, I have great pleasure in mentioning the urbanity of manners of Mr. Haughton: here ends my knowledge of London horse auctions. Doubtless there are Nickems enough in London, though not at the places I have mentioned. I am but a *yokel*, I allow; yet people in the country are not all as *green* as their trees are.

But whether in London or the country, let us return to friend Nickem, and see how he would manage with a horse placed in his hands to be sold, if not by private sale, by auction. I think I see him chuckling at this double chance afforded him. Now where there are a couple of hundred horses put up every week by auction, a man can go perfectly straightforward, and must make money; but where his average is perhaps twenty, those twenty must be twisted and turned so as to stand in the place of two hundred, or how is Nickem to live? If he was an honest or honourable man, the twenty would starve him; but Nick *won't starve;* to prevent which he does *nick* them; and I fear there are not many who would prefer losing their money and time as men of integrity to making money as he does.

Nickem, by way of a little every-day dinner, prefers a dish of crimped skate, some calf's head, a teal, and some fritters, to pickled pork and greens: so do I; I hate pork. Whether in Nickem's situation I should prefer eating the abomination, as an honest man, to dining as Nick does, my friends must judge: but at all events Nick does not relish the porcine dish, and in fact *won't eat it;* so his customers must find him something better. To get this, he must side with dealers, for they would be too strong for him. He

goes in this case upon a liberal principle—viz. "live and let live"—just as a single man's servant in lodgings allows the landlady to crib his master's hyson (and indeed every thing else,) while she in return never hints that Tom, or Wilson, or Morbleu, as the name may be, charges master nine shillings a pound for what he buys at seven. Thus they take their tea very comfortably together: this is social and liberal. I hope I have the germ in me of these feelings, but I have a dogged kind of feeling that I must say makes me wish to be so when and to what extent I please; or in short, as I mentioned of Liston, to "mix for myself." I am quite willing to let others do so; but then I must not be expected to pay for the *melange* as in the following case.

I sent my groom and a helper with my horses to a town, wishing to get a fortnight's hunting with some hounds I wanted to see. On bringing in his week's bill there was about the usual fair charges for ale and an occasional glass of grog; but one evening there were three glasses of brandy-punch at 1*s.* 6*d.* per glass, and share of three bottles of mulled spiced port at 6*s.* per bottle. I thought this a *leetle* too strong—not the punch or wine, the *gentlemen* who partook of it could only judge of that—but I thought the assurance of the thing *very strong indeed.* The expression of my disapprobation was *very strong* also. It was certainly very humbly represented to me, that he "had spent the evening with Lord So-and-So's servants, and two or three Baronets' and first-rate men's servants, and he thought I should not like him to be *shabbier* than they." I added, "it was a bad *example* to my other man, who was much younger." I was told, however, with every appearance of most indignant feelings, that "Tom was a very good stableman, certainly," but as to the "example," he "hoped I did not think he had so far forgot himself as to introduce Tom to his company!" I burst into a hearty laugh at this: the laugh made me allow the charge, but I informed my gentleman he must drop these growing aristocratic notions, and in future, if he mixed for himself such expensive ingredients, he must also *pay* for himself.

Nickem likes mulled spiced port; so do his friends the dealers: they also like their customers to pay for it, and in

most cases they make them do so; and to do this they must work into each other's hands. They of course never oppose Nickem whenever he wishes to buy, and he affords them facility when they wish to do so. Should they both wish for the same horse, it is managed very easily. Whichever it is decided shall be the purchaser takes the lot, the other "stands in." Now standing-in (begging the gentlemen's pardon for the comparison) means the same thing as one thief stealing the property, the other sharing the profits of the booty. But this is not often done, as Mr. Nickem is rather jealous of being *known* as a purchaser; and still more jealous of putting himself in the power of his friend, whose honour he knows, when put in competition with his interest, is about on a par with his own. There is, however, one little advantage Nick has over the dealer, and of course over any one else purchasing and selling in his Repository. This I mention as a profound secret; indeed I do not *say* it ever is done; I merely *insinuate* that there is a bare possibility of its being distantly *contemplated;* for in fact it would be a breach of honour on Nick's part towards government; and we must not suppose any thing so truly monstrous as making a shilling at government's expense. None of our *great men* do it, ever have done it, or ever will in future. There are, I know, people who say great men *have* done such things; nay, are daily doing so now: but those who promulgate such reports are only malignant, hypocritical wretches, deserving stripes, banishment, and every misery that flesh is heir to. I do not accuse even Nick of such peculation, but there is no harm in saying what *might* be done.

In some repositories the purchaser pays the auction-duty of one shilling in the pound; in others, the seller pays it. This, it will be seen, would make no difference in the advantage Nick might *contemplate*. If the *dealer* buys a horse at 40*l.*, and has to pay the duty, he stands him in 42*l.*; if he buys one where the seller pays it, this is considered by the seller, and he prices his horse accordingly: so the dealer virtually pays the 2*l.* just the same, as the owner would have taken 38*l.*, where he had no duty to pay. Now if Nick buys, he stops the 2*l.*, from the seller on paying him: if the purchaser pays, he draws it from

him; so either way Nick gets 2*l.* in his hand. Some people (like the malignant ones I have mentioned) might say, they wonder if the 2*l.* ever leaves it. I say, *of course* it does; it goes to government, unless in the hurry of business he *might* on such an occasion *forget* to pay it over. Should he do so, there is 2*l.* as clear as 2*l.* can be. Now, in selling again, suppose Nick should sell a horse for a dealer at 45*l.* for which the dealer had given 40*l.* the same day: the dealer would, in one case, have to pay out of it 40*s.* duty, 45*s.* commission to Nick for selling him, and say 2*s.* to Nick's men, making 4*l.* 7*s.*: so he would only get 13*s.* profit after all. If the dealer bought where the owner pays the duty, he would make 2*l.* 7*s.* by his purchase, but, in the latter case, he would have given 2*l.* more out of the horse's value than where the buyer pays. So the 5*l.* additional is not always to be got; if he takes 3*l.* advance on the price, he still makes but the 13*s.* or thereabouts. Now, if Nick buys, he has 2*l.* in hand, which he may forget to hand over; he stops of course 2*l.* more for selling the horse TO HIMSELF. If he is fortunate enough to sell him at 45*l.*, this really looks like 9*l.* made—at least many people will think so; but I say it is only 7*l.*, for such is my confidence in Nick, that I say he will not forget the 2*l.* duty: I would bet my life he would not FORGET it, not he!

Let us suppose Nickem not to be able to bring down the price of a customer's horse to what he wants him at: he advises his being put up to auction, and says, "Very likely, sir, he may bring more at the hammer than I am offered privately." Very likely he would if Nick would let him; but *he won't*, and that makes "all the difference." But how can he prevent persons bidding if they are disposed to do so? He certainly could not; but he can make them *not* disposed to do it. The dealers and Nick's friend will not of course do it; persons who do not want the horse won't; so it is only a few, at most three or four, or perhaps only one, that will. These are generally easily *got over*, for the horse is carefully watched in the stable; so any one looking at him is very soon "made all right" by those employed for the purpose. The man in charge of him sees what is going on quick enough, so he works in

the good cause. If any one looks at the horse, he steps up, begs the gentleman "not to take any notice of what he tells him"—(he would be wise if he did not)—but adds, "the pipes won't do for you, sir;" or "the lamps are going;" or any thing he pleases to say: so he *gets* a half-crown for his honesty, and is thought a capital fellow, the gentleman *loses* it and a good horse into the bargain, being, however, perfectly satisfied that Jem, or Tom, at Nickem's will always give *him* a hint. Doubtless he will, if he is fool enough to take it: not but that it is good policy in any man who often buys horses at any particular place to give these fellows five or ten shillings if a purchase turns out well, for you then have ten chances in your favour against the man who does not: he is *sure* to get "a dig" if they can put him in the way of it; you will not, *unless* it is their better interest to assist you to one; but as, generally speaking, it would not be, your money will be well laid out.

Nothing can seem more fair than Nickem's proposing to give a horse the chance of the auction to facilitate his sale; and so it would really be *if* he gave him a chance; but he will not; for the reason he recommends the supposed trial is merely to damp the owner's hopes by letting him see that (say) 25*l.* was all that was bid for a horse for which he expects 40*l.* If the horse belonged to Nick or his friends, he and they would take very good care this should not be the case: they would not put it in any one's power to see or say that only so much was offered for him; nor need this be done, if the agent wishes to do his duty to his employer, for he can try how much is *bona fide* bid, and if he finds a sum very short of the price asked is only offered, it is quite easy for him to run the horse up to something near the price asked. This really assists the sale, as people will think, if they hear 35*l.* bid by auction, that 40*l.* cannot be any great deal more than he is worth. For the auctioneer to do this, it may be said, is contrary to the true spirit of an auction. I know it is: so is people combining to get others' property at less than its fair value. But, if buyers will do what was never contemplated when auctions were first set going, the auctioneer is compelled to fight them at their own weapons: nor is it any blot upon

his character that he fights the good fight for his employer. If he is forced, in some cases, to overstep the strict rules laid down for his guidance, in order to promote fair dealing, the fault is not in him, but in those who by their conduct compel him to do so. But I am now alluding to an honest, honourable man: no fear of Nickem incurring any censure for any one's interest but his own; and though we must not, as a general maxim, say the end justifies the means, a man's motive in an act makes all the difference in the culpability or justification of it. That in the long run "honesty is the best policy," is an allowed truism: but then "best policy" does not always include making money. Many circumstances may combine to prevent a man doing this in an honourable way; but if he does not make, or if he loses, money, he may preserve his character, self-esteem, and the good wishes and good offices of his friends; and this *is* "best policy," for which he ensures a certain good. Nickem thinks otherwise. The opinion on such subjects depends on the proper or vitiated state of men's minds. Many rogues do make money, it is true, *but not always;* and, as it is said in the *Rehearsal,* "suppose the audience should not laugh," where are you then, friend Nick? The only thing for you is to tuck your coat-tails over your arms, and walk yourself off to your *namesake.* You are too known a screw to be sold even at your own auction, though the Devil was the auctioneer.

I have now given many hints, many opinions, and some instances of what may be and what is done by some men in the horse world. I introduced these subjects, by pledging myself to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. I have done so: I have, I dare say, mentioned many things that a large proportion of readers "dreamt not of." What I have mentioned I know, but I have by no means mentioned *all* I know. I have mentioned many of the motives that influence the actions of a certain class of rogues, and *some* of the means by which they bring them about: but I might write for the next twelve months, and still leave many unnoticed. I never promised or contemplated making any one a match for a rogue: I might as well attempt to teach him to write like Sir Walter Scott. I must go to school again myself, and make much better use of

my time than I have done, to succeed in either. I have read, and have by heart also, many of the beauties of the one: I have seen and have by heart also many of the rascalities of the other. I may point out to any man still less read than myself, the works of the one for his admiration: I may also point out to those who have seen less of the thing than I have done, what, by arousing their suspicions, may assist in saving them from being deceived and victimized by the other, as they might have been by such means as I have particularized. This is all I have attempted. If we teach a man as many of the indications of an approaching storm as may induce him to get under shelter in time, it is enough for him, unless he wishes to become an astronomer or natural philosopher: so, if he is told enough of the practices of such fellows as Nickem to shelter himself, in this case it is enough also; for I presume no man would wish to study rascality. If he does, I am quite as incapable as I should be unwilling to be his tutor: in this "the patient must minister to himself." Should he, however, wish to prosecute his studies quite professionally, I shall be happy to point out to him several adepts who can give him that high finish in roguery, only to be learned under the best masters. Should I have the *high honour* of meeting any individual wishing thus to finish his education, if the meeting should take place in Oxford Street, or at the Corner (on *sale* days,) the probability is I may be able to point out one who has been enthusiastic in his pursuit of knowledge in the art of Nickemising, and completed his education on the Continent: permit me to recommend him as a master. Nay, the lad who accompanies him in his gig is quite competent to bring on a young pupil: the master will *finish* him; so he will a customer, if he has much to do with him. I can point out many capable masters, but I love to notice *particularly* transcendent merit!

What information I have got in such matters as I have alluded to, has not, I can assure my readers, been gained free of expense: it is a medicine I have been forced to swallow: some of the pills were, I allow, very nicely silvered, others gilt; but, unfortunately, it was my silver and gold that I swallowed. The phials were very neatly tied down with crimson paper, and the labels beautifully written:

this did not make the contents the less nauseous. I soon became intractable, and would swallow no more: and now, though not an M.D., former dosing has rendered me so aware of kind intentions, that the *horse* pharmacopolist who could persuade me his bolus was a preserved cherry, or his dark-coloured draught Chateau Margaux, must know something of his business.

If, from what I have written, I may so far have aroused the suspicions of my reader as to prevent his being improperly dosed, my time has not been ill-employed. If I have induced him to avoid the charlatan, and apply only to the honourable and able practitioner, I have done some good: and should he be so unfortunate as to unwittingly apply to the former, if I have shown him enough of the appearance of his drugs as to induce him to refuse a deleterious draught, it is well also; but far better is it if I can persuade him not to trust to such knowledge, and in all circumstances to apply only to such men as will render any knowledge of the iniquitous practices of rogues uncalled for; and men of honour and integrity are to be found in all professions, and even in trade.

Under any circumstances that may induce a person to send a horse to a repository, let me advise him first to consider whether he is a competent judge of his value (for what he may have given has nothing to do with it:) if he is not a judge of the value of horses, in the name of common sense let him consult some one who really is; for as at least three-fourths of buyers pay more for a horse than he is worth *(in the market,)* so three-fourths expect a salesman to get them a price the horse will not bring when thus offered for sale. This ends in disappointment both to the agent and the owner. If you go to a respectable man, tell him candidly all you know about your horse, his failings as well as his merits; if he really *knows* you to be a man of good temper and good sense, he will (if asked) not object to give an opinion of the price you may expect, or something very near it: and under such circumstances he should be allowed a discretionary power to either take what he considers the first fair offer, or to hold the horse over if he feels confident of getting a better. Of course this discretionary power and this attention to his advice

and judgment, must only be awarded to a man known to be one of integrity.

If you send a horse to a man to whose general conduct you are a stranger, the mode of doing it should be this: first get the horse examined by a known veterinary surgeon: it is 10*s.* 6*d.* generally well laid out, for you may fancy you know whether he is sound or not: if you do, there is not one owner in ten who does. You may know he is not dead-lame, blind, or broken-winded; but there are many things very short of any of these that will make a PROFESSIONAL very properly reject a horse as an unsound one. It therefore saves time and expense learning this beforehand. Send your horse with a *written* description of his qualifications and his price; say he will be left with Mr. —— so many days for sale; and if not sold by that day, he will be fetched away. Desire no offers may be communicated to you, as you have made up your mind, and sent his lowest price; and state he has passed a veterinary surgeon as sound. All this will show an honest man what to do; and it will show a rogue you are not one to be played with. I might be asked whether a Nickem would not, even in this case, begin some of his tricks? He *might*, but I should say he would not; for there are so many with whom he can do so with impunity, that he would not run the risk with one where it seemed likely he could not; and if he has reason to think you are not one he can bamboozle out of 20*l.*, he will rather get his commission by selling your horse, than only get the bare livery; so he *will* sell him, or at least try to do so.

I have endeavoured to give my reader sufficient hints of the proper and improper practices of dealers and repository keepers to enable him to judge a little of what is intended by either. I have stated many things that *may* be done by any one in the horse trade, also many things that are sometimes done; let me entreat him not to imagine they are always done.

A man conversant with the thing might write a treatise on the mode by which property is abstracted from our persons by pickpockets: this does not make pickpockets more numerous, or need we clap our hands on our pockets whenever we meet a person in the street. Pockets are

occasionally picked, and by pick-pockets; men are occasionally robbed, and by horse-dealers of different sorts: but the difference of the case is very wide indeed. The pick-pocket knows how to pick your pocket, and *always do it* if he can: the dealer may know how to do it also in his way; so does every tradesman, but they do not *always* do it; and I am happy to say there are many who *never* do. I grant the horse trade affords great facilities for imposition and rascality—perhaps no trade more so: the greater the merit then of those men who tread a path so beset with temptations, with credit to themselves and integrity to their customers, who would scorn the practices of a Nickem as much as they would and do the perpetrators of them. Such men—and I could point out many—are as worthy objects of the esteem of the public, as they are for the imitation of their less conscientious brethren in the same avocation. This I give as a hint *to* (including the foregoing hints *on*) horse-dealers.

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN JOCKS, AND GENTLEMEN'S GENTLEMEN.

In venturing my crude thoughts on gentlemen, I am quite aware that to the liberality of mind that forms so prominent a feature in the attributes of the gentleman I alone can trust as a shield against those animadversions my incompetency to the task may subject me. On this liberality I throw myself in carrying out my very delicate task, trusting that, from the general tender tenor of my writing on less difficult subjects, where in the present case I may be in error, it will be attributed to error of judgment only, but in no case to a wish to offend any class of society *collectively*.

Some gentlemen-jocks may feel offended at what I may say of them: let me remind them that I speak collectively; nay, could bring *individually* some instances in refutation of my general classing of them. This, however, does not in any way invalidate the correctness of my definition *en masse*.

From the gentlemen's gentlemen I expect no suffrage: I neither expect nor ask it at their hands. If I asked any thing from them, it would be merely that they should feel satisfied that to the best of my ability and judgment I would do them *justice;* but this I do not anticipate; for though in the play of *John Bull* we are told that "justice is justice," it is only enlightened minds that will allow it is so when levelled at self.

Severe would be the infliction on my mind if I could accuse myself of having, in any thing I may have written, wounded the feelings of any worthy individual; and still greater would be my chagrin if I had done this by any of the patrons of the Original Sporting Magazine. Towards them I owe a heavy debt of gratitude. Among them are many men of high education, superior talent, and practical experience. I am quite aware, therefore, how much I owe to their forbearance in having abstained from ever manifesting any disapprobation of my heterogeneous scrib-

blings. That they are *scribblings*, any one who saw my manuscripts as sent to our worthy Editor would *con amore* allow. How on earth they are ever made out I know not; but I suppose whoever overlooks them—like the hounds Beckford tells us of who would "*hunt any thing*"—can *read* any thing. That they are scribblings put down at random as thoughts strike me is the best excuse for their numberless inaccuracies. I never even make a fair copy—some may say it would be better if I never made an original—if I revised what I have written, I dare say I should often not muster courage to allow its being printed at all.

My father, though one of the neatest and best horsemen in England, and a capital rider of a flat race, besides being for fifty consecutive years an enthusiastic fox-hunter, never could face a regular yawner in his life: so he sometimes said of me, who never presumed to hold myself a "first-flight man," that "he believed his son in riding at fences shut his eyes, and put his trust in Providence." I do really something like this in sending my scribblings to Warwick Square. I send them off, first trust to the ingenuity of those destined to make them out, and then to the good-nature and forbearance of the reader.

One of the terms used in the heading of this article bears at once the stamp of sporting origin—namely, gentlemen-jocks: that of gentlemen comes before us in a more questionable shape; whereas the gentleman's gentlemen is (or rather ought to be) a kind of monstrosity that requires explanation. But in allusion to gentlemen as a topic for a sporting journal, when we reflect that among the thousands that read MAGA the majority is composed of gentlemen, and that they are the chief supporters of sporting in its various branches, it must be admitted that whatever bears relation to them is quite in place in a sporting journal: so, to carry on the chain of connexion, those who make sporting their chief pursuit must keep animals to enable them to enjoy it: and as they must also keep persons to take care of these animals, those persons become objects of consideration also: but, as in duty and inclination bound, let us begin with the gentleman, leaving, as they do in hospitals, the less influential patients to wait to be operated upon—as a friend of mine used to say, "they will keep." He

was a surgeon, and a very skilful one, an excellent fellow, and moreover a true lover of fox-hunting; but the consequence of the latter propensity was, that he was at times, when wanted in his business, what he was always when going across country—*very difficult to catch.* I do not mean that he neglected his patients: his heart lay in too good a place for that; but he sometimes, as he called it, "bottled them," if hounds came within his reach, that is, such patients as he used to say "would keep." Now I trust the gentlemen-jocks will keep—the gentleman's gentlemen shall keep, as Sterne would say: so we will bottle them up for a time, though they may become a little *corked* by our so doing.

In comparing any two or more objects, I conceive the first thing to be done is to define precisely what constitutes each in its separate and relative position; and then I conclude, though I never learned systematically either writing or arithmetic in my life, that by a little addition, subtraction, and division we shall come at the dividend of each.

To this end let us first consider what is a gentleman? Many may say that every one knows what, or rather who is and who is not a gentleman. *I* fancy *I* do; but I am quite prepared to expect that many who may read my ideas on the subject will say I *do not.* Probably they may be right; but as my fancying I do know what constitutes a gentleman is very far from proof of the fact, so their opinion to the contrary is no certain demonstration that I do not. If gentlemen coincide in this opinion, I bow with submission to their decree, for *they* are competent judges of each other.

To expect or hope for the concurrence of all classes in venturing an opinion on *any* subject would be the height of arrogance and folly: the very old fable of the old man, his son, and the ass, teaches us thus much; the old Latin saying, "*frustra laboret qui omnibus tentat placere,*" corroborates it; and daily experience stamps the seal of conviction on our minds of its truth. If, however, every one suffered this to deter him from giving an opinion or promulgating his ideas on any point, the effect would be that no new light would be thrown on any subject. It is discussion that brings forth truth; and he who modestly

puts forth his opinions, and subjects them to the criticism of those better informed, I cannot but hope really benefits society. I say I hope, because such are the feelings under which I venture my imperfect impressions. I cannot hold any man merely stating his ideas, or the impression made on his mind by any circumstance, to be guilty of an act of the smallest presumption, unless he does so in such a manner as to lead to the supposition that he considers his opinions incontrovertible, or that he wishes or expects those opinions to be the *fiat* by which others are to form theirs. Of this charge I not only hope, but confidently trust I stand acquitted in the minds of my readers. I feel at least I am innocent of such inattention.

I have to crave pardon of my readers for the egotism I have been guilty of; but I felt it necessary in entering on a subject the most difficult to handle to one who never wishes to offend. If I should therefore say any thing, that, taken "*ad hominem*," may hurt the pride of any one, let me entreat him to attribute it to impressions made on my mind by the given opinions and sentiments of my progenitors, that have "grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength:" if those sentiments are wrong, my teachers were more in fault than I.

If we were to ask fifty men in fifty different grades of society, and different occupations in life, each to give his definition of what constitutes the gentleman, it would be found that very few, if any of them did coincide in their ideas. Fifty men of the *same* class would perhaps very nearly agree on this point; but unless they were of the same class, they assuredly *would not*. Therefore the utmost any one can hope who ventures on so ticklish a task is, that his opinions may meet corresponding ones among those in a similar standing in society to himself, be that standing what it may.

When Mr. Hercules set himself about cleansing certain Augean stables (not kept quite as stables are now-a-days,) it will be allowed he undertook a toughish job; but as he was a toughish sort of gentleman, it only required time on his part to ensure its completion; and having completed it, he was certain of commendation for his pains: not so the poor wight who attempts describing the gentleman: he is

sure of the labour; also sure of the reprehension of some one; but as for the commendation, he is fortunate if he gets it from *any one*. I do wish Master Hercules had undertaken *this* job—many may say they wish so too, and may also think I should have been better employed shovelling away while he wrote: but as he did not, I suppose I must attempt it.

It is not easy to define any thing *definitely;* some may think it is; and by the way of a sample of talent I will ask them to define a plum pudding: they may say they could do it merely by the six following words, "a pudding with plums in it." This certainly is a plum-pudding; but suppose I choose to make one with only one plum in it, this would also be a plum-pudding: if so, what becomes of their definition? They may say there never was one made with only one plum in it: granted; but that is no reason there never may; and, in fact, let them try a school-pudding; they will find that by way of a great treat they may get something very like it, and in these hard times, but for Sir Robert Peel's tariff, they would probably, ere this, have been treated with the identical thing itself.

The mentioning a plum-pudding and a gentleman in the same sheet may appear somewhat incongruous, I admit; but the incongruity is not altogether so great as may be at first imagined, as the latter very often *partakes* of the former in one way, and I must confess sometimes in another. In the first case, he is a pudding-eating gentleman; in the other, a pudding-headed gentleman; but they bear a closer affinity than this, inasmuch as it requires many good and expensive ingredients to make either a perfect plum-pudding or a perfect gentleman. *Certes* to make the school-pudding, the ingredients are not usually great in number or particularly choice in quality. Though no pupil of Ude or Kitchener, I will venture to give a receipt for a school-pudding: in fact, I could make one. I will afterwards try my hand at a gentleman. In this I may probably fail; but if this dish was produced by some one else, I think I could form some faint idea of the style of man employed in its concoction. But for the benefit of all or any of those *intending* to set up a school, I will give the promised receipt for the pudding (the old stagers

know it well enough:)—flour (not of the best quality) in proportion to the number of boys or young ladies (for the latter the quantity somewhat less *bad*, but not much;) water *à discretion* (of any body;) fruit *à discretion* of the mistress (who is always in this most discreet;) suet or any unctuous matter (the produce of last week's cooking) to help down the delicious composition; to be, *in formâ medici*, "taken" before the meat—(*Mem.* as a choker to save the latter.) What a blessing of Providence the same hand does not make the leg of mutton! All that can be done here is to get it *tough* enough; but young teeth are tough as well as the mutton, and mutton can only be got tough to a certain degree, otherwise the young gentlemen and ladies would come home feather weight "in spite of their teeth." On whatever subject I venture to write, I always do so from practical experience, the only excuse I can make for writing at all; so I do in this matter, having paid close upon a hundred a-year for such indulgence in two different schools; in return for which I shall probably pay my respects, but not in the SPORTING MAGAZINE, to those finger-posts, to juvenile minds yclept preceptors and preceptresses—*Messieurs, Mesdames, et Mademoiselles, au revoir.*

Let us now see what ingredients we want to make a gentleman. If we ascertain *that*, we may possibly do a something to alleviate those heart-burnings so often felt on the occasion of races to be ridden by gentlemen, and those by gentlemen-jocks—for I really consider the qualification or disqualification of a man to ride where gentlemen *only* are intended to do so, to be as clear as the difference between a *known* half-bred horse and the thorough-bred one—I say *known*, because we pretty well know that we do *not* know how half the half-bred ones are bred.

I have said it required many rare ingredients to make a gentleman; that is what in every sense of the word must be held as a perfect gentleman. These ingredients I conceive to be, good family, good education, good society, good manners, and good conduct. These I consider constitute a gentleman. If we add to these, polished and winning address, and carriage, I think we see something like a *perfect* gentleman. That a man may be a gentleman without possessing

all these advantages, or by possessing them in a very moderate degree, we all know, and courtesy allows the title to many such. Personal merit and superior talent very properly in many cases break down the barrier between the man of family and the plebeian, and every liberal mind must rejoice in seeing the latter burst those bonds that held his forefathers as serfs to his more aristocratic brethren. If, however, fortune only has elevated him (which in a commercial country it may do) to a rank in society to which his most sanguine hopes never aspired, let him remember he owes it to no merit of his own. If superior talents have done this for him, the high attributes of such a mind should teach him that there are numbers of his fellow-men in whose bosom lies the germ of all *his* qualities, but, from its having fallen on a more sterile soil, wants the means to burst forth: and, above all, let him remember that no men despise the advantages of birth but those who do not possess them; and that in those who profess to do so, it is at best but a vulgar bravado, a feeble and futile attempt to depreciate advantages they cannot enjoy.

I trust that those who may have so far flattered me as to have read my fugitive thoughts and opinions on various subjects, will give me credit for not intending to venture a treatise on the relative position of the gentleman and the plebeian, but will feel convinced I never attempt any thing like a treatise on *any* subject: but as in gentlemen-riders and gentlemen-jocks, the term gentleman will be brought in question, it becomes necessary to myself that my ideas of what a gentleman is should be known, otherwise I should make, at best, but a *matière embrouillée* of the whole. Fortunate will it be for me, if, in treating on so delicate a subject, I escape with no stronger manifestation of displeasure. I have said, many or some might think six words would define a plum-pudding; I really do think I have shown they would not. Many think a gentleman as easily defined; but they would equally find themselves in error; for the opinions of the attributes of a gentleman vary in accordance with the source from which they emanate. Pindar tells us the *beau ideal* of one of his heroes of a gentleman was the eating "fat pork and riding on a gate." I once heard a gentleman described as

"he who had money, and the will to spend it." The honest bluff countryman says, "he's a gentleman that keeps his horse, and pays every body their own." The low tradesman thinks the nice young man *quite a gentleman* who wears showy waistcoats, clothes in the extreme (consequently out) of fashion, and pays *him*. The worthy keeper of an inferior lodging-house holds up her lodger as a gentleman if he allows her to cater for him, and consequently keep her family out of the cribbings at his expense. Multifarious and equally erroneous are the opinions formed of gentlemen by inferior people. Erroneous they must be, because the generality of such persons are rarely brought in contact with gentlemen, consequently have no criterion to appreciate them by. The three best judges of a gentleman I should say must be first, gentlemen, who of course judge of others by themselves; next, first-rate trades-people, because in trade they are in the habit of seeing their manners and habits; thirdly, superior servants, who see gentlemen and gentlewomen (ladies, as inferior persons always call them) throughout the day. A cheesemonger would consider himself highly offended on being put on a par with a servant. Doubtless he is held in the world's estimation as the most respectable and responsible person—*Mem.* quære in both cases, but particularly in the latter?—but supposing him to be both, he is not as competent a judge of a gentleman. How should he be? he probably never saw one at table or in a drawing-room in his life (unless he crept up the lamp-post to get a peep.) The servant has seen the thing daily for years, and could give a tolerable high-life-below-stairs imitation of the manners, and certainly of the habits of his master. Our worthy cheesemonger would have about as clear a conception of a gentleman mounting the well-lit well-aired stair-case lined with exotics of a woman of fashion, as he would have of a crocodile forcing his way through the reedy banks of the Nile. The Egyptian or English animal, placed in the situation of a gentleman, would, I conceive, be about equally out of their element, and on their names being announced would create about an equal sensation; doubtless they would be the *lions* of the night.

Supposing the sketch I have so slightly drawn of the

gentleman to be tolerably true to nature, or rather to the received opinion of society (I mean society composed of gentlemen.) I conceive that any man, unless he possesses the most overweening vanity or obtuseness of intellect, can decide for himself how far he does or does not possess the requisites of a gentleman, and by so doing save himself the mortification of repulse when he attempts to step within that magic circle that encompasses aristocracy. Superior talent and superior worth may cause his being tolerated, nay, invited within its prescribed limits, but neither gives the *right* to enter there. These limits are not like those of the rainbow, so softened down that they can hardly be ascertained; but are clear and definite, however much personal vanity may mislead people. Were it otherwise, distinction in society would be lost. This would certainly be one mode of doing away with any disputes as to gentlemen, gentlemen-jocks, and regular jocks; but as we have not come to that state yet, we will see whether there is not a better way of settling this oft-disputed matter.

Whether I understand the character of gentleman or not, the definition I have given must decide; but that of a jock I certainly can estimate, as he is neither more nor less than a servant regularly engaged to one or more persons to serve him or them, or one ready to be engaged by any one requiring his services. The first character I will not presume so far as to say I have defined so as to be beyond contradiction; the latter I certainly have: at all events I think it will be conceded to me that a gentleman is not a professional jock, and equally that the professional jock is not a gentleman. We now come to that anomaly styled gentleman-jock. We might as well say gentleman-dustman. If some gentleman who could ride a race as well as a professional jockey was so reduced in fortune as to be obliged to have recourse to riding for the public as a mean of support, we might very appropriately style him a gentleman-jock, because he would be both a *gentleman* and a *jockey*, and perhaps such a character exists; but in a general sense the term is inappropriate and absurd. If a kind of intermediate character was intended to be specified, I can only say I should consider him a most useless one; for he would not, by habits, standing in society, or proba-

bly manners, be a fit associate for the gentleman, nor would he, in point of ability, be able to compete with the jockey. To render races to be ridden by gentlemen select, latterly, they are in some cases specified to be ridden by members of such a hunt or hunts, members of such clubs, or officers: this I consider as hardly fair; for a man may be a perfect gentleman, and not come under any of these denominations: he would therefore be without any good reason excluded. I think we might put the thing in a more tangible and definite position, if races were appointed to be ridden by gentlemen, yeomen, or jockeys. This would make three clearly different characters of riders, neither of which could interfere with the other. I conclude the first intention of races to be ridden by gentlemen was of course as a means of gentlemen running and riding their own horses among themselves, to the very proper exclusion of the professional rider, with whom, of course, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, gentlemen would have no chance. Those appointed to be ridden by gentlemen-jockeys were, I suppose, intended to let in a middle class of persons, neither quite gentlemen nor quite jockeys. The instituting amusement for all classes is doubtless both laudable and praiseworthy, be those amusements what they may; and certainly no set of men have a greater right to share in sporting amusements than respectable country yeomen, for on the forbearance, good humour, and good feeling of such men, much of the sporting amusements of the higher orders depend. They are therefore entitled to have every facility given them in enjoying similar entertainment, and races for yeomen-riders would afford this desideratum. There could be no objection to gentlemen riding with the yeomen, or gentlemen or yeomen riding in the same race with jockeys, if they wished it, or fancied themselves equal to the competition; but as a jockey is a definite term, there could be no chance of his being put up to ride with either the gentleman or yeoman: it therefore becomes desirable to prevent the yeoman attempting to ride with gentlemen in *gentlemen's* races.

Having attempted to define the latter, let us see how we can define the yeoman, a character that I consider *in his relative* position in society to be as highly respectable as

the first magnate in the land; perhaps oftentimes a more useful member of that society: but all this does not make him a gentleman, or in a general way a fit associate for one. The day-labourer, who supports his family by the sweat of his brow in a decent manner, is, so far as bare respectability goes, as respectable an actor on the world's wide stage as the Duke of Devonshire, or any equally exalted character: but respectability does not make a gentleman: it is a term we do not use as applying to them (I am sorry to say we sometimes cannot:) we infer that a gentleman is of course respectable, and the saying he was so would be no more a compliment to him than if, in speaking of a virtuous woman, we were to say she did not walk the streets or lobbies of Drury Lane Theatre.

In some corroboration of this I beg to mention an anecdote of a friend of mine. He was a man of good family, good education, and some talent. On going to reside for some time in a large provincial town in which he had no acquaintance, he mentioned this circumstance in presence of a person I have named, in the course of what I have written, as holding a prominent situation in the sporting-world as a man of business and high integrity; so his business-ideas led him to think that in a letter of introduction given to my friend he did his best in describing him as a very *respectable* man. The letter was open, so my friend of course saw the contents. Many persons would think he ought to be gratified by such a recommendation; so far from being so, he flew into a great rage, on reading the ill-fated, or as he considered, ill-worded letter. "Respectable!" cried he several times over: "respectable, indeed! Was he a gentleman and styled me respectable, I would have him out. Did he suppose I wanted him to tell people I was not a thief!" I need not say the letter of introduction was never delivered.

Respectable, so far as it regards tradesmen and yeomen, is as high a term of commendation as can be applied to them; and if they would be content with being respectable, without wishing to be thought (as they term it) *genteel*, or, in other words, gentlemen, their banker's account would perhaps, often be better filled, and the bankrupt account in the *Gazette* be less so: but this craving for a something un-

possessed ruins half the world, and is the means of rendering thousands as much below respectability as my friend held himself above it.

This makes the gentleman-jock want to be a gentleman, and creates a wrangle if refused to ride as such. I think I need scarcely trouble my readers by a description of the yeoman; by the term yeoman we generally mean to imply that most respectable set of men called, in other terms, gentlemen-farmers. Here, again, the term is inappropriate, for it leads to misconstruction. Why, in the name of common sense, is the term gentleman to be tacked on? We never hear of a gentleman-merchant. If the term gentleman-farmer means to imply a man who farms his own land, or a part of it, then the owner of a two-acre field is a gentleman farmer, and so is the Duke of Bedford: we might as well style him and others nobleman-farmers to describe them. They are noblemen who choose to farm their own land, but it would be ludicrous to style them noble or noblemen-farmers. The gentleman of large landed estates, who keeps all or a portion in his own hands, is a gentleman who farms those lands; but we should not call the late Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, merely a gentleman-farmer; he is, or was, a gentleman—the farmer need not be added: nor to a common farmer, because he happens to own the land, or a part of the land he cultivates, can we appropriately add the term gentleman: he is a *farmer*, and no more. Why can he not be content with so respectable a denomination, without aiming at a title to which he has no pretensions, and in doing which he most probably renders himself ridiculous, and challenges his own mortification? The gentleman is a gentleman, whether he farms or not; the others are large or small farmers, and not gentlemen.

When I have mentioned the term yeoman, I have done so because I know of no other word that could so effectively describe a person as being neither of the lowest class, a professional jock, or a gentleman; but I trust I will put it in the power of any man of common sense to decide for himself whether he is entitled to ride in a gentleman's race or not. We will suppose a race to be ridden by gentlemen in Lord Wilton's park. Let a man wishing to

ride in that ask himself this simple question: "Am I a man that the noble patron of the races could, without any dereliction of etiquette, invite to his table to meet his lady and friends? If conscience and common sense say yes, he is fit to ride in such a race: if conscience says no, he has no greater right to feel either hurt or offended in not being allowed to ride as a gentleman, than if refused a seat at the dinner table. It may be said he might fancy himself fit for both situations: if a man is a fool, nobody can make him otherwise, and he must abide the consequences: if he is a sensible man, the criterion I have given whereby to estimate his pretensions will suffice. If, from too much or too little modesty, he is in doubt, let him consult a gentleman, and he will set him right. If he never rode for hire, he is certainly not professional; if he is not fit to dine at a nobleman's table, he is not (in every sense) a gentleman. What then is he? a man in the middle ranks of society—a yeoman—till we find a better term to designate him by; and, consequently, if fond of riding races, may ride wherever he pleases, but not in races to be ridden by gentlemen only.

In noblemen or gentlemen's parks, races to be ridden by Corinthians are all very well, quite in character, and very appropriate amusements. They may also, of course, add races for farmers, and tenants, yeomanry and cavalry races, and any races they please. Such meetings afford amusement to perhaps thousands, not merely on the day or days, but for months *in prospectu*, and also in recollection. They do a great deal of good; they show a wish on the part of an influential man to afford amusement to his tenants, neighbours, and dependents, as well as to his friends; and I glory in seeing a man mount a horse for one of such persons, and, as Lord Howth would, do his best to beat his *own* friends on farmer Such-a-one's nag. This produces a proper kindred feeling between superiors and their less affluent neighbours, who, if they are worth pleasing, will not presume on such condescension. But to institute races to be ridden by gentlemen on public race-courses, I must consider useless, if not worse; for I cannot see any good that can possibly result from them; but a great deal of bickering, jealousy, and frequently dispute, is all but the

sure result. I have heard that the coal-shipping interest is supported so strongly on the consideration that it is a nursery for seamen, a kind of pap-boat institution for our jolly tars. This I doubt not is quite right and judicious; so would it be to have races for gentlemen, if we meant to make the occupation of a professional jock that of a gentleman; but till this is contemplated, I must consider that *private* race-courses are the places for races including private gentlemen *only*. Races excluding professional riders even on public courses are quite proper; it gives amusement, and gratifies the harmless vanity of many who may wish to be seen in silk, and cannot make this little display of emulation (for I will not call it ostentation) on private courses: but then let such races be open to any rider *not professional*. If a gentleman wishes to ride in these, he can do so, and there can be no degradation in his doing it: if there was, he must not ride with hounds; for whether a man rides over a country side by side with his inferiors, or whether he rides over a course with them, cannot make any difference as to putting them on an equality after the chase or race is over, nor need either produce any intimacy during their continuance; on the contrary, the bringing the noble or man of birth and fortune in *temporary* contact with the plebeian must produce a beneficial effect if the conduct and manners of the former are consistent with their station in society, for the latter will then see a superiority, and, at the same time, an urbanity of manner, in his superior, that will challenge his respect and goodwill; at least, so it ought to do. I am quite one to deprecate the "toe of the tradesman treading on the heel of the courtier;" but *that* gentleman must possess little of the tact of one if he suffers the mere riding a race with his inferiors to bring on any improper familiarity. There is among gentlemen an *extreme* politeness that they know how to bring into play (*when wanted*,) that keeps the inferior in his proper place, without his being able to account for his feeling flattered and kept at a distance by the same conduct: so any fear of the clashing of different classes of society by gentlemen occasionally riding in races with their inferiors, I cannot conceive as likely to occur.

I am willing to allow, and have before said, that I con-

sider we have A FEW gentlemen who can ride a race nearly as well as our best professional jocks, and much better than *some* of the professionals; but the number of such gentlemen (from want of practice ONLY) must be very small. In a race among gentlemen I have often seen one or two ride beautifully; but I must say I cannot challenge my memory with ever having seen seven or eight gentlemen ride together where on the whole the race was even tolerably ridden. It is something like a provincial theatrical company, where two or three are equal to *better* things, the others not equal to *any thing*. Where I knew every gentleman going to ride, and every horse, I should certainly feel great interest in the race; and, though I should not tell them so, perhaps a great part of that interest would be the seeing how some of them would ride. I think I can give my reader a little hint if he ever contemplates a bet where *gentlemen* ride—"never mind the horse; back the *man*"—unless the race was between Alice Hawthorn and The Duenna at equal weights: even then, I think, put Lord Howth on The Duenna, I could mention *some* gentlemen who would get Alice Hawthorn beat; and yet I have seen such men ride their own horses, and when they could, those of their neighbours. As to any gratification in seeing such a man as the latter ride, it must only be similar to that of seeing Romeo Coates perform for the amusement of the public. By having races for gentlemen on public courses, we only substitute a bad race for a good one, without producing the end intended, if any thing good was intended by them, namely, affording amusement to those who could not get it elsewhere. I must, therefore, consider that at such places the only different classification of riders required is professional and non-professional. We have no fox-hounds for gentlemen only: why then races? The nobleman and gentleman ride when with hounds with horse-dealers, tradesmen, farmers, butchers, and even a chimney-sweep, and no harm arises from it: if, therefore, they wish to ride on public courses, no more harm or familiarity could arise from riding with the same persons in a race. In either situation they do not ride as companions of such persons: we might as well wish to have one side of the public street set apart for gentlemen. If in

riding a race a gentleman preserves the manners and conduct of one, he need fear no contamination: if he does not so conduct himself, the contamination might be feared by the other party, *if they do.* A gentleman would be no better four-in-hand man from learning the low slang or adopting the manners of a stage-coachman, nor would he be the better rider for adopting the manners of some jockeys. A gentleman, avoiding the common and most mistaken idea of some, that it behooves them to be all in all—the coachman or the common jockey, might ride by the side of either all his life, and would find them to touch their hat to him as respectfully afterwards as if he had not done so. If a gentleman never farther derogates from his character than by *merely riding* (if he would venture to do so) in the same race with professional jockeys, he will do well enough: if he thinks not, then (and perhaps he does wiser) let him ride with his equals only, and in places where his equals do ride.

Public race-courses are places for the amusement of the public at large: that public all in some way do a something that supports the races, for they all cause a circulation of money there, consequently have a right to be amused. Now I imagine gentlemen in riding there do not contemplate amusing the public by making Tommy Noodles of themselves; and if they fancy they gratify the public by their fine riding, I will venture to say nine out of ten fail in the latter way, however successful they may be in the former; and I must say I should strongly advise friends (and I have no right to advise any other persons) not to ride on a public race-course unless they are good enough to ride with public jockeys; otherwise they are only about as welcome an interruption as it would be to have introduced between the acts of *Hamlet*, where Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were playing, an interlude for amateur actors. I never saw those great actors; but I conceive they would have been good enough for one evening's gratification without the other *interesting addition.* An amateur performance in a nobleman's house is an intellectual and sometimes a gratifying exhibition; but do not treat us with it at Drury Lane, where we expect to see Macready, Kean, and such performers. A gentleman's race is a very pretty thing *in its*

place: it teaches men to ride; and when they can ride, as some men can do, they would gratify the public by showing themselves; but do not pray inflict on us an exhibition of those who cannot, and whose riding would be a laughing matter to every one *but their horses.*

If, therefore, in any public race the only distinction between the jocks was professional or non-professional, none of the wrangles as to gentlemen-jocks would arise, and this is all the distinction the public wants or sporting requires: at least, submitting with deference to the opinions of others, I conceive it to be so. I am sure of one thing; it would prevent a great deal of ill-feeling among the sporting world, and to promote so desirable a result (or, I should rather say, to induce some more influential person to do so,) has been my chief aim in writing the foregoing pages. I in no shape presume so far as to consider myself of importance enough to effect this. If I ever get so much credit as to be considered one of the wheels that set the machinery in motion, my utmost hope will have been realized. The gist, therefore, of what I have written I conceive amounts to this—that races to be ridden by gentlemen are quite proper in their proper place: races to be ridden by any one but a professional jock, equally useful and proper in *theirs;* and of course (so long as sporting exists) races to be ridden by professional jocks quite necessary to the sporting world: but for the sake of that sporting world, let these several races be defined. If I have not shown that they may be so defined, my time has been thrown away, and the patience of my reader taxed to no purpose. I have pointed out what I conceive to be injudicious (it requires no great ability to do this:) let me hope an abler pen will have influence enough to produce a remedy. I point out the disease, suggest to the best of my abilities what I consider an anodyne, but I submit to the physician: if he prescribes well, few of his brethren will better merit their guinea.

We now come to that most strange, most monstrous anomaly, the gentleman's gentleman, a kind of gentleman I should never have mentioned but from the fear, that, unless some check-rein is put on them, they will not be confined to the dressing-room, but we shall be getting a spurious sort of them in our stables. We shall have riding

boys wanting Mareschino before they go out to early exercise if the morning happens to be cold; and a Whip sporting his best Havanna and flask of Curaçoa by the covert side: so we shall then have *gentlemen*-whips: a pretty mess we shall then be in. Let us have gentlemen jockeys, and servants, but let us have no gentlemen-jocks or gentlemen's-gentlemen. The term certainly never was applied to servants generally; and when it has been applied to a certain grade of menials, whether it arose from the affectation of some one who wished it to be thought he never let any thing short of a *gentleman* "come between the wind and their nobility," I know not; but it certainly in any case is a ridiculous term. A man of fortune, of course, requires his linen well aired, the fire in his dressing-room kept up, his clothes laid out ready for use, his dressing apparatus at hand, and many minor little offices done for him that others wot not of: but I must think a respectable man is equal to do this; for we are not to suppose a gentleman wants to be edified by the opinions or sentiments of his servants. Perhaps the term originated with some *bel esprit* among the fraternity, who enjoy the privilege of giving an opinion on what combination of cosmetics (according to the moment) may best serve their lordly master's complexion—"to this complexion we must come at last"—or the term may have had its origin from some man of common sense, who invented it in derision of the common dress, manners, habits of life, contemptible and disgusting arrogance of these gentlemen: but the term has been used, and about as sensibly as that of gentlemen-jocks, be its origin what it may; and really those habits of indolence, impertinence, and expense that formerly were confined to these gentlemen's gentlemen, are making inroads, ay railroads, in the minds of *ordinary* servants, and are going on under high pressure too. Show me a more insufferable insolent imp than the present "tiger," lounging by the side of his master like a woman of *ton* in her carriage: still, to be stylish, he must do this. It should seem that some men conceive that the more arrogant their servants are, the more they add to their own *éclat*, as if they meant to say and let it be thought, that "though the fellow may show impertinence to some poor devil of only a few

hundreds a-year, he dare not do so to *me*." No doubt *me* is a most uncommonly fine fellow; but where he permits his servants or his pet tiger to be insolent to all but himself and immediate friends, Mr. Tiger should get a sound thrashing for his trouble; and if his conduct was defended, I know *somebody* else who would well deserve the same attention. There can be no doubt that superior persons require superior servants, and of course must give superior wages; but where wages are given to the amount they sometimes are, and where idleness and impertinence are permitted to the extent they are, the effect on a common mind is to convert that most useful, valuable, and respectable character, *a trusty servant*, into a dishonest, insolent *profligate*. Nor does it end here: not content with being this himself, if he comes in contact with a respectable and valuable servant, the latter is made the butt of the former vagabond and his companions, with Mr. Tiger at their head. Good servants (and there are plenty of them to be had if we get them from the right school) are inestimable treasures, as much so as good friends. We ought to be the friends of such, and consult their real comforts and even feelings much more than I suspect is often done: but the place to consult the feelings of the servants of many of our families of fashion is the *cart's tail:* such servants are the pest of the public. Show me the servants, I will pretty accurately guess at the habits of the family they serve (I should rather say are employed by.)

I remember an anecdote told me of a gentleman's gentleman who went to be engaged: he was told that when port or cherry was left after dinner in the decanters, it was allowed to be used by the superior servants. "Of course, sir!" said he; "and I suppose if a friend comes in, you do not object to the butler drawing something better."—"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" said the gentleman; "my son here, who is a captain in the army, could not ask for more."—"I dare say not, sir," said the fellow; "we pity many of those gentlemen, and often wonder how they get on at all!" I think most persons will agree with me, that if the gentleman had taken such a fellow into his service, (and there are those who would have done so,) he would have been rightly served if he had his house robbed. That

a vast number are robbed by the connivance of *such* servants is well known. Idleness and high wages lead such minds to vice; that leads to extra expense; and that to the result I have mentioned. The master in such cases is more to blame than the man. From whom do such women as regularly frequent the lobbies get a great portion of their support? Not merely from shopmen and apprentices, but from gentlemen's upper servants; and if men of fashion were to stoop so low in their amours, they would much oftener than they suppose *follow their gentlemen.*

How different are the servants of a well-regulated nobleman or gentleman's establishment, of which there are many? These get high wages, of course, and well many deserve them. There is an air of respectability in their conduct and manner which shows they know their duty, and that they do it: they command your respect by the respect they show where respect is due; and whether in the house, the stables, the kennel, or the garden, whatever is done is well done. Where the conduct of the family corresponds with their rank in life, that of the servants will in theirs be upon the same principle: where the master or family are scampish, the servants will be the same; and we may fairly describe those of such a man by saying, half the men are rogues, and half the women something else. If such heads of families knew the inferences drawn from the conduct of their servants, they would be convinced of the very bad taste they exhibit in tolerating the existing insolence of demeanour of their people. Idleness in a servant may be pardoned, because allowed habit may have brought it on; drunkenness may be overlooked, if we have allowed bad example to bring it on: even dishonesty, if it has arisen from improper temptation having been left in the way; but impertinence in a servant to *any one* admits of no excuse. I am quite sure even the apparent trifling circumstance of permitting a certain style of dress contributes towards it. I allow that a servant's hand covered while waiting at table may be more congenial to aristocratic eyes than one bare; but surely white kid gloves at 3*s.* 6*d.*, which can only be worn a very few times, might (with a servant) be replaced by cotton ones: and surely stockings of the same material would answer the purpose of silk! Plaster your

servant all over with worsted, silver, or gold lace, if such is the taste of the master, and his wish to show gorgeous and expensive liveries; but what is worn by the guest I cannot but consider improper for the servants. Give him stockings of silk, if you please, at a guinea a pair, but let them be something like those of the livery of the late Duke of St. Alban's (if I remember right,) black with yellow clocks. This is the badge of servitude, and *some* badge of that sort servants should wear. But then what would become of gentlemen's gentlemen? why, they would be in the same place where gentlemen-jocks, in racing phrase, should be, *nowhere;* and a very good place too for *them*, though a very bad one for a promising Derby colt. But gentlemen's gentlemen are generally cattle of no promise: I wish I had the handicapping them. Though I might seriously diminish the weight of their self-estimation, I promise them they should not carry a feather over the course they have hitherto run, I would bring them out *fit to go*, but without quite as much "waste and spare" on them. I would attend to their health, I warrant me. I would also attend to all their proper comforts and happiness; but they should not become *calfish* and *tricky*.

Let us have gentlemen: let us have yeomen, plebeians, or the middle classes (by whichever or whatever name you choose to describe them:) let us have jockeys, and servants; but let the line of demarcation between the grades not be done (in stationer's phrase) in faint lines, but in a good honest, broad, black one. The higher grades would not then (as they now are to a certain extent) be compelled to treat the lower with unbecoming *hauteur*, from a fear of a too near approximation; nor the lower grades be perpetually struggling to attain that unattainable (and to them unnecessary) title, "*gentleman.*" By each adhering to his proper station, each would receive the proper respect due to that station.

Let us therefore still have races to be ridden by gentlemen, races to be ridden by farmers, yeomanry, and of course, as usual, races to be ridden by jockeys; but in lieu of races for *gentlemen*-jocks, let us substitute races for such horses, at such and such weights, jockeys or hired servants *excluded*. This would be all that I conceive

could be meant or wanted; and doing away with the term *gentleman-jock* (which must ever be an equivocal one,) would admit any man not hired or professional, and, what is much more desirable, would *not* admit disputes about qualification, as the qualification in this case would be clear and defined.

Let us then hope to see gentlemen's gentlemen turned into *servants:* gentlemen-jocks may be turned to grass; but as they are a kind of mongrel breed, let them first undergo a little operation to prevent their producing *fresh stock.* I think then, coachmen having left off aping the gentlemen, we may say "ALL RIGHT."

IL FAUT QU'IL L'APPRENNE DONC.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHOEVER has travelled the route from Calais to Dunkerque, must allow, if his commendations are as veracious as those bestowed by Sterne on the Pont Neuf, that it is the most delightful, cheerful, romantic, sylvan scene, that traveller in search of the picturesque could wish, or poetic imagination conceive. It is delightful, inasmuch as you are exposed to the full glare of a meridian sun in summer, and enjoy the full benefit of a north-east wind in winter. It is romantic, being a dead flat all the way; sylvan, from not the vestige of a tree meeting the eye for twenty-five miles out of the thirty; and cheerful, from the anticipation of meeting, if you go at the proper hour, a donkey with his driver, a charrette, and the diligence. But unless we start at particular hours, *the* or *a* donkey and *a* charrette will be about the maximum of fellow-wayfarers to be expected. It fell, however, to my lot on two occasions to have the weary monotony of this route broken into by incidents that would have proved expensive ones, had I not contrived to reimburse myself by means that, though they come before us in rather a questionable shape, were, I hold, justifiable, on the "lex talionis" principle.

Driving along this road of blessed memory, a French carrier considerately conceded to my use a portion of the road just one foot less than the width of my axletree. The consequence of the collision was the compressing my gig into the smallest possible compass, just as we do a camp stool, the difference being that the stool can be opened again at pleasure, whereas I paid Tilbury twenty pounds to bring the gig again into proper form and dimension.

On applying to the very improperly called proper authorities, also of *blessed memory*, for redress, I was told,

that mine being the lighter vehicle I should have got out of the way, and that I might think myself most leniently dealt with if Monsieur le Charrettier did not punish me for having assaulted him. I did not deny I had given the fellow a punch or two on the head, and a straight one in his stomach; on receiving which last visitation he bellowed as if I was going to murder him, and incontinently took to his heels, or rather his cart, and then set his dog at me. As he rose at me I gave him also a straight one in his throat, when, like his master, he bolted. All this was fact. An Englishman in the Frenchman's place would have been ashamed to have allowed it was so, and I think an English magistrate would have been a little ashmed had he made the decision of Monsieur le ——.

Now I must most candidly confess, that though in a general way I like France and French people, and more particularly French cuisine, I did on this occasion, even in court, most energetically d—— French law, and most particularly and especially this particular and especial French ——. I suppose all this was considered as either pleading my own cause, or held as complimenting the Court on its lenity, for I was requested to repeat it in French. This I was preparing to do, with embellishments, but my avocat very wisely advised me to hold my tongue, and said I was only stating I did not understand French law: this was quite satisfactory, so, I suppose, in lieu of damages, I got this piece of advice from the bench—"Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc." I thought this hint was quite superfluous, my first lesson having completely enlightened me on the subject.

My next appearance before the most worthy —— showed how little I had profited by his advice, or I should not have troubled him again; but I did, and my present case was this:—Riding one evening after dark along the same delectable road, on a favourite English horse, down he dropped as if he had been shot, sending me over his ears *en avant-courrier*. This mishap had arisen from my (Englishman-like) taking the side of the pavé in preference to the middle of the route. A drain had been left open of about two feet deep, into which my horse had gone. He was up in a moment; I remounted, and what I said about French high roads was bad enough *then*, but when I examined my

horse's knees by the first light I came to, and found two concavities made in them something the size of a teacup, I fear what I said was ten times worse. I really now thought, that from this trap having been left open, and, holding myself a loser of about thirty pounds each knee, some redress would be afforded me. I found, however, that redress, something like promotion reward of services, was likely to be some time in coming, for I was first told I had no business riding where I did; and secondly, from whom was the redress to come? Before this could be got at, it was necessary to find who made the drain, and it behooved me to find that out. "Did Monsieur know who it was?" Of course Monsieur did not. I saw my chance was out, but to render assurance doubly sure, out came again the infernal "*Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc.*"

The prayers of the wicked are sometimes heard; I prayed for a chance to return all favours to Monsieur le ——, and it came.

I learned that his lady had taken a mania for riding *en Amazon*, and that her lord and master would give any price for a perfectly broke English horse accustomed to carry a lady.

Just before I left England a very beautiful horse that had been carrying a friend of my wife's had unfortunately gone badly broken-winded, so much so as to be useless. I started my groom off for this said horse, and he brought him back in blooming condition, and looking worth as any lady's horse could be, and only six years old. I got the daughter of a friend of mine, a girl nine years of age, to ride him about the town, taking care he should be seen by the lady and her good lord. The beauty and docility of the horse in carrying a mere child, could not be resisted, so a note arrived filled with apologies for asking if I would sell "le beau cheval," in which case I was begged to name a price, and to pass my word that he was as docile as he appeared. Monsieur would only ask leave for a friend to look at him in the stable, who would bring the "*argent comptant.*" I replied by saying I *would* sell the horse, that on my honour he was "doux comme un agneau," a hundred and fifty napoleons his price, and that Monsieur's

friend was quite welcome to see him, assuring Monsieur "de ma parfaite considération," &c. &c. Yes, thinks I to myself, you are welcome to *ma parfaite consideration*, but I suspect you will not get much *consideration* for your hundred and fifty. I have the "*Il faut qu'il l'apprenne*" fresh in my memory—*chacun a son tour!* I have not spent so much money about horses without being able to make a broken-winded one fit to be examined by your friend.

The "*ami*" came; the "*valet d'ecurie*" came; the saddle and bridle (such a saddle, a kind of "demipique" resuscitated) the bridle half red velvet and silver buckles, came—no matter; the money came. Out of kindness to the horse, I desired the French groom not to give him any cold water that day. Those initiated in such matters will know why; the groom did not. *Il faut qu'il l'apprenne*, thinks I. The groom mounted, rode off "en dragon," stiff as a poker, Monsieur l'ami walking by his side, and, as I saw, Frenchman-like, stopping ten times in the street to show le beau cheval to some friend. *Tout à l'heure, tout à l'heure*, thought I.

The next evening *l'ami* waited on me, begging I would go with him to look at the horse. "*Volentiers, Monsieur*," and away we went. I found him of course blowing away like a blacksmith's bellows. What was de mattere? vas de horse indisposé. "Eh, non; Monsieur says *il est poussif; voila tout.*" "*Poussif, poussif!*" cried Monsieur le ———. *Sacré* ———! do I hear you right? you say de hors is what you call broke in de vind,—do I hear dat?"—"Yes," said I, "you do;" and thinks I to myself, Madame will hear it too *occasionally* if she rides him. Monsieur assured me he had no idea of the horse being so when he bought it. I freely expressed my conviction that this was correct. Vat vas he to do? "*Ce n'est pas mon affaire cela*," said I.

Doubtless my reader has seen two Frenchmen in a passion; but two most passionate ones in a regular white-heat rage is really a treat. Now, says I, for the *coup-de-theatre*. I reminded Monsieur of the broken gig and broken knee decisions; he recognised me in a moment. "Now, Monsieur," says I, "what have you got to say? You want-

ed *un beau cheval*,—you have him; you wanted a docile one,—you have that also; I said nothing about his being sound: you have no fault to find with me."—"*Mais mille tonneres!* I no vant de hors broke in de vind, dat go puff puff all de day long."—"*C'est possible*," says I, "*mais cela m'est parfaitement indifférent.* You trusted to your friend's judgment."—"Bote my friend have no judgment for de hors."—"*Il faut, Monsieur*," said I, making my bow, "*qu'il l'apprenne donc.*"

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